Liberty

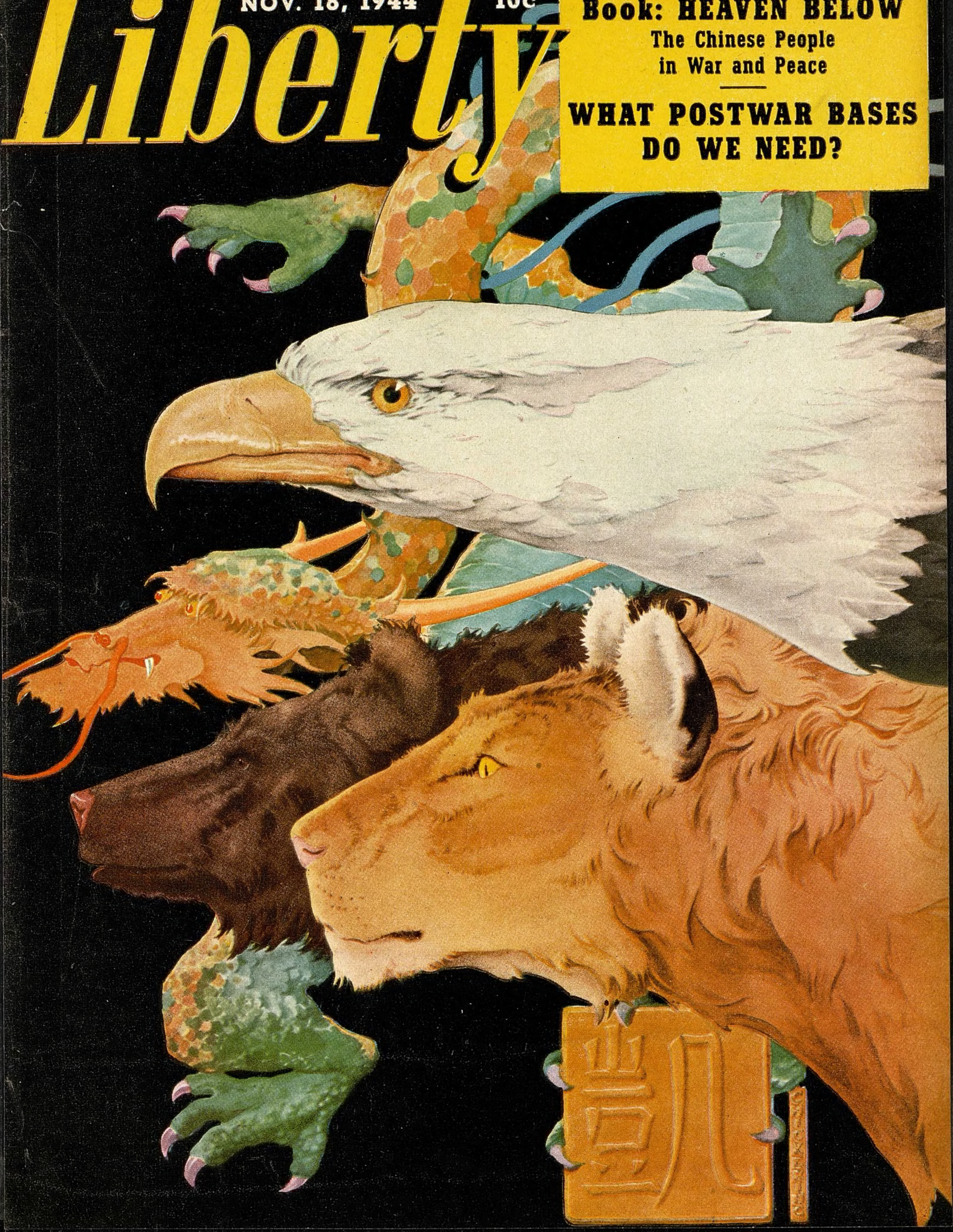
NOV. 18, 1944

10c

Book: HEAVEN BELOW

The Chinese People
in War and Peace

WHAT POSTWAR BASES
DO WE NEED?



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Blended Whiskey
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First among fine whiskies
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Yours to enjoy

AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST

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THOSE folks who saw America condemned for the duration to makeshift tires, and few of them, have a pleasant surprise in store.

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1. **PREWAR QUALITY LOW STRETCH SUPERTWIST CORD CARCASS—** *greater protection against bruising and cracking.*
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Cover: The Allies on the March
Painted by C. R. Chickering

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

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The new Breezewood Pipe

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Here is America's new pipe success—from the Great Smoky Mountains!

What a wonderful break for American pipe smokers—this Breezewood pipe that comes from a virgin forest deep in the Great Smoky Mountains! Breezewood is amazingly light in weight, and what a grand *sweet* smoke it gives you! Go to your dealer's, hold a Breezewood pipe in your hand, feel its zephyr-weight. It's America's new pipe success: buy one, enjoy America's gift to pipe-smokers' pleasure!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks
The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you whenever your hands are busy.

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

HISTORICAL FACTS: PAST AND IMPERFECT

c/o P. M., San Francisco, Calif.—We have read some amazing facts in your magazine, but tonight we read the most astounding article, or part of any article, that it has ever been our displeasure to read.

We refer to G. I. Joe: Weapon Maker, by George H. Copeland (August 12).

Mr. Copeland states on page 58, "In mid-August the marines attacked the island [Vella Lavella], and there was some bitter fighting." He further states that the Japs had "an excellent system of fortifications."

Now, we like to give credit where credit is due, and the marines are a darned good outfit, *but* they did not attack Vella Lavella and the Japs definitely did not have "an excellent system of fortifications."

An Army unit attacked Vella Lavella, and the only marines, a defense battalion, there came in after the Army landed. The *landing was unopposed and we did not contact the Japs for fifteen days,* after they had reinforced the very small garrison stationed there. Our casualties were very light, and we chased the Japs before they could dig in. How do we know this? Brother, we made that landing!

We would appreciate a public apology. We have seen plenty of this "jungle warfare" and take our hats off to no unit.—*Austin C. Williams, 1st Lt.; James E. White, 1st Lt.; William G. Boyle, 1st Lt.; F. P. Mueller, Major; Charles H. Turner, Capt.; Lawrence H. King, 1st Lt.*

Apologies to the Army are in order for not giving it credit for its work at Vella Lavella Island. Colonel Beadle's report quoted in the article refers to New Georgia Island, which is in the same island group as Vella Lavella.—Vox Pop Editor.

AUSSIE BRIDE BRIDLES!

Roseville, Mich.—As an Australian girl who married an American and has since come to the United States to live with her "in-laws," I should like to answer the letter in Vox Pop titled All's Fair in Love and War? (October 7) which objected to Aussie brides coming to the United States.

First, I would like to say we Australians know from bitter experience that the boys are needed badly overseas and that that is the reason they are not getting their furloughs. Also the brides who travel from Australia to the United States do *not* take up shipping space needed by the servicemen. Furthermore, we wives did *not* like leaving our husbands, families, friends, homes, and country and journeying to a strange country. We only did it for love of our husbands. It was no pleasure cruise, believe me. Need I say more, when I tell you we landed on the northeast coast instead of the west coast, as intended? I am glad my in-laws do not feel toward me as your writer does, or I should feel very hurt. I know I shall not see my husband for many more months. Certainly we Australians did not turn a cold shoulder when our Aussie boys sent their English wives home to us.—*An Aussie Bride: Mrs. M. Fretch.*

A HIGH-TYPE MAGAZINE

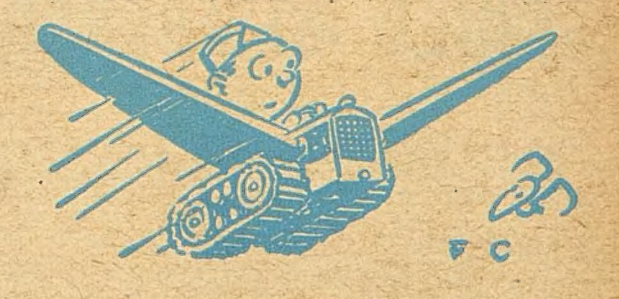
Lynwood, Calif.—May I offer my wholehearted congratulations to Liberty? I enjoyed two stories in the current number (October 7) without reading about a single cigarette being lighted. In still a third story only a pipe was lit by a sea captain who, I think, is entitled to his "smoke" under the circumstances. All of the stories were so wholesome, too.

I am wondering if Liberty is going to pioneer again and give us clean wholesome stories free from "cussing," vulgar language, smoking and drinking.

For a long time I have watched our home magazines making these vices popular, and I am delighted to find all the stories in this issue so morally attractive.—*Ivie L. Miller.*

SWEENEY WAS A SEABEE

Southwest Pacific—I have just read your Short Short Story, L'Affaire Sweeney, by Richard G. Hubler (August 12), and I cannot resist comment. The feat that "Sweeney" and "Minnie" performed in Mr. Hubler's story actually happened, but it's a matter of record that "Sweeney" was not a marine but a Seabee. Also Author Hubler says that when Minnie the bulldozer ran low on gas, Sweeney would drain gas from the tanks of airplanes. Well, anyone who knows anything about bulldozers with Diesel engines knows that even low-octane gas would soon destroy a Diesel engine. So imagine what high-test airplane gas would do to it!

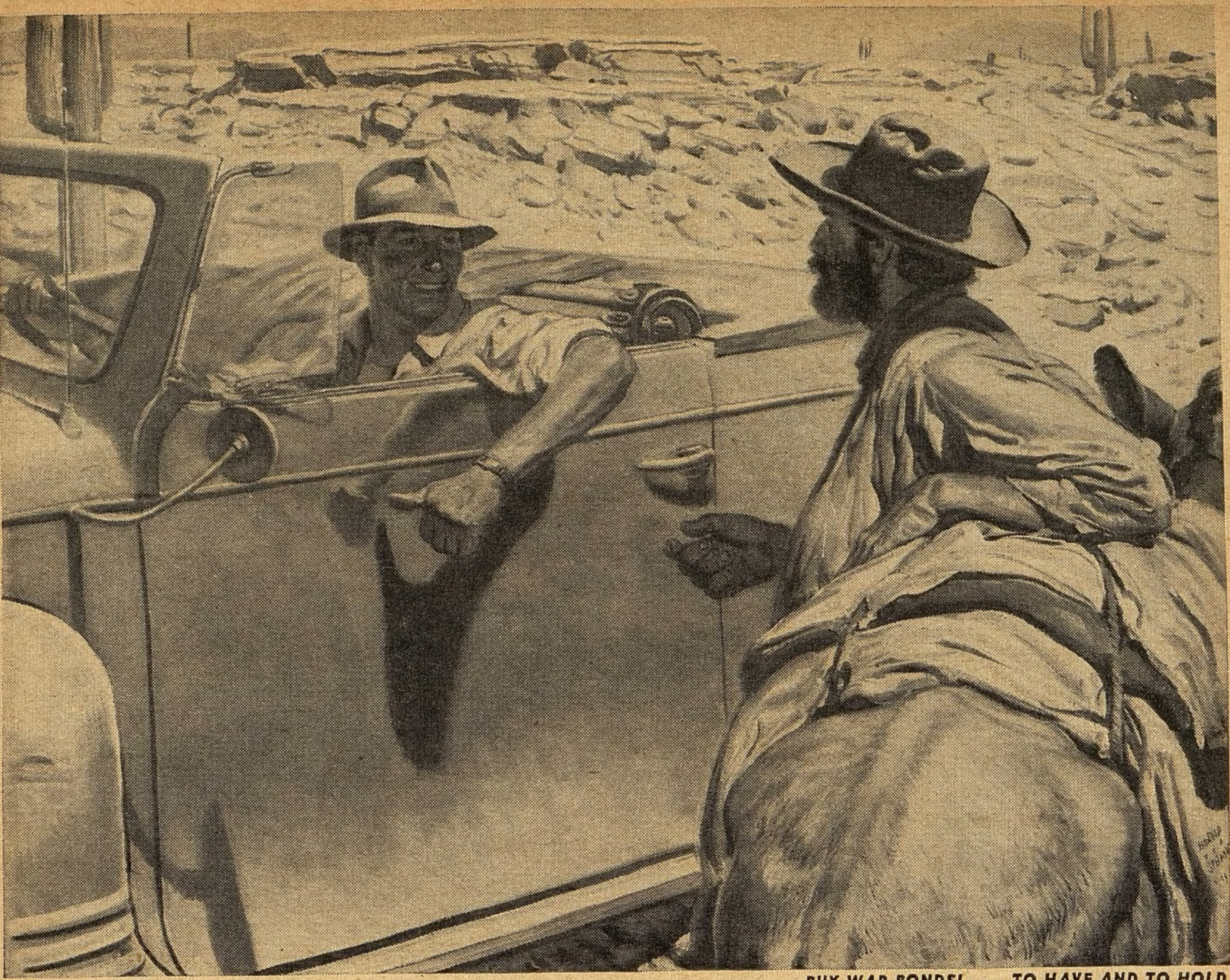


I have been out in this area for eighteen months, and the Marines and Seabees made a wonderful team, working together perfectly, but let's not forget that the Seabees deserve some credit and don't like to have it taken away, even in fiction.—*John W. Erp, EM 1/c.*

DOWN ON THE FARM

Aquilla, Tex.—I read with great interest F. A. Richardson's letter about a large corporation which refused to hire him be-

(*Continued on page 8*)



BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Yep, three years-three dollars!"

"It's 112 here in the desert — and I've driven up North at 40 below zero. Crossed the continent four times, too, in this Plymouth. I follow heavy construction jobs all over the map. In the mountain mining country I've traveled on roads so rough the rocks dented the exhaust pipe and the gas tank. But the car keeps right on going.

"In three years of continuous driving, I've had one $3 repair bill. That's why I call it my 'dollar-a-year car.' Buying it in '41 was the luckiest strike *I* ever made!"*

**Based on an actual letter in the Plymouth files*

THAT'S a Plymouth true story of *economy* and reliability. Before this loyal Plymouth owner bought his car, Plymouth engineers and test drivers had driven much the same rough ground—and more. They met and overcame the *special* problems of desert, ice, mountains, mud, city traffic . . . right on these spots. They used the whole United States as proving ground for *all-around* performance. With Plymouth in war production now, three million Plymouths are supplying reliable low-cost transportation. Plymouth dealer service helps *keep* them at their best.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

• IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

by Speidel
JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist – $12.50

Women's Watchbands – $9.00. FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

(*Continued from page 6*)

cause he has a neuropsychiatric discharge from the Army (September 9 Vox Pop).

What a shame to brand our fighting men whose nerve has cracked under severe strain as—no good.

But, Brother Richardson, cheer up! There's one industry—the most important and the fairest—upon which all other industries depend, that will not turn down our "neuropsychiatric" G. I.s. It won't ask for doctors' examinations, health certificates, discharge papers, etc. It is the agricultural industry.

Sure, the wages can't be compared with those of other industries. But it has other advantages.

Most all of Texas can use G. I.s, nerve-shattered or not, to help with crops, dairying, etc., and the fresh air and quiet would do the ex-soldiers a lot of good.—*Mrs. O. R. B.*

OPEN LETTER TO SOLDIERS' WIVES

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just finished reading the letter written by Charles Dimond and Joe Kendrick, both overseas (October 7 Vox Pop), in which they state that 95 per cent of their particular outfit had received the brush-off from their wives and sweethearts since they left the States in '42.

We females, you remember, must suffer the hardships of boredom, pounding a typewriter or pushing the dust mop around—and collecting our allotment! We don't realize what a snap the boys have over there—listening to the gentle patter of the machine gun or sitting in a cozy foxhole. So we must go in search of diversion!

All sarcasm aside, it made me furious and ready to denounce my own sex when I read that letter. However, I feel I should stick up for the rest of us who know the loneliness our men are going through, because we suffer it too. There are still plenty of us left, too! What do you say, girls? Speak up!—(*Mrs.*) *Elizabeth Shoup.*

WE HANG OUR HEAD!

c/o POSTMASTER, N. Y.—Shame! Shame! One of the pictures on page 26 of August 26 Liberty is captioned "LCTs on a Normandy beach." Didn't you know that the ship on the beach is an LST—America's greatest weapon of invasion, offensively and defensively? She can do 1,001 things more than any other weapon of war and is a hospital coming back. How can anyone mistake an *LST?—M. W. Greenberg, A.A. 1/c and the Rest of the Boys.*

Well, you can bet your boots we'll never mistake an LST again!—VOX POP EDITOR.

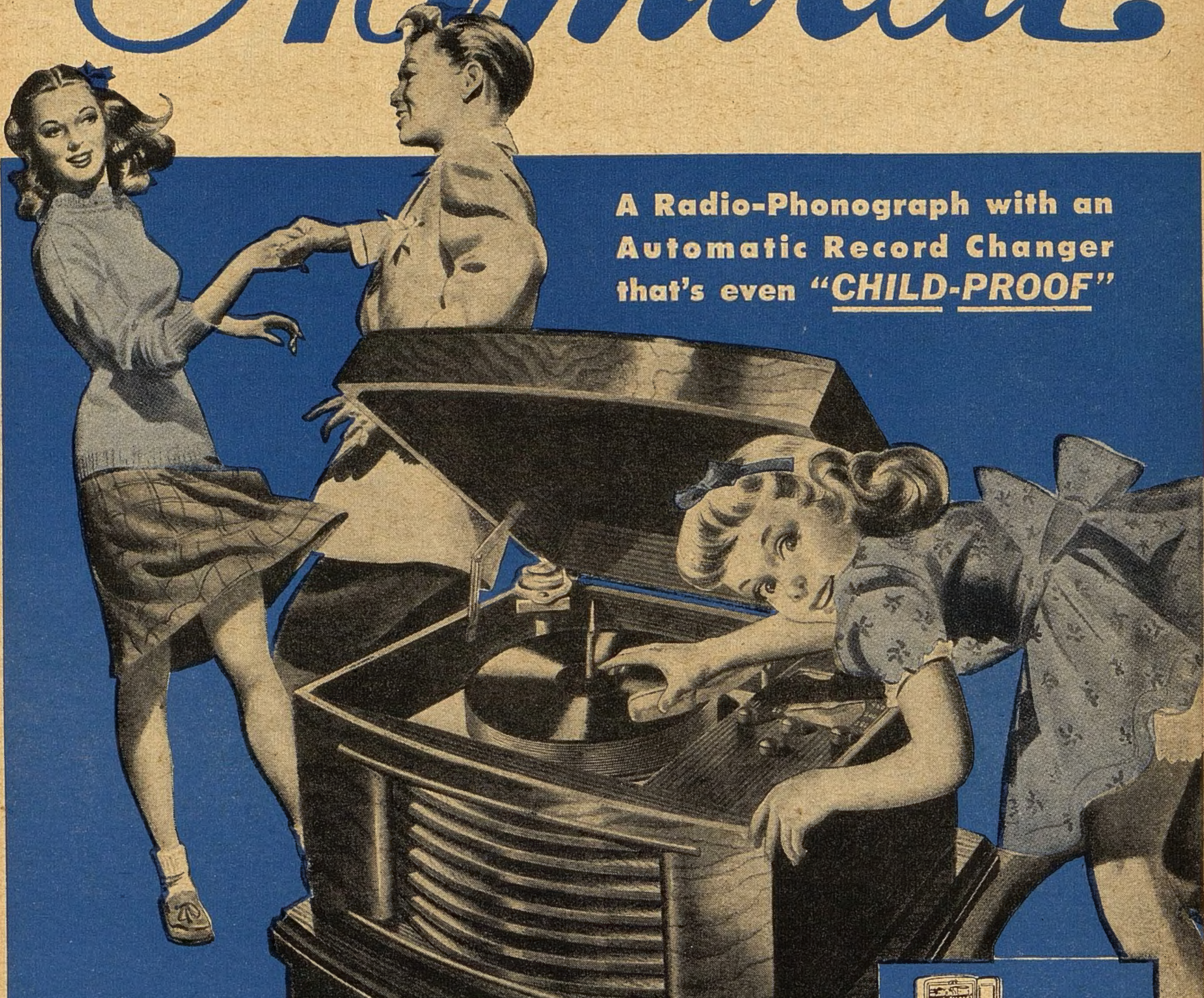
LIBERTY PRINTS A CLASSIC

GREENVILLE, S. C.—The article, Money Makes the World Go (October 7), by Sylvia F. Porter, is, in my humble opinion, a classic. You should be congratulated on obtaining such a lucid, plain brief on the activities of the Bretton Woods Conference.

I was in a fog until I read Miss Porter's article. Any high-school kid can read it and take it all in without difficulty.—*H. P. Burbage.*

It's a postwar Promise ... *from*

Admiral



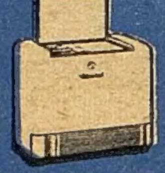
A Radio-Phonograph with an Automatic Record Changer that's even "CHILD-PROOF"

It's a fact! The new Admiral automatic record changer will be foolproof. Even the kiddies' impish curiosity won't impair its automatic efficiency. An entirely new, electronic tone arm will give better reproduction and longer life to your records. Changing time between records will be shortened. Because of its few moving parts, its simplicity of operation will be amazing.

Admiral's postwar radio line will be complete. There'll be table and console models, portables, "Bantams" and farm sets, all built by the world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers. There'll be F M, home recording and television, too. Yes, there'll be everything for better listening in your postwar Admiral Radio—"America's Smart Set."

Admiral Refrigerator

Admiral Electric Range



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Admiral Corporation CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

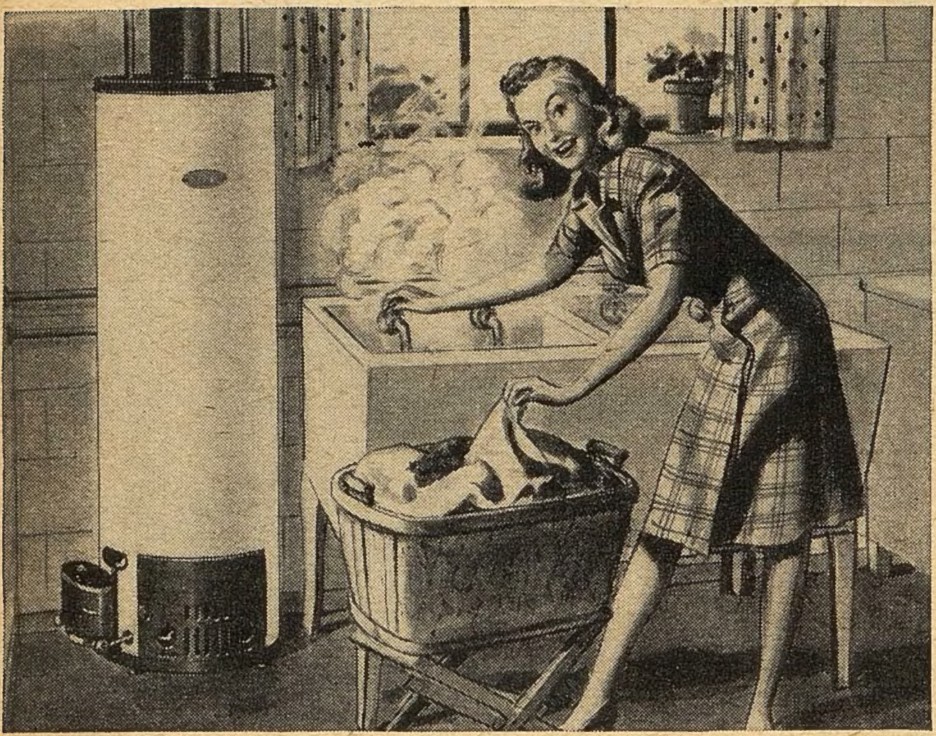
World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonographs with Automatic Record Changers

Leaders in Radio—F M—Television ARMY NAVY E Communications Equipment—Radar

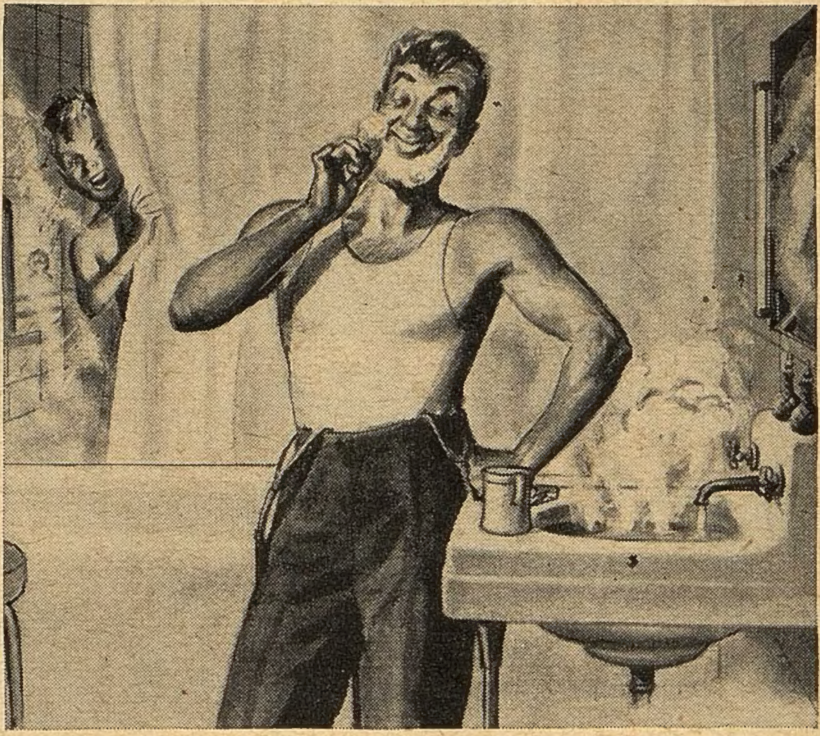
Tune in CBS 2:30 P. M. EWT Sundays for Admiral "World News Today"

NOW AVAILABLE

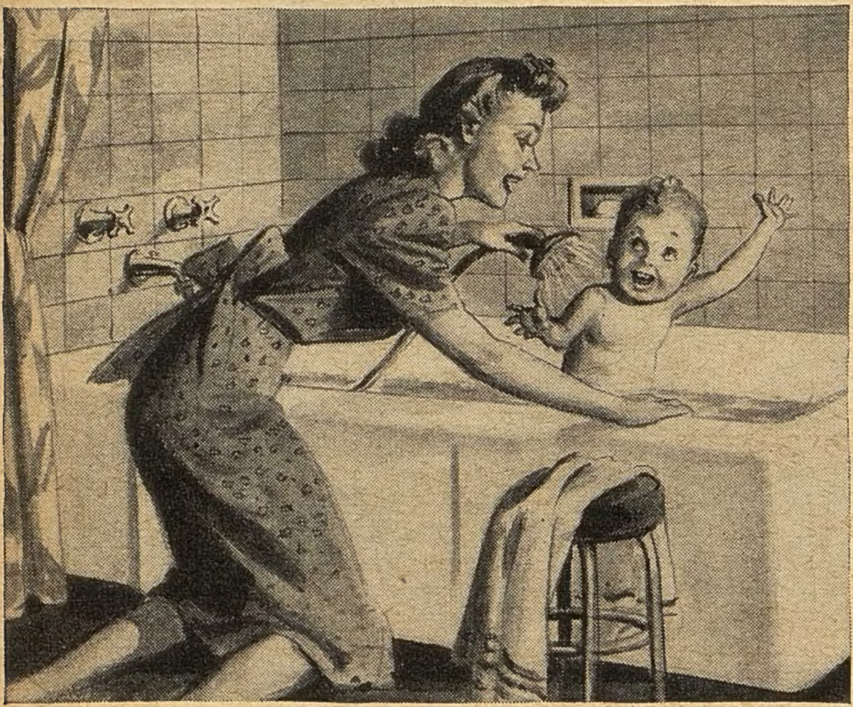
FOR ESSENTIAL CIVILIAN NEEDS



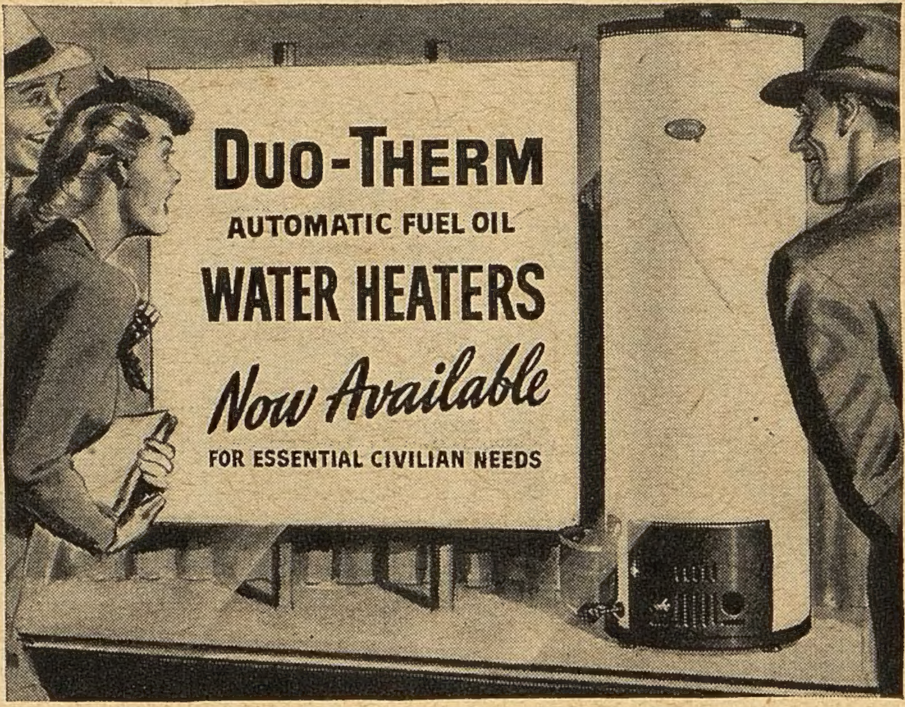
Hot water! All you need—any time—at the turn of a tap! That's the *workless* way a Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heater provides hot water.



Less than 4 cents a day! That's how little it costs the average family to enjoy *plenty* of hot water *automatically*—with an efficient, care-free Duo-Therm!



Anywhere! Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heaters can be installed city or country! They burn cheap fuel oil—need no gas or electric connections.



Send the coupon! Maybe *you* can qualify to buy a Duo-Therm *now*. New models are same pre-war quality that made Duo-Therm *America's leading fuel oil water heater!*

DUO-THERM

DIVISION OF MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION LANSING 3, MICH.

Coming soon—new Duo-Therm Fuel Oil *Space* Heaters! Same quality as famous pre-war Duo-Therms now delivering *more heat from less fuel* in more than half a million homes!

America's Largest Manufacturer of Fuel Oil Heating Appliances

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DUO-THERM Division of Motor Wheel Corp.
Department B-2, Lansing 3, Michigan

Please help me find out, *without obligation*, whether I am eligible to buy a new ☐ DUO-THERM AUTOMATIC FUEL OIL WATER HEATER or a new ☐ DUO-THERM FUEL OIL *SPACE* HEATER or ☐ both.

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ADDRESS ....

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

GRABLE CAPTURES JAPS: To ease tired battle nerves, movies from Hollywood have been shown to men at the front, sometimes as close as fifty yards from the scene of action. Imagine the Japanese embarrassment when a number of their men were made prisoners of the Americans on sneaking close enough to watch Betty Grable or Dorothy Lamour in their very special kind of action! To get films into battle areas, the motion-picture industry converts new releases into 16-mm. film and distributes them free to troops abroad. They are transported by jeep, plane, mule, and even dog sled. A letter from the South Pacific not only tells of Jap captures by Grable and Lamour, but says the sound track could easily be heard by many other little yellow men who might well come running to surrender to Hollywood charmers any minute.

LISTENING IN: Two Spars tell this on themselves. They were waiting for a green light at Madison Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, when they were electrified by a conversation they overheard. Said the man in the gray suit, "The convoy sails at midnight, see? And Frederics sends word to the two guys off the German sub, and they go to the beach to be picked up." Spar Number One whispered to her companion, "Should we call the F. B. I.? I could trail them while you phone." "I don't like that beach idea," said blue suit. Gray suit snorted, "Well, it's a helluva good story, and M-G-M likes it!"

TORTURED TOMATOES: After the hurricane in the East, the few tomatoes that could be found in the stores appeared to have taken a terrific pounding. I asked a sales clerk if it was the storm that did the damage. "Not so much as the customers," said he. "They pinch them, poke them, knock them on the floor, and act worse than any hurricane. We have to throw out stuff every day just because the customers are so rough." Perhaps we should all examine our store etiquette in these days when we're so prone to complain of service. We need more courtesy on both sides of the counter, besides treating what's *on* the counter with more consideration.

OPEN HOUSE: For the past four years the First Congregational Church at Tenth and G streets in Washington, D. C., has opened its doors to the Washington Hebrew Congregation that its facilities may be used for overflow congregations on the holy days of Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur. The Rev. Howard Stone Anderson, minister of the First Congregational Church, observes:

"We are pleased that this simple act of courtesy has brought us nothing but approval from the parish and outside community."

SHOPPING GUYED

I'll fall no more for hounds on wheels
Or costly plastic automobiles,
Now that I see my little man
Prefers a spoon and frying pan.

The longer I observe the boy
The more I know that every toy
I've bought, which now adorns the shelf,
Was really picked to suit myself.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT: Seventeen years ago Mrs. T. J. Mabry of Albuquerque, New Mexico, lost a $400 diamond from her engagement ring. While digging in the back yard, Mary Ann Scholes recently unearthed the stone and returned it to Mrs. Mabry from whose husband, a State Supreme Court justice, the Scholes family rent their house.

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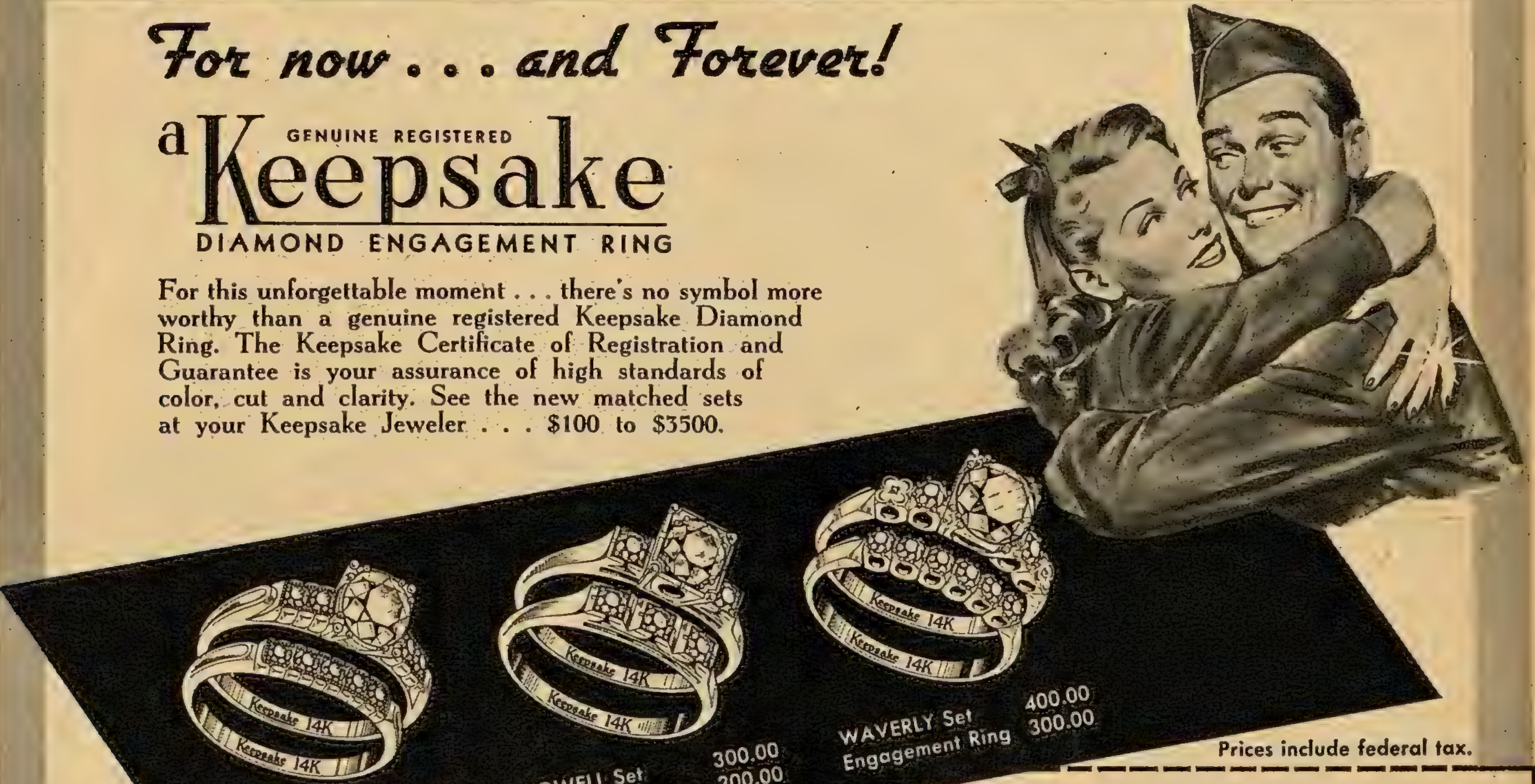
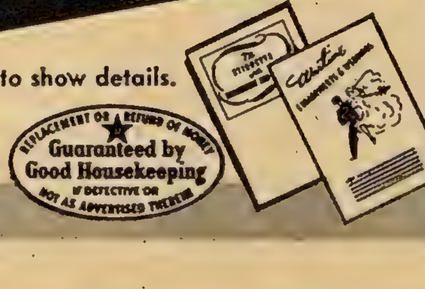


Prices include federal tax.

Rings enlarged to show details.

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.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Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.
Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.
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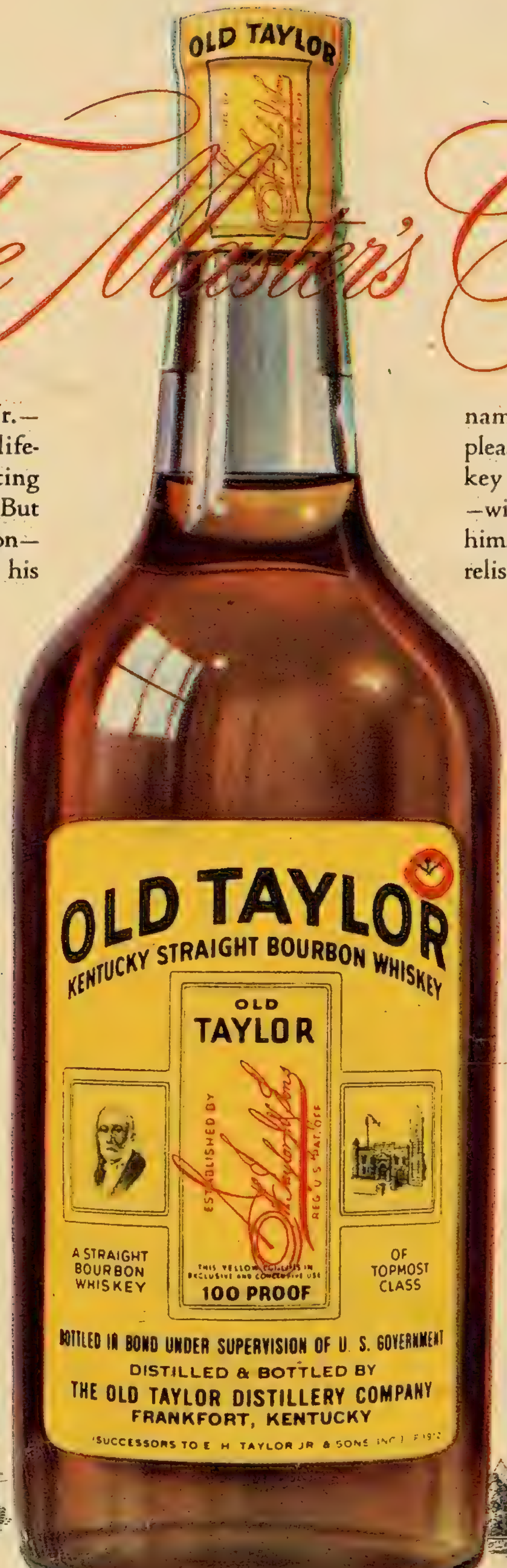
The Master's Choice

THE late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr.—master distiller—spent his lifetime and his rare genius creating whiskies of surpassing excellence. But he chose one—a matchless bourbon—as his finest, and proudly gave it his name. The full, round flavor and pleasing aroma of this glorious whiskey have established **OLD TAYLOR**—with the world as with Col. Taylor himself—as the choice of those who relish bourbon at is best.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BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

National Distillers Products Corporation • New York

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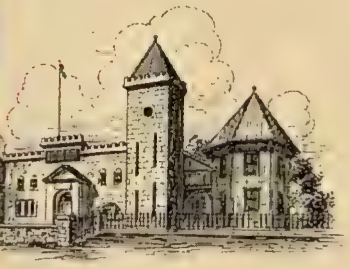
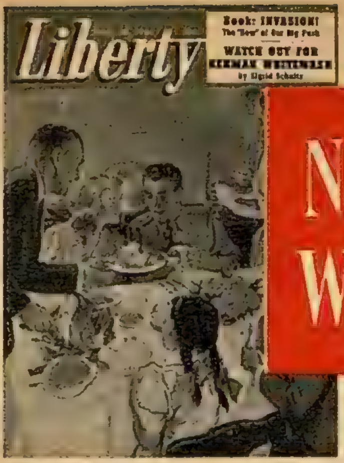


SIGNED SEALED *and* DELICIOUS



NEXT WEEK

✓ **INVASION!**

By Charles Christian Wertenbaker

Liberty's Book Condensation

This dynamic story of the smashing of Hitler's strongholds in France is already being hailed as a classic of reporting. Typical of the comments it brought forth is this one by Quentin Reynolds: "How any historian of the future can tell it better, I, for one, do not know."

✓ **WATCH OUT FOR GERMAN WHITEWASH**

By Sigrid Schultz

We'll sow the seeds of another war if we let the Germans beg off from the consequences of their sins. Yet, soft-headed people already are going out of their way to find "explanations."

✓ **THEY WERE READY WHEN WE LANDED**

By Frances V. Bishop

France surrendered, but millions of Frenchmen did not. The tale of this great underground army, how it was created and armed, is one of the most moving stories of all time.

✓ **BLUEPRINT FOR PROSPERITY**

By Bertram B. Fowler

We've heard a lot about over-all plans for postwar jobs. Now here's a specific case—exactly what one company is doing and planning to keep production rolling!

✓ **SMART HEADWORK MAKES SMART FOOTWORK**

By Franny Murray and Russ Davis

Sure, we say, star ball carriers owe their headlines to the unsung blockers. But—signals over—here's a different idea, illustrated by some big-game high spots.

✓ **WELCOME, STRANGER!**

By Lowell Brentano

Free gifts and help for a newcomer are the stock in trade of the Welcome Wagon lady, who makes you feel at home even before your furniture is off the truck!

✓ **THE PHASE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND DRIPS**

By Alwyn W. Knight

The heart-warming story of young Bill, who discovered that parents have to be handled with care and understanding during the difficult period of adolescence.

can YOUR cigarette match CHELSEA?
CHELSEA
CHELSEA Better Cigarettes

Chelsea is the new cigarette that's got everything! Just compare and you'll see why you hear so much talk about Chelsea these days...

Only the Finest Tobaccos of 100% PRE-WAR QUALITY

FOR MELLOWNESS, *tobaccos from Virginia...*
FOR BRILLIANCE, *from North and South Carolina...*
FOR NUT-LIKE SWEETNESS, *from Georgia and Florida...*
FOR RICHNESS AND FLAVOR, *from Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and West Virginia...*
✓ FOR FREE BURNING, *from Maryland...*
FOR AROMA, *from the Mediterranean Countries...*

✓ **MELLOWED WITH DEXTROSE**—a *patented* Chelsea process that makes the smoke even richer, smoother and *less* irritating to nose and throat.

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Made by the makers of famous Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, a company that has specialized in only the finest quality tobaccos since 1877. Chelsea is your password... to the BEST in cigarettes!

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GUY LOMBARDO
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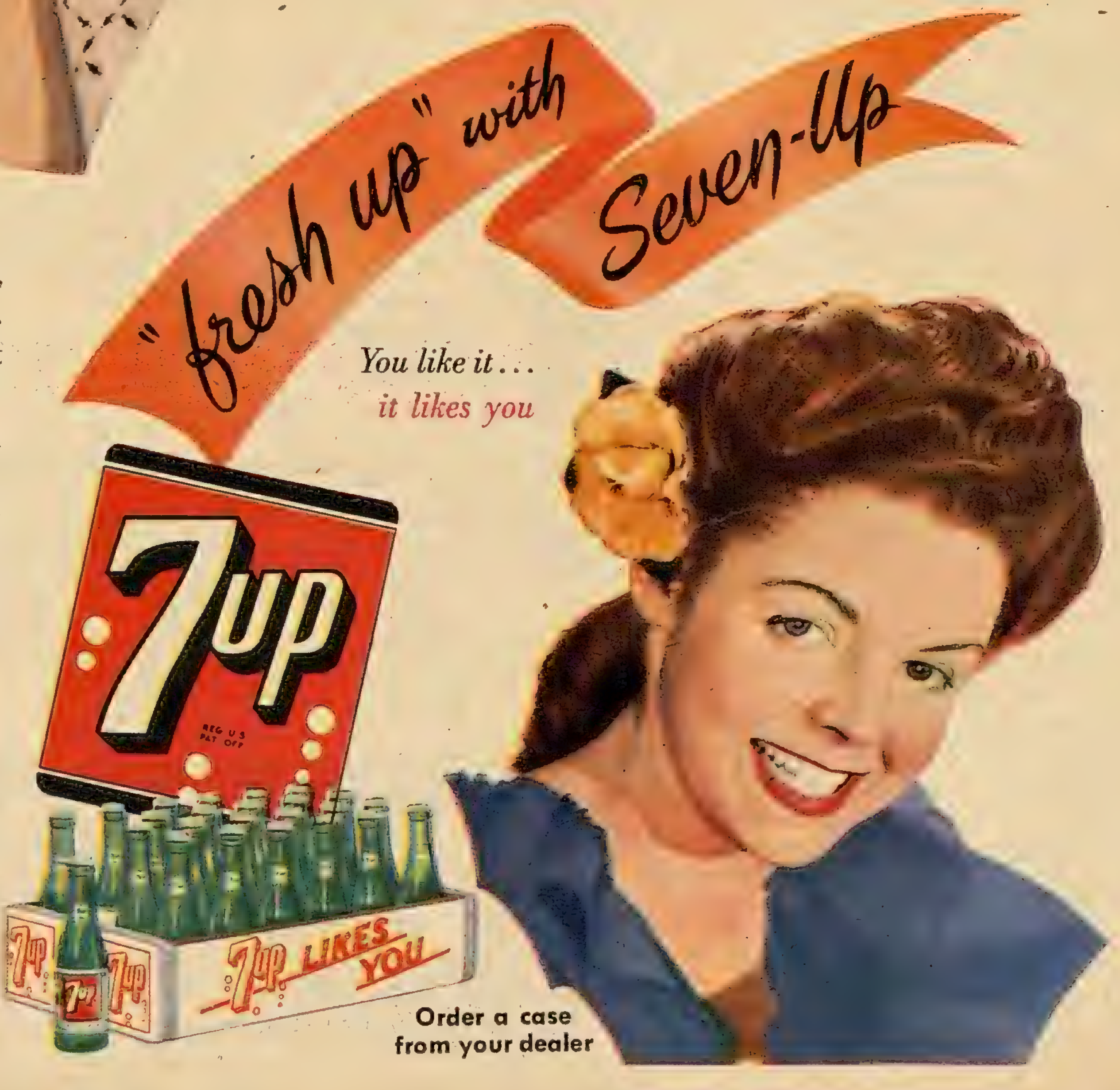
"Fresh up"
. . . FOR YOUR BIG OCCASIONS!
7up


"fresh up" with Seven-Up
You like it . . .
it likes you
7up
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
7up LIKES YOU

You'll enjoy your big occasions more, if you're feeling peppy and happy. So start with a "fresh up" and start with a smile.

The fresh, clean taste of 7-Up will wake up your mouth and freshen your spirits. And you'll relish every sip of this sparkling, lively drink . . . a drink so happy and smiling that it will soon have you happy and smiling, too.

In fact, 7-Up makes any occasion a big occasion, because you like it and it likes you. "Fresh up" at any store displaying the 7-Up signs.

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Be a "fighter-backer"

Save your waste fats

Order a case
from your dealer

An interior view of the Douglas DC-6, one of the postwar planes, with enlarged passenger space and a cruising speed of 300 miles an hour.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Bottling Up the Enemy

Here are some illustrations of how our Ninth and Eighth Air Forces were successful in strangling German communication lines during the invasion period.

On June 15, nine days after the ground invasion, a German division crossed the French border, westbound, to assist the defenders. It arrived on July 8, after a 180-mile march across northern France. The soldiers arrived too footsore for immediate action. Our airmen had stopped all rail communication and major highways were broken up.

Then take the case of the SS. Panzer divisions which were rushed up to the French front from Poland. The divisions had to detrain at Nancy, near our eastern frontier, and move up 400 miles by road to the battle area. It took them as long to get to the battle area from Nancy as from Poland to Nancy. And the Germans could ill afford to use its limited supplies.

Transportation was so thoroughly disrupted that a German officer and two privates, taken prisoner, had traveled from Troyes, southeast of Paris, to Carentan, on the Normandy Peninsula, by way of Laval and Redon in central France—like getting from New York to Albany by way of Baltimore. All of these roundabout movements seriously delayed the moving up of reinforcements and used up precious fuel and the energies of the soldiers.

Nine Hours, Coast to Coast

Here's some real news about your postwar air travel on the transcontinental routes. For years the air lines have been advertising three-mile-a-minute speeds, but have been promising faster flying time after the war. The major companies are signing up now for the new four-engined Douglas DC-6, a faster version of the DC-4 (or C-54 Army cargo plane), and the speed that is promised has jumped up to five miles a minute.

A DC-6 will carry fifty-six passengers on one-or two-stop service from New York to the west coast in eight and a half hours. Chicago-New York flights will be made in two hours and forty minutes. That's a vast reduction. However, just as the average cruising speed today is about fifteen miles an hour under the advertised 180, so you can expect cruising speeds of 285 miles an hour instead of the possible 300.

Just see what that means. You will be able to leave New York at 2 P. M., after an early lunch, and arrive in Los Angeles at 8 P. M., Pacific time, for a late dinner. As for New York to Chicago, it's just a brief hop between breakfast and luncheon, with time to spare.

The DC-6 will be powered with 2,100-horsepower Double Wasp Pratt & Whitney engines, and will be equipped with pressurized cabin for high-altitude comfort. The gross take-off weight will be 80,500 pounds, or something over forty tons. Wing span is given as 117 feet and overall length as 100 feet. Nonstop cruising speed is 2,751 miles, and we hear by the grapevine that several air lines plan to institute nonstop New York-Los Angeles service. That'll be quite a jump, but most flights will make at least one stop.

With the signing of contracts for these airplanes, faster plane schedules are moving out of the dream phase into reality. It will be several years before all of these planes are in operation, but they're on the way. Nine-hour coast-to-coast schedules will revolutionize travel in the United States, reducing the air time by half.

Personals

Youngest air-line president in the United States is Robert F. Six, thirty-seven, president of Continental Air Lines, who has just returned to his duties after serving in the Army Air Forces as a lieutenant colonel. Six is one of only two air-line presidents who can fly four-engined airplanes—he's been "checked out" as a pilot on the B-29 Superfortress. He has good reason to fly the B-29 because Continental operates a large modification center for the Army at Denver. The other four-engined pilot is Jack Frye, president of TWA, Incorporated, who, with Howard Hughes, flew the C-69 Constellation on its record-breaking Los Angeles-Washington hop.

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To be sure your gift will serve and satisfy for years to come . . . give the PIERCE PARASHOCK . . . the watch that has proved its superiority in ACTION! The ability to withstand strain and remain dependable is what makes ALL PIERCE watches, in all distinctively smart styles for men and women, the preferred Christmas gift. Ask your jeweler for PIERCE . . . known and serviced the world over. The Pierce Watch Company, 22 W. 48th Street, New York.

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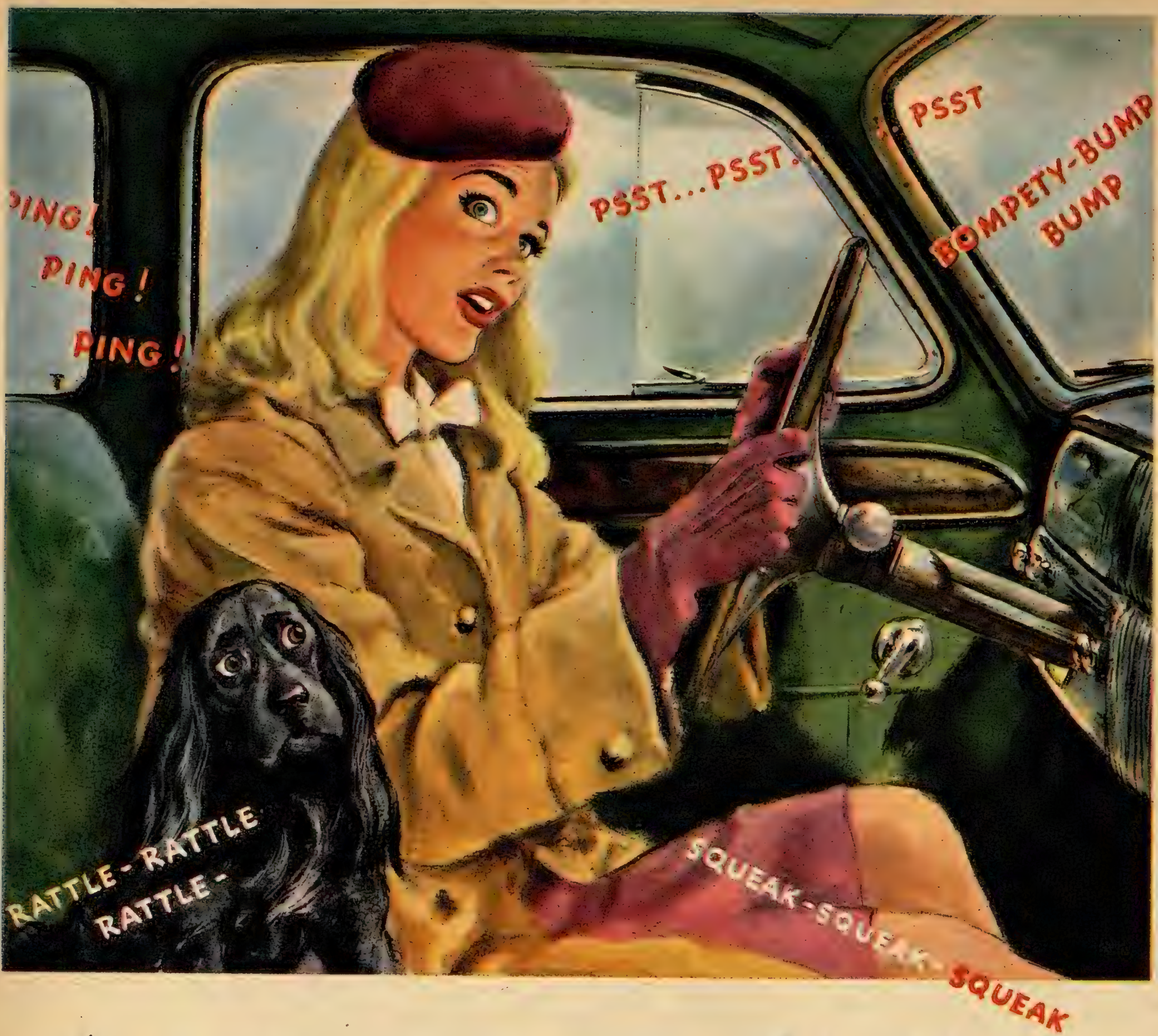
PIERCE
"Watchword of The Airways"


PING!
PING!
PING!
PSST...PSST...
PSST
BOMPETY-BUMP
BUMP
RATTLE-RATTLE
RATTLE-
SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK

...that's your car saying "good-bye", lady

MAYBE this'll surprise you, but your car can talk! With a little practice you can understand car-language.

For example, when you hear tires whining on a turn that means "not enough air." When the motor stutters, it's probably asking you to change that tired oil. Loud squeaks, squawks, rattles and groans are your car's way of saying "goodbye!"

Keep your car on the job. See your Texaco Dealer. Have him check tires, battery, radiator. Give it a life-preserving Marfak lubrication. Drain the crankcase and re-fill with Insulated Havoline or Insulated Texaco Motor Oil. Get good Texaco Sky Chief or Fire-Chief Gasoline.

Then *listen* as you drive away. Hear that low, sweet, contented purr of the motor? That's your car saying, "Ah, this is more like it, Boss!"

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THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

THE JOB OF PROVIDING JOBS

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

How much real planning is being done for postwar jobs? Are we getting action, or is it all talk? This writer checked the nation to find out

WHEN this war is over, America is going to want, not pretty, high-sounding speeches about "full employment" and "high production," but the answer to one short question: Will there be jobs? Will G. I. Joe, the man behind the gun, come home to a pay check or a dole? Will Jim, the man behind the man behind the gun, also have work, or will he be pushed aside? America will insist on action then, not words! And it will get it —or else.

This is blunt, straight-from-the-shoulder talk, but the burning, vital importance of the issue demands that we stop dealing in generalities and billion-dollar totals and get down to bread-and-butter facts. The war may end at any time now. Overnight, the challenge of postwar jobs, the key to our future as individuals and as a nation, may spring out of the editorial pages and into our living rooms. After Hitler's defeat, industrial production in the United States may plunge as much as 50 per cent. Before the end of the Japanese war, close to 7,000,000 war workers and servicemen may be demobilized. Within eighteen months after final victory, 11,000,000 more may be switched back. What, really, is being done to prevent a horrible slump and frightful unemployment from coast to coast? What is our chance for prosperity when we've no war boom to spur us on? There's nothing far away or objective about this question. It's the most deeply personal of all postwar puzzles to 135,000,000 of us.

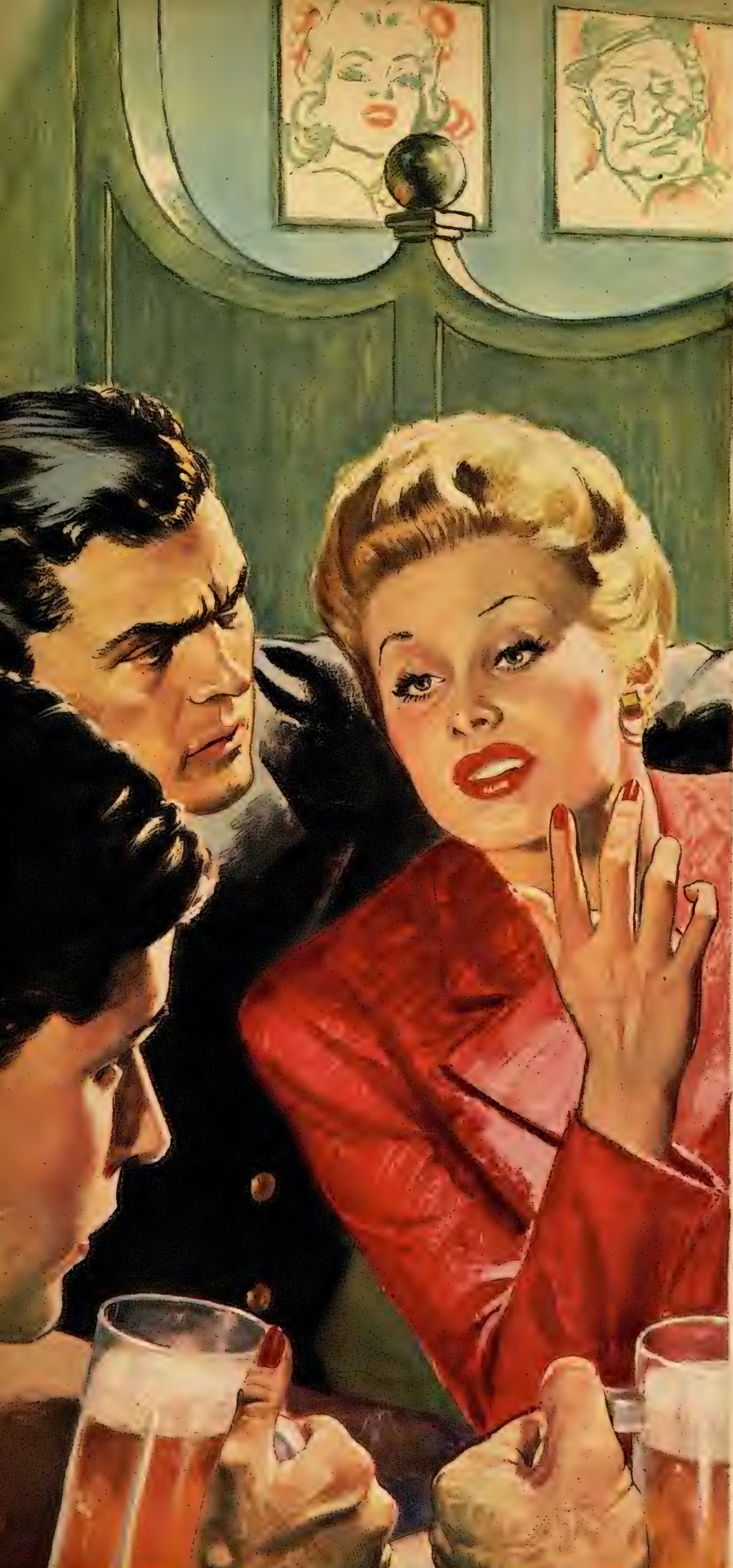
To find the answer, I've been checking among industrialists, labor officials, government representatives. And to be blunt about it, while we're entering this peace better prepared to handle our domestic problems than ever before in history, the job story is by no means wrapped up in a neat package of silver lace with greenback trimmings. In the first period of transition from war to peace, there's bound to be disorder, during which countless thousands of workers will walk out of factories on Saturday with the dreaded "pink slips" in their hands. In Detroit alone, for instance, the government lay-off may hit 600,000, the biggest labor exodus on record.

When peace comes, too, the era of overtime wages, lifting pay checks to all-time peaks, will be over. Our objective then will be to spread employment among as many Americans as possible rather than to get the maximum out of whatever scarce labor supply is available. One expert figures we'll be working at least 8 per cent fewer hours per week within a short time.

And lots of our young heroes, home from the wars with bars and oak leaves on their shoulders, may have to take sharp cuts in pay when they apply for civilian jobs. America at peace won't be able to offer $3,500 and $4,500 salaries to inexperienced lads, no matter what their war records. I've talked to a half dozen veterans "shopping around" today for fifty- and sixty-dollar pay checks under the delusion that this is the current wage scale for beginners. The War Manpower Commission's representatives in New York report that one of their major headaches is convincing boys back from the fronts that lots of the wage-inflation stuff they've heard is poppycock. Some of the jobs to be had will be awfully disappointing to soldiers overseas now. Some will turn out to be greatly different from what they sound like in a company advertisement or in a veterans' employment office.

The quicker we realize these probabilities, the stronger we'll be, for only when we're aware of the truth will we be able

(Continued on page 67)



"He gets *torpedoed!* One time after the other," Clarabelle said.

BLOW THE

THE rain intruded itself with all the boisterous and unappreciated enthusiasm of a drunk barging in uninvited on a formal dinner party.

Porky was driving the big dingy sedan, and he said, "You want some advice, Dutch?"

"How much will it cost?" Dutch asked.

"Nothin'," said Porky, surprised.

"No," said Dutch. "It's overpriced."

Dutch, more formally but much less frequently known as Bettina DeVries, was sitting in the far corner of the front seat. She was tall and she was thin and she had black hair and smoky gray eyes with a determined gleam in them.

"All right," said Porky. "But, anyway, you should give this Clinton Quentin party the brush-off, because he is nothing but a dope."

"He is not," Dutch denied. "He's a very smart lad. He knows more about ships than anybody alive. He can tell you the name, number, and capacity of any ship built in the last forty years, and even, if you insist, the color the smokestacks are painted."

"So he's a dope," said Porky. "You know what ships are? They're absolute. Pretty soon now some kid is gonna ask, 'What is a ship, pappy?' and pappy won't even know, unless he took a gander in a museum on his off day. You work in a plane factory. You should know that. You take tonight, Dutch. Now, you know it wasn't right for Quentin, that dope, to stand you up when you went to all the trouble of gettin' dressed all pretty for him at the plant, with all them dim-witted dames pokin' you in the eye and steppin' on your toes while you was doin' it. I wouldn't commit marriage with that Quentin dope, Dutch."

"He didn't ask you to marry him."

Porky looked at her. "Did he ask you?"

"No. This is leap year. But he said yes."

"Then you're stuck," Porky stated. "He's got you. He's like to sue if you don't go through with it. But you better think twice."

"You think about stopping," Dutch ordered. "I don't care to walk six blocks in this rain."

THE sedan swished through water gurgling in the gutter and paused.

"See you, Dutch," said Porky. "Don't forget to lower your landing gear."

Dutch nodded glumly, trying to crawl inside the collar of her coat. She ran pigeon-toed and squishing across the neat plot of grass and up the apartment-house walk. The door mumbled and hissed and let her reluctantly into a lobby that was neat and new and had powder-pink walls. Dutch scowled at her image in the jag-edged mirror and then went up six steps and along a hall lined with shiny blue doors.

One of the doors was ajar, and Dutch pushed it wider and went into the living room of an apartment surrounded by the same powder-pink walls and decorated with off-blue furniture.

There was a man lying on his stomach in the middle of the rug. He was a tall and bony man with corn-colored hair that dribbled down over his forehead, and blue eyes effectively distorted by a thick pair of rimless spectacles. He had a blueprint

MAN DOWN

BY NORBERT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

spread out in front of him, and he was studying it with soulful absorption.

"Hello, Dutch dear," he said absently, looking up and then down again at the blueprint.

Dutch didn't answer. She shut the door carefully. She sat down in a chair quietly. She watched him, but eloquently.

It took about ten seconds, and then Clinton Quentin looked up again and smiled at her in his bashfully endearing way. "Gee, you look pretty, Dutch."

"Why?" said Dutch.

"Uh? Oh. Well, that's a new dress you're wearing, isn't it?"

"Why?" said Dutch.

"What? Oh, you mean our date tonight."

"Yes," said Dutch. "I can recall that faintly if I put my mind to it."

"Gee," said Quentin. "You're not mad, are you, Dutch?"

"Not any madder than you'll be dead in about a minute."

"Aw, Dutch," said Quentin. "Take it easy. Now I want to explain to you just how—"

WATER burbled plaintively in a pipe behind the wall. Dutch came out of her chair in one catlike leap and landed, facing north.

"Who's that in the bathroom?" she said through her teeth.

"Relax, Dutch. I was just going to—"

"Who—is—in—the—bathroom?"

"A hero," Quentin said quickly.

Dutch looked at him. "A what?"

"Well, he is," said Quentin. "Ten times."

"Ten times what?"

"Torpedoed," said Quentin.

Dutch sat down again reluctantly. "I don't make much sense out of this, but you'd better—right now."

"He's a mate in the merchant marine, like I'm trying to tell you," said Quentin. "And he's a hero because he's been torpedoed ten different times. And his name is Smaltz."

"Smaltz?" Dutch repeated thoughtfully.

"Yes, but he doesn't like to be called that. He says it was a slight error on his mother's part. His full name is Terence O'Shea Smaltz. He's been thwarted."

"What was that again?"

"Thwarted—in love. This girl he goes with won't say she'll marry him right away, like she should. He feels terrible about it."

"Does he have to do it here?"

"Sometimes you're awfully hard, Dutch," Quentin said. "I felt sorry for him. He came down to the yard today to bust a jug of fizz on the Johnson A. Bestwyck when it was launched, and then when it was over he didn't have any place to go."

"I can give him a destination."

"Now, Dutch. He's a *hero!* How would you like to be torpedoed ten times?"

"How would he like to massage wing flaps all day?"

"Oh, that's different," Quentin said. "He really feels bad, Dutch, and I told him you'd help him."

"Help him feel bad? I'll be glad to."

"Now, Dutch," Quentin warned. "I'm going to be disappointed in you if you act like this."

Dutch rested her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands and stared at him in a thoughtful, calculating manner.

"I am," said Quentin.

Dutch sighed. "What's your idea of how I should act?"

Quentin cheered up instantly. "Well, all you have to do is to see Clarabelle and tell her what her duty is."

"What is it?"

"Why, she should marry him, of course, and right away, too, so he won't be worried all the time."

"Just supposing I told her that," Dutch said, "why should she believe me?"

Quentin looked wildly amazed. "Well, you're smart, Dutch."

"I doubt that at times," Dutch told him, "and this is one of them."

"Oh, you can persuade her," Quentin said confidently. "You won't have any trouble. I told Mr. Smaltz we'd go with him to the Borodino—it's that fancy new cocktail bar on Fourth. Clarabelle goes there sometimes because it's so refined. She told Mr. Smaltz she might maybe be there tonight if she didn't have anything important to do. Of course, we're taking a chance on finding her. She's very popular."

Quentin always forgot to show up for a date with his girl, but he had an *awfully* good memory for ships — which turned out to be pretty useful in a romantic way after all

"Something tells me," said Dutch, "that Clarabelle and I are going to remain the merest chance acquaintances."

"You'll like her. She's very beautiful, Mr. Smaltz says, and has a wonderful personality. It won't take us long, Dutch. You just persuade her to marry Mr. Smaltz, and then you and I will go to the picture show."

"Why?" Dutch asked.

"We always go to the picture show on Wednesday."

"This—isn't—Wednesday."

"Then that's why I forgot our date!" Quentin said triumphantly.

"It always makes me a little ill to have logic like that explained to me," Dutch stated, "so let's drop it. Let's run a test on this Smaltz specimen. Or has he taken a lease on the bathroom?"

"He has to clean up and shave and everything awfully carefully," Quentin said. "Clarabelle is very particular about that. She says if a man dresses sloppily on a date, it doesn't show proper respect for the girl. She says when a girl gives a man a date, it's an honor, and he should act like he appreciates it."

"That's a very interesting point of view," said Dutch. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Quentin seriously.

Dutch drew a deep breath and let it go again. "All right. Knock on the door and leave an early call for Mr. Smaltz."

Smaltz saved him the trouble by appearing under his own power. He was so neatly creased and painfully scrubbed he looked like a self-illuminated window display of a dress designer's conception of a mate in the merchant marine. He had a one-story forehead, and he was a little wide between the eyes, but he looked like he could read.

"This tie," he said anxiously. "There's a crease that doesn't quite center below the knot. Can you notice it?"

"No," Quentin assured him. "You look just dandy. This is Dutch."

"Is it?" said Smaltz.

"Probably," said Dutch. "What's the beef with your bag, Smaltz?"

"Dutch!" Quentin protested. "Don't mind her, Terry. She's just joking. She's very interested in your difficulty with Clarabelle. She wants you to explain it to her."

Smaltz thrust out his lower lip sullenly. "It's her old man. He put ideas in her head."

"From what I hear, he must have been a fancy operator," Dutch observed. "I did detect the use of the past tense there, didn't I?"

Smaltz nodded. "Yeah. He's dead. How can you argue with a guy that's dead?"

"It's hard," Dutch agreed. "What are you interested in selling him?"

"Well, he was a captain, see? For twenty years on the same ship. All through the last war, too. And *he* never got torpedoed. He said there was no sense in getting torpedoed."

"No sense?" Dutch repeated.

"Yup. He said if a ship gets torpedoed, that's on account the officers are dopes and don't know their business. He said if the officers were competent it wouldn't happen. The trouble is, he proved it. He never lost an inch of paint or even a passenger all the twenty years he was operating. He never got sunk or went aground or even had to put out a distress signal. He must have been really a lulu."

"How does this fit in between Clarabelle and you?"

"She compares," Smaltz said glumly. "Me and him, I mean. Ten ships I lost already. Clarabelle thinks that's too many. It shows I've got a flighty character or else I got flustered in a pinch, or else I haven't had the right training. I can't persuade her different."

"Dutch can," Quentin said. "You'll see. Dutch is very clever."

THE Borodino had been conceived by a man who was a movie fan and dedicated to the relaxation of people with the same or similar tastes.

"There's Clarabelle now!" Smaltz announced. "See?"

Clarabelle was down at the end of the bar talking animatedly to two characters.

"Gee," said Smaltz, "how do you suppose I can persuade her to join us?"

"Just ask her," Dutch said. She pointed to a swirl in the smoke. "We'll be in that booth."

"This is a swell place," Quentin said.

"There's nothing wrong with it," Dutch agreed, "that couldn't be cured by a slight touch of arson."

"Folks," said Smaltz proudly, "this is Clarabelle. This is Dutch, and that's Quentin."

"Dutch," said Clarabelle with a gay tinkle of laughter. "That's a funny name, but it fits you."

"Thanks," said Dutch, after a suitable pause. "Won't you join us?"

Clarabelle hesitated prettily. "I shouldn't really—I have a very *important* engagement. But just for a few moments. And oh, here's the waiter! Pierre, I'd like *un Borodino Boolevard Spéciale. . . .* They are a little expensive, of course, but I find them so refreshing."

"I'll try one," said Smaltz. "I'll bet they're wonderful. Just like you."

(*Continued on page 56*)

BASES FOR FUTURE DEFENSE

BY MICHAEL DEGNAN

Yes, we'll need new bases after the war, but don't fall for the talk about wholesale land-grabbing. Here's what military men say our defense scheme requires

A LOT of nonsense is being talked and written these days about acquisition by the United States of distant military bases as bastions against future aggression.

The argument most heard, and that, oddly enough, from prewar isolationists, both journalistic and political, is that the United States should retain all the enemy territory it can lay hands on as a reward for helping whip the Axis, and that it should extort from our allies as much of their colonial possessions as we deem desirable.

That doctrine of imperialism is almost childishly superficial. It is the yearning of a small boy to have the most marbles. It is also a doctrine of extravagance. What the American people must understand, and what their military and naval leaders well know, is that bases cost money. They cost millions to administer, and many more millions to develop, equip, and maintain—millions not in a lump sum, but annually, year in and year out. For example, before the war it cost the American taxpayers more than $1,100 a square mile annually to maintain the Virgin Islands at no better than slum level.

And it might be well to remember what we did with bases then. With Guam, for example, Congress may not have refused to fortify it, but Congress certainly refused to appropriate money enough merely to dredge the harbor as a berth for submarines and a seaplane tender.

When we talk bases, let's find out first what we are talking about. Just what is a *base?* For *what* do we need them, and *where* do we need them? Then we can go on to discuss in realistic, practical terms how we are to get them, if any are to be had worth the getting. In the words of the Gay '90s song, "There are—a few!"

A base is, as far as this argument goes, an outlying military establishment ideally serving three purposes. It is an observation post and warning center; it is an outpost of defense or attack; and it is a supply house and repair shop for ships, airplanes, and troops bound for battle or returning from it.

We need bases, primarily, to prevent attacks upon the continental United States. Without Pearl Harbor, the Japanese sneak attack on December 7, 1941, would have fallen with greater disaster on San Diego or San Francisco. Guam and Wake, scarcely to be dignified as bases, also kept the Japanese busy at great cost, as did the Army and Navy bases in the Philippines, and Midway spelled disaster for the Nips a few months later.

We need outlying bases, too, to refuel and repair our warships and warplanes fighting far from the homeland. That is the function of Pearl Harbor and of the captured enemy base of Kwajalein, as it will be of Guam and Saipan and other islands yet to fall to us in this war.

Where do we need them? Well, as the military and naval experts see it, we need them most where none exist, sadly enough. But, so far as they are available, the United States needs them dispersed *in depth* all around us, like the European fortifications. If you capture one, you are under the guns of another behind it.

But the answer to the question of *where* has to be modified by the needs for defense as they will exist after this war and up to the next one, because the mere acceptance of the need for bases argues preparation for another war. There is no sense at all, you are assured by the nation's experts in national defense, in just owning a lot of expensive real estate scattered hither and yon.

You will find nobody in the War and Navy Departments who conceives of bases from any other point of view, and nobody who gives any support to such demands as those voiced by Senator "Bob" Reynolds of North Carolina for wholesale acquisition of islands.

A great deal will depend, of course, on the kind of international organization that is formed after this war, and the extent to which the United States participates in that association of nations to enforce the peace. It is certain that some sort of international administration will be arranged for intercontinental commercial aviation stations. Free ports for goods and persons in transit, such as the United States—in accord with other nations—has established on Staten Island, will guarantee unrestricted use of strategically-placed territory for refueling and servicing the world-girdling airplanes of two or three years hence. The imperialists are prone to confuse "bases" with civilian commercial airports on the transoceanic routes, either out of ignorance or deliberately to confuse. The two questions are in different categories, and in this correspondent's report on the issue of postwar bases, nothing more will be said about way stations for the aerial express to Calcutta or Moscow after the war. For one thing, neither the Army nor the Navy wants its defensive establishments cluttered up with commercial travel.

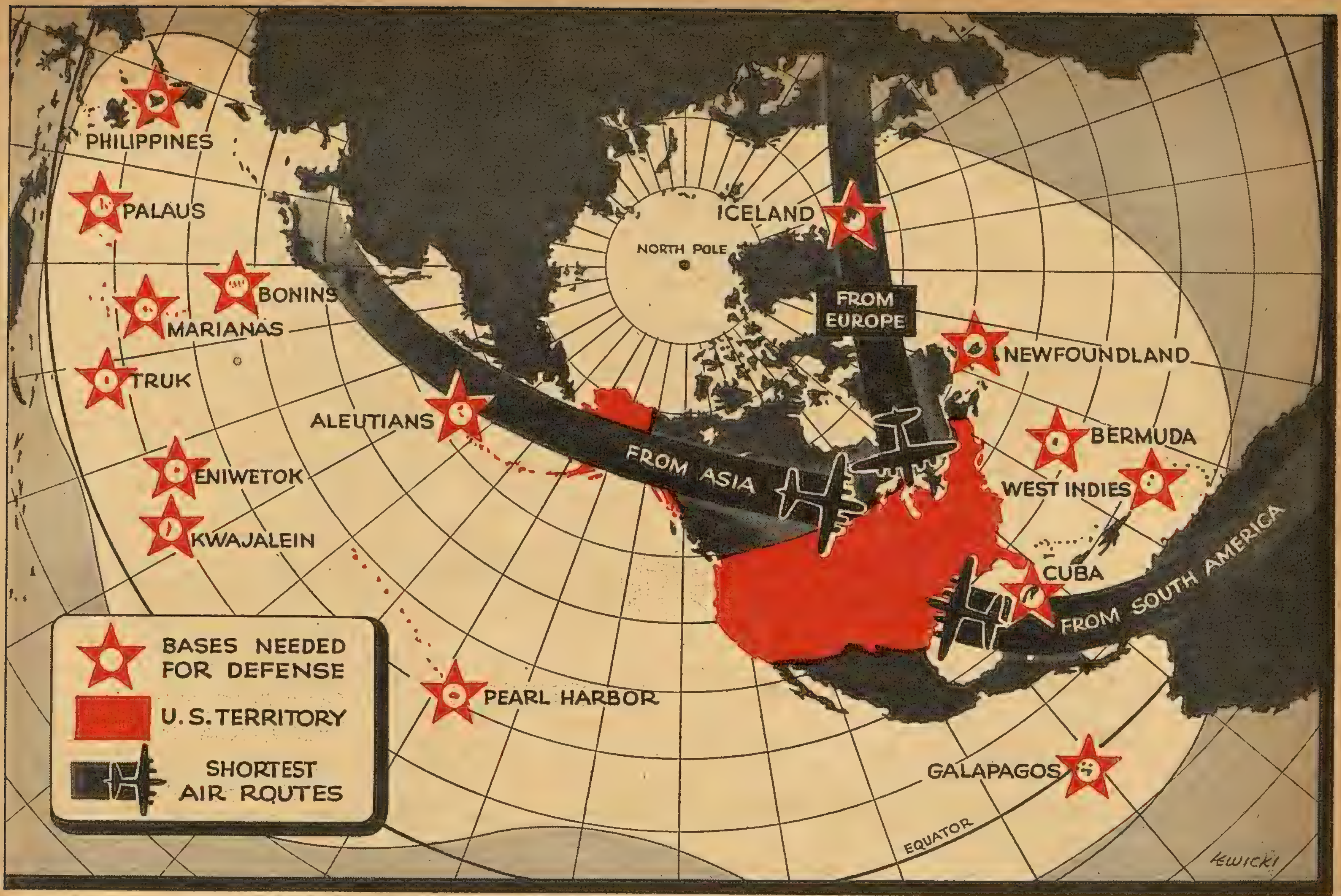
But the postwar association of nations will also have much to do with military bases, and we may be glad that it will, because the United States for its own defense will have to depend upon its neighbors for help.

Starting with the Pacific, let us see what we have in the line of bases and what we need to supplement them for the defense of our own country and as police stations for the world's peace.

Pearl Harbor has been mentioned. That is essentially a part of the United States, in the Territory of Hawaii. Ditto the Aleutians and the Alaskan mainland. We will have Guam as indisputably United States territory, and pre-eminent rights in the Philippines, after those islands attain independence, for military, naval, and aviation establishments in Luzon and Mindanao.

Look at the map, and you will see that nature distributed the islands of the Pacific with lopsided generosity. They are all on the Asiatic side of that largest of oceans. The bases named provide us, except for

Future attack against America, if it comes, will be over the top of the world.



MAP FOR LIBERTY BY JAMES LEWICKI

a few gaps, with the essentials of a protective belt against any assault from Asia—provided they are properly equipped, of course. Certainly we owned all the territories named before the war, but our misdirected passion for economy left them incapable of defense.

To strengthen our fringe of battle shock absorbers the United States will have to obtain either sovereignty or the use under international agreement of islands in the Bonins, the Marianas, and the Palau group. A century or so ago we staked a claim on the Bonins, which are about 700 miles due south of Tokyo Bay, but allowed it to lapse. When we acquired Guam, in the Marianas, from Spain after our war with that dilapidated kingdom, the Spanish wanted to throw in the rest of the island chain, but for unfathomable reasons the United States refused, so the other islands were sold to Germany and captured by Japan in World War I. That is why we had to sacrifice a few thousand American boys to capture Saipan and Tinian before we could recapture the neighboring island of Guam.

The Palau Islands, hard by Yap, for which we put up a diplomatic fight against Japan after the last war—and lost—may be internationalized after this war, or they may be awarded to the Philippines. In either event they are links in the American defense scheme.

SOUTH and west of this outer fringe lie the East Indian empires of the Netherlands, Great Britain, and Australia. They are too remote for inclusion in the American system in any event, and they are in hands that will always be clasped with ours in friendship, unless civilization as we know it is to perish from the earth. It is true that we lost most heavily, of the United Nations, in driving the Japanese out of the Solomons and New Guinea. So what? Our enemy is out; our friends are in. To argue a claim for ownership in those islands on the basis of conquest is talking like a Nazi to begin with. As well lay claim to a part of France or Italy. But economically and strategically, which is the common-sense appraisal, the islands named are too far away for our own selfish purposes. Nobody in the Army or Navy wants them.

So—we need the Bonins, the Marianas, and the Palaus. Moving eastward across the Pacific toward the United States, we run into a perfect swarm of islands of which probably not one person in ten thousand had heard before our Navy got busy in that area. Truk, and Eniwetok, and Kwajalein, in the Caroline and Marshall archipelagos. Write those three down as within the periphery of American defense, and that just about fills the bill of obtainable bases. We still have proprietary rights in Samoa, and in a sprinkle of sand bars between the equator and the Hawaiians which might be best used as radar and radio stations—burglar alarms against another sneak attack.

What we want most, we can't get; that is, islands with good harbors and good airport sites on the American side of the Pacific.

The only islands in the Western Hemisphere capable of such development are the Galápagos, southwest of the Panama Canal. They belong to Ecuador, and Ecuador doesn't want to sell them.

But the next war may very well stab at the United States by way of South America. For all the blatant gaucherie of the political and journalistic imperialists which frightened Ecuador into believing the United States was going to grab the Galápagos, those islands are of critically strategic importance and tactical use to the United States.

Here again the international organization, whatever it is to be called, will hold the solution. Ecuador will probably be asked to lease base sites in the islands to the international society, for the United States to develop, equip, and maintain as an outpost against aggression.

THAT about winds up the Pacific. On the Atlantic side the United States is well equipped. We have bases in Cuba, obtained by treaty after that republic's establishment as a result of our war with Spain in 1898. We have the lend-lease bases in the British-owned West Indies, Bermuda, and Newfoundland. Certainly we will not garrison these latter, to the irritation of the inhabitants and at the expense of our taxpayers. The installations will be kept in repair to preserve our investment, but in a war of long-distance, high-flying, 500-mile-an-hour bombers, such as the next conflict will be, the island outposts are too close to the continental shores to be of much use, except as bases for our submarines and our submarine-hunting aircraft. For even if the next war is another twenty-five years away, the enemy's bombers will have to be followed by enemy warships and troopships in any assault upon an overseas target.

And that gets us down to the cold hard fact that where the United States needs bases the most, it can't have them.

The next war will be an aerial war, even if, in the last analysis, bombardment has to be followed by physical occupation to achieve victory. And the aerial routes to the United States are not across oceans. They are across land. Whether the attack comes from Europe or Asia, or from both again, the aerial highway to the United States is across the Arctic and across Canada. The targets will not be the coastal cities of New York and Boston, but the nearer ones of Detroit, Chicago, the Twin Cities of Minnesota, Duluth.

Or, if a European or Asiatic enemy succeeds in winning allies among the South American countries, the industrial cities of Texas, Alabama, and the lower Mississippi Valley will be the targets.

And maybe both routes of attack will be used.

The one thing that in all probability thwarted a Nazi bombing attack on the United States in this war was the conversion of Iceland into one huge antiaircraft installation. Iceland seems pretty remote to us. Most Americans misjudge its position on the map; not the misleading maps of our old-fashioned geography books, but the true spherical map of the world as a globe, which puts Iceland athwart the shortest aerial route from central Europe to the United States.

But Iceland demands to be let alone after this war. It wants our soldiers and our guns removed. So, as the Ecuadorians need be educated in the fact that, for their own safety, the Galápagos Islands must be the site of a peace-patrol base under some international agreement, the Icelanders may have to learn that their independence depends upon providing an anti-aggression base for an American or United Nations air patrol. If not, then the bleaker and less adaptable areas of Greenland and Labrador will have to be so utilized.

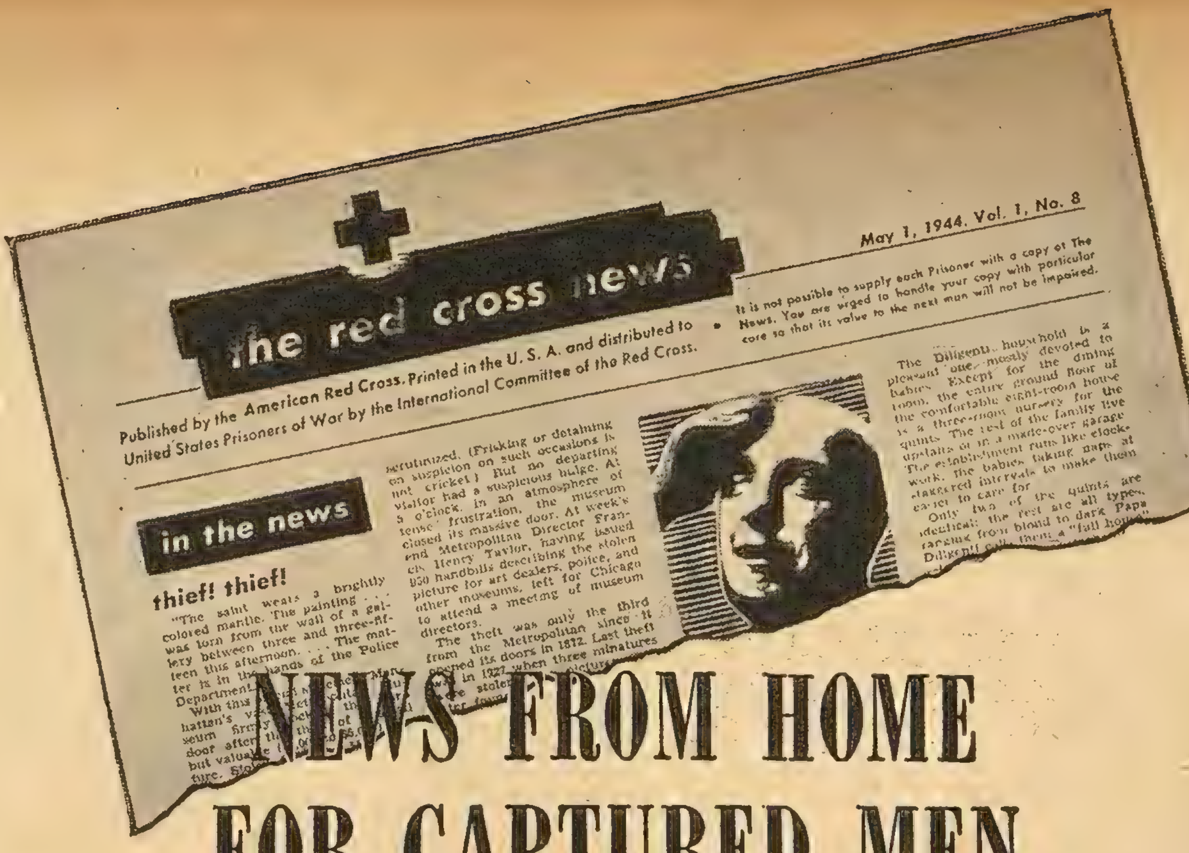
And to the far south of us, a like contribution to the preservation of peace and the prevention of blitzkrieg will apparently have to be asked by the international society of two or three South American republics. Co-operation in peace is a lot cheaper than co-operation after peace has been destroyed by some lustful nation. So far as the United States is concerned, that issue was taken out of politics long before the Presidential election. Our co-operation is pledged for the enforcement of peace by international action. We have come that far since 1920, but some of our neighbors have not—yet. And, what with the advance in modern scientific and industrial techniques, Germany is no worse beaten now than she was in 1918 and may come back faster and farther than she did in the twenty years after Versailles.

THAT is, *in toto*, the appraisal of the experts whose lifetime job it has been to defend America through military and naval science. We need bases, yes. We need them most where we can't get them except through the good offices of our neighbors. And where they happen to exist in quantity and in the raw, we are fairly well supplied with sites. What we need is equipment—harbor works, airfields, radar, guns, planes, ships, and trained men—to make them *bases* and not just resorts where generals and admirals, buck privates and seamen bask in the sun through the piping days of peace until a well-equipped enemy knocks them off like ripe apples.

That's the low-down. Don't let any demagogue sell you the idea that all we need is a lot of real estate full of coconut palms and expenses that will keep your income tax from shrinking to more bearable size. The most essential of bases will cost you plenty anyhow.

And, by the same token, good bases left neglected and unimplemented will cost you a whole lot more than those well maintained, next time a Tojo or a Hitler goes on the rampage.

THE END



the red cross news

May 1, 1944. Vol. 1, No. 8

Published by the American Red Cross. Printed in the U. S. A. and distributed to United States Prisoners of War by the International Committee of the Red Cross.

It is not possible to supply each Prisoner with a copy of The News. You are urged to handle your copy with particular care so that its value to the next man will not be impaired.

in the news

thief! thief!

NEWS FROM HOME FOR CAPTURED MEN

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

NOWHERE else in the world does time stand still so inexorably as it does in a prison camp. The life of a soldier held in an enemy country is a succession of waiting, of monotonous routine, of bondaged restlessness—and more waiting. The Red Cross sends food, clothing, toilet articles and medicines, and occasionally there is a censored letter or a package from home. These are godsends, of course, but when a man's soul is corroding with loneliness and despair he wants, above all, news of the changing world outside his barbed-wire prison.

Our men who are prisoners in Germany get a wizard little newspaper, tailored specially for them

Well over a year ago plans for a news service designed especially for our prisoners of war were worked out in infinite detail. The preparatory work took time. It involved agreements with enemy countries on a reciprocity basis. But at last, in September, 1943, the first copy of the Red Cross News went to press.

The Red Cross News is something unique in journalism. It is written and edited for American prisoners of war, but Aussies, New Zealanders, Canadians, and other English-speaking prisoners in the same camps with Americans await its arrival impatiently. It is printed on twelve pages of heavy, durable eight-by-twelve paper, every inch of which is crammed with bits of news and condensed versions of topical articles—and in fine print! It is designed to attract the interest of a large cross section of men and to stand up under an unholy amount of wear and tear. It does—and how!

The requests of American prisoners themselves got the ball rolling for the Red Cross News. Soon after the first Americans were captured, letters began reaching Red Cross headquarters in Geneva and Washington asking for news of home—much more news than could be contained in letters from the folks at home, the families not being permitted by censors to send newspapers, magazines, or press clippings. Another important factor was the scarcity of available English-language reading material in the enemy countries.

It would be impossible to credit any one man or organization with the birth of the Red Cross News. Every publication in America contributes to it, the Red Cross edits it, and the staff of Yank gathers material and copy for it. By universal agreement all copyrights of all publications have been waived to enable the Yank staff to take any material it considers desirable. The result is a wizard little paper.

Various factors shape the "editorial policy" of the Red Cross News. First, the tastes and interests of the men for whom it is edited must be considered. Although he may stand helpless and disarmed behind guarded walls in an enemy country, an American soldier is still a soldier. This is one of the main principles adhered to in editing the paper. What gets into print is straight soldierly talk—facts, not fabrication, performance, not promises.

Another important consideration is the censorship of the detaining countries. This presents quite a problem, for the paper must be fine-tooth-combed and censored by the authorities here before it is sent to Geneva, and thence submitted to enemy censors. The trick at this end is to include nothing that might delay circulation. Editors discovered early that German censorship is reasonably broad-minded—provided military and international political matters are avoided. German censors frown darkly upon the names of recent émigrés. Anything by or about Thomas Mann, Emil Ludwig, Stefan Zweig, or Dr. Albert Einstein is on the forbidden list. Political speculation is barred, but facts may be reported. Thus Dewey's nomination got by, but conjecture about what he might do if elected President did not. Legislation affecting servicemen may be reported only when officially passed. Straight pin-up girl pictures are taboo (make the boys restless), but news and pictures of film stars are found in every issue.

Material chosen for the Red Cross News covers practically every field from comics to economics. In a typical issue the front page carries a department called In the News, devoted to human-interest items—the Diligenti quints of Buenos Aires, the theft of the tempera painting of St. Thomas the Apostle from the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the products now being planned for peacetime. Page two is devoted to science—the discovery of penicillin, the newest uses of the sulfa drugs, or Dr. Paraskevopoulos' new theory of the origin of the solar system. The boys eat it up and ask for more.

NEXT comes a department called News from Home. Three solid pages of the world's most precious news space are given to it. In it the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia pass in single file before the eyes of our barbed-wire-enclosed G. I.s. Readers will find such diversified items as the birth of a twenty-two-inch baby in Connecticut; the rescue by firemen of R. W. Griffin from his photo shop when the Todd Block burned down in Laurens, South Carolina; and the news that, for the first time, no one individual was elected "Portland's First Citizen": this year the title was bestowed upon all of the Oregon city's service men and women. The symphonic-minded G. I. from New York probably chuckled at the news that the Philharmonic-Symphony Society presented Artur Rodzinski with a cow named Tulip on his fiftieth birthday; the boy from Lowell, Massachusetts, probably was surprised to learn that henceforth funerals on Sundays and holidays in that town will cost twenty-five dollars extra. Thus News from Home comes close to the heart of every G. I. prisoner, even if only through one line about one little town.

Of the next six pages in the miniature newspaper, one is devoted to People, another to Movies and Radio, another to games, and the rest to sports. The sports pages carry news of racing, baseball, football, and so on throughout the country; personality stories of outstanding individuals in sports; dramatic reports of great games and matches of the past, and articles written by famous figures in the world of athletics. The back page of the paper is given over to comics.

Letters and other reports reveal that the American internees are chiefly interested in (1) home-town news, (2) sports, (3) any legislation affecting servicemen, and (4) social developments, entertainments, and innovations. In sports, baseball takes first place; boxing second. The favorite comic strip is They'll Do It Every Time. Out Our Way is a close second, and The Sad Sack, Donald Duck, Blondie, and Bringing Up Father are read and reread. The paper has no set comic strips. It picks out whatever it finds best each month in the strips that tell a complete story in one column.

It takes about four weeks to gather and edit all the material and to consult the various advisory agencies of the State and War Departments. Once the papers have rolled from the presses, there may be another wait of several days before they can be put aboard a Red Cross vessel bound for a European port. Then begins the long journey to International Red Cross Headquarters in Geneva.

Of the 2,500 copies sent over, half must make another trek halfway round the world to Japan. It takes all of three months for the paper to reach the prison camps of Germany. Add another three months for it to get through to the Pacific.

A plan is now being considered to handle reproduction and distribution of the Red Cross News directly from Geneva. The copy would be edited here, as before. Then this original copy would simply be transmitted to the Geneva headquarters by radiophoto and printed there. It would speed up the whole process by several weeks.

THE American Red Cross also sponsors a reverse prisoner-of-war news service called the Prisoners of War Bulletin. It carries news of our "Kriegies," as the internees call themselves, to the men's families. Letters from prisoners sent to the Red Cross by families all over the country, and up-to-date photos taken by prisoners in both German and Japanese camps, are the Bulletin's chief features. An interesting sidelight is that all letters from Camp Osaka, Japan, begin with almost the identical line: "Dear folks: The Japanese have kindly allowed me to write you a few lines. . . ." There's no one like the Japs for kindness and generosity.

As for the Red Cross News, copies are being carefully saved by the prisoners after they have passed through countless hands, collecting signatures and initials as they go. Postwar collectors already are putting in high bids for copies published now. The Red Cross has announced that no reserve of copies is kept. All save a few held for record purposes go to Geneva for distribution to the camps. But no matter how highly the collectors may value the Red Cross News, their esteem is meager compared with that of the prisoners for whom it is published.

THE END

To American prisoners of war like these at Stalag III B in Germany, the Red Cross News is the closest link with home.

TABLE FOR TWO

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Cocktails for two may mean a romantic interlude—or a poignant moment, depending on whether two are there to share them

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

I HAVE been a waiter at the Café de Chamblis for twelve years and I have looked on at many strange doings there. I have seen ardent young snipes propose to their girl over cocktails, and the next night do the same with another. I have witnessed every manner of secret flirtation, from the time-honored dropping of the handkerchief to the sign language of lowered lashes, and I have heard everlasting and undying love terminate between the last sip of a Martini and the first bite of the olive.

Such vicarious tidbits of life mean much to me, for my wages are small and the hours long. Often, when closing time comes and the chairs go up on the tables to make way for the mops, I join Rudolph, the bartender, in a convivial glass of schnapps and we discuss the day's crop of customers. Rudolph's cynicism toward humanity in general and the New York café crowd in particular occasionally lapses into violent rage, and his conversation then becomes as bitter as some of the concoctions he mixes. I think I knew what I was doing in not telling him the details concerning the young lady of last Saturday afternoon.

I first noticed her when I came on duty for the cocktail hour. She sat at one of my small tables for two on the sidewalk, screened off by the boxed shrubbery from the crowds hurrying by. She was most lovely, with pale skin and fine golden hair, and the late afternoon sun, filtering through the tall trees that line the park, bathed her in a soft amber light. So many afternoons, on my day off, my wife, Bertha, and I had come down on the subway to stroll along Fifth Avenue and admire the beauty of just such young ladies as she, as they clung to the arm of their tall young men—most of them now gone to war.

I hurried over to her with a tray of salted peanuts and gave her my best smile.

"Yes, madam," I said. "You are alone?"

"No," she replied. Her voice added to her beauty.

"Certainly. There is a young man with you."

She smiled at me. She had friendly blue eyes which somehow seemed sad to me, even when she smiled. "Yes," she said, "there is a young man with me."

Of course. She was lovely. It was five thirty at the Chamblis. Five thirty of a Saturday afternoon at the sidewalk café where young men brought their young ladies. I have seen so many, have seen them hold hands beneath the tables, sit there for hours, sometimes without hardly a word, just gazing at each other affectionately. I have seen them come back, year after year, a little older perhaps, married now, yes, but still in love. All is not as Rudolph would have you believe. I had probably seen this girl many times. For a moment, as I stood there, I thought I even recalled her young man—blond like she, broad-shouldered and handsome. I was eager for the moment when he would join her, for I prided myself on my memory.

"Will you wait," I asked, "or order now?"

"Bring me a vermouth cassis," the girl replied.

"And the gentleman—what does he like?"

She looked straight ahead, but I don't think she was looking at anything. "Jim likes . . . the gentleman likes brandy and soda." And as I turned to leave, she added: "Oh, yes, and he loves potato chips." She smiled fondly as she said it.

Behind the bar, Rudolph was up to his neck in maraschino cherries and cracked ice, and it must have been twenty minutes before I returned with the order for the table for two. My apology trailed off into bewildered mumbling when I saw the seat beside the girl was still empty.

"Is everything all right, madam?" I inquired.

"Wonderful," she said, and I admired the bravado in her laugh. After all, I thought to myself, the washroom at the Chamblis can't be that crowded, nor do telephone calls last forever. I was a trifle impatient with the gentleman for placing the girl in such an awkward position.

I placed the basket of potato chips in the center of the table and set the vermouth cassis on her red skimmer and the tumbler of cracked ice, the jigger of brandy, and the bottle of soda before the empty chair. Then I rushed away to attend my other tables. It was, as usual, jammed at the Café de Chamblis, and I had all I could do to take the orders of the gay parties and work my way through to the bar where Rudolph was slowly wilting.

There were many young officers in the crowd, fine-looking in their uniforms, and older men in well-tailored business suits, obviously important and wearing their success well. There is no more heartwarming sight to an old fool like myself than the café on a Saturday in late summer as evening draws near, when husband sits with wife, lover with sweetheart, and the world is seen, for a moment, through cocktail colored glasses.

Occasionally, as I scurried about, I caught a glimpse of the girl at the table for two. A half hour had passed since I had brought her order, and still she sat alone. But she seemed not at all uneasy or self-conscious; in fact she appeared to be enjoying herself quite thoroughly, and I thought I detected a smile lighting her face now and then, as though she had remembered something amusing.

I felt almost as though I had interrupted a conversation when I stepped up to her table with the tray of canapés. I acted as though I noticed nothing unusual, for, after all, to me nothing that happens at the Café de Chamblis is unusual.

"Oh, thank you," she said, and her slender hand roamed over the tray, stopping here and there to pluck a delicacy. She placed two beside her glass. Then her hand returned and searched again.

"For the gentleman?" I inquired.

She looked up at me and smiled. "For the gentleman."

As a waiter for twelve years, I have served many choosy customers, but never have I seen anyone take so long to select two canapés. Never have I seen such careful weighing of one against the other, the bringing to bear of such delicate judgment and subtle choice. Never, I am sure, have two canapés received more loving attention than the tiny sandwiches which she set beside the brandy and soda.

SHE sat there long after most of the others had departed for dinner. The sun had set, the street lights were on, and a cool evening breeze was stirring the shrubs when finally she drew on her gloves and called me over to get the check. The brandy and soda, the now melted ice, and the canapés beside them remained untouched.

Rudolph noticed her as she was leaving, and when the night's work was over and the charwomen came in with their pails, he started pumping me with questions about the girl, but I was a dry well. I was not in the mood for his cynical wares.

"I've seen her before," he said. "Was she with a man tonight?"

I said yes, and took off my apron. I was tired. I wanted to get home.

Rudolph was setting his bottles in order behind the bar. "She's been coming here quite a lot lately," he went on, "all by herself. You know she married that fellow eventually, the one who used to bring her here. You remember him, don't you?"

I was hardly listening as I put my jacket on. I was thinking of the look on her face, and the way her voice had broken, ever so slightly, when she asked whether I would mind giving her a single check, but made out for "two." I was thinking of the tip she had left me—not the modest, well-budgeted tip of a woman, but an overly generous sum, the kind of tip that might have been left at the Café de Chamblis by a young man who was out with his young lady and had just had a grand time.

"You'd think a girl could be decent," Rudolph was saying, "and sit home quietly for a month or two, instead of getting all prettied up and hanging around a place like this when it's only a couple of weeks ago her husband was killed in action."

I started to walk away.

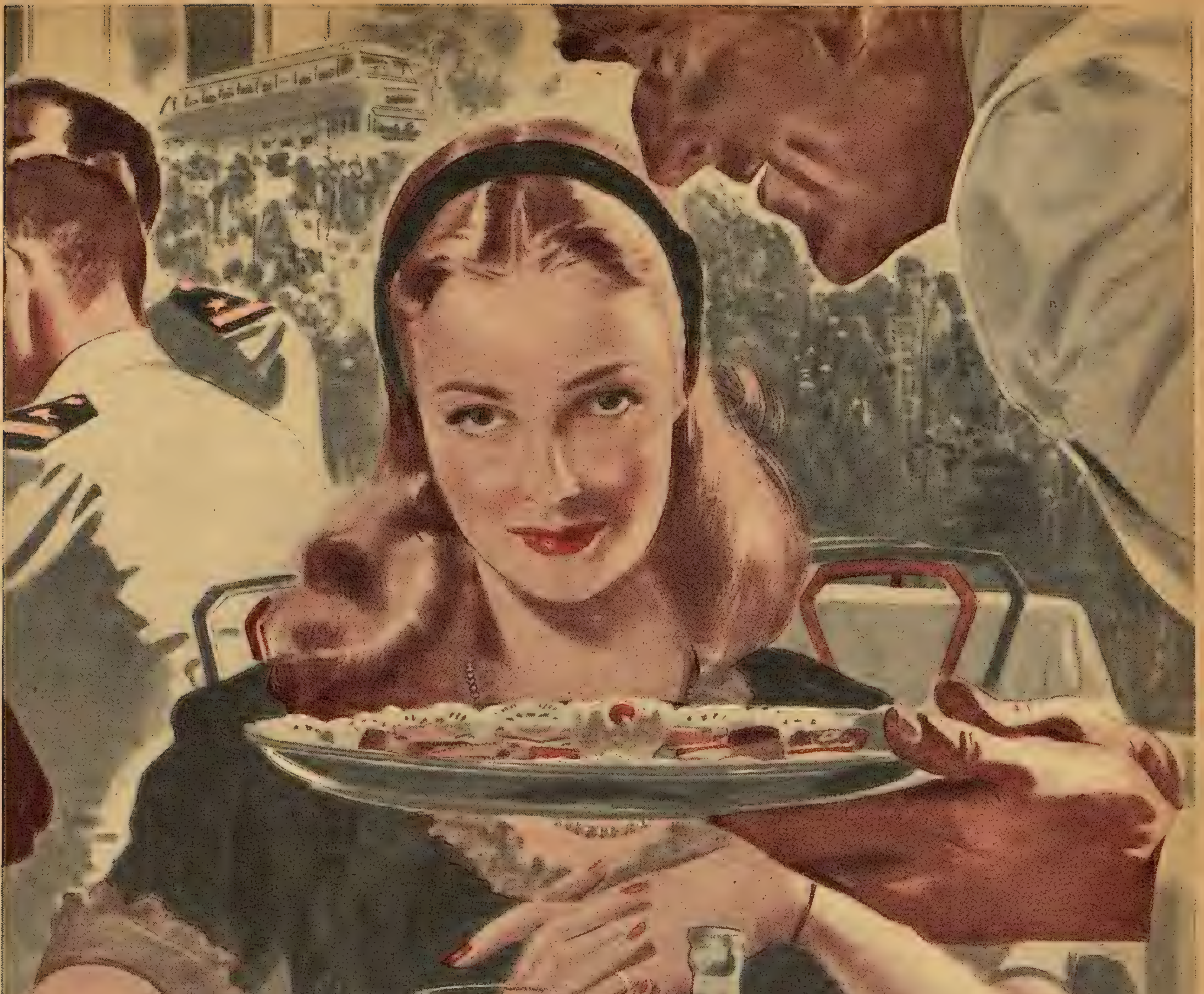
He called after me. "Who was she with?"

"A big blond fellow," I said. "His name was Jim."

"But, say, that's—"

I was already out on the street. There are some things you do not try to explain.

THE END



I felt almost as though I had interrupted a conversation, when I stepped up to her table with the canapés.

GLAMA TURNER

BY TED SHANE

A FEW years ago Lana Turner stood on a platform at a University of Southern California rally. "But," she protested to the crowd, "I can't do anything. I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't act."

These minor drawbacks did not deter M-G-M from signing her and glamorizing her into the most unselfish, brilliant, and outstanding personality who ever wore a tight-fitting sweater. They've put such a dazzling Hollywood simonize job on Lana that even her publicity is glamorous. The publicity folk, male and female, gaze starry-eyed when her name is mentioned. Sincerely, they tell you that Miss Turner is a *peach!*

While this is hardly open to dispute, there's little doubt that Lana's come up the easy way in the movies and lived all out. At seventeen, she took a short walk in a picture called They Won't Forget, wearing a form-clutching sweater, and was thereupon unmercifully catapulted into fame. At nineteen, she was a star. Now, at twenty-four, she's started a vogue, has been named Miss Wunky Woo by a college frat, America's Sweater Sweetheart by Winchell, and the Sextasy Girl by some poetic enthusiast. She's been pinned up in the foxholes and tanks almost as often as Betty Grable—and it's merely "almost" probably only because she's less self-revelatory. There'll soon be several million copies of a Lana Turner Cutout Book in the dime stores for kids and us older gents to get a little shear enjoyment out of. She can have half of Pitcairn Island if she wants to go live there. She also earns about $4,000 a week.

At twenty-four, Lana is changing artistically from a sweater to an evening gown. In Marriage Is a Private Affair she stops looking like what the average college boy wishes the average college girl looked like and plays a sophisticated woman *à la* Noel Coward, featuring her head rather than her body, and substituting a broad "a" for her strong Western "r." In other words, she starts looking like what the average man wishes the average woman looked like.

The well-Turnered chassis still measures 5 feet 3½ inches high, weighs 110, has a 24 waist, 5A shoes, 35 hips, and—ahem—35 bust. Yet hiding her native attributes is a sort of lifework with Lana. (Someone called it a Jekyll-Hide complex.) She's always vacillating between show-off and shy. Out among folks she's unhappy unless she captures all eyes, then unhappy when she gets them. She'll be dancing around a hot spot with some young blood, swapping cracks with the other Glamor People; then —bingo!—she's vanished shyly. Once she had a passion for red, wore fire-engine red clothes, had red stationery, roadsters, red hair. When the news got around, she promptly ceased being the Technicolored exhibitionist, and she has since become a corn-silk blonde permanently. Today red makes her see red.

As for the sweater, she'd as soon be seen in one today as she would in a barrel. Any sexy tag upsets her, and she'll fuss with pins to neutralize a gown in which the studio wants her to throw a few out-curves. She's always trying to cut down the voltage of her publicity stills. She'll look sultry in a $450 negligee in a plushy boudoir—but that's all, brother! No cheesecake!

Although her private life has been most public, she is extremely sensitive. Gossip columnists upset her and her feelings, easily hurt, are hard to mend. But she keeps her bruises to herself and wears her scars well, always managing to look ever more glamorous than ever when she is seen in public with an ex-boy friend or husband. Her studio has a rather tough time keeping her even with her publicity. Though her figure and manner are modern, her marital life is on the old-fashioned Hollywood side.

Lana Turner and the sweater made each other what they are today, but the sweater's on its own hook now. Lana's going formal. Here's the yarn

Lana was born Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner in the mining town of Wallace, Idaho, on February 8, 1920. Her father, Virgil Turner, was a vaudeville actor who had gone into mining for his health and money, of which he had very little. Lana is a sort of racial cocktail, a mixture of Swedish, Danish, Irish, French, English, and Spanish blood. Her mother, strongly Spanish, came from Little Rock, Arkansas; her father, predominantly Swedish, was born in Tennessee.

Little Judijeans, as Lana was then called, began her acting career at three. The Turners would slip her into a specially-constructed leopard sarong, and glow when she did the Black Bottom at Elks' jamborees around Wallace. Unglamorous and chubby, Lana grade-schooled in Wallace, then Salt Lake City, and when the family moved to San Francisco, where her dad got a job on the Pacific Steamship docks, she went into the Immaculate Conception Convent with ambitions to become a nun. In the sixth grade she learned she'd have to cut off her hair later, so she switched to public school again and ambitions to be a dress designer. She still insists she'll design clothes when the movies chuck her out. Because of her red hair, her classmates called her Carrots. She didn't like it much. When, at ten, a boy called her Red, she hauled off and socked him. Later, Artie Shaw failed to charm her when he revived Carrots.

Lana spent a fairly happy childhood. She didn't know what trouble was until two weeks before Christmas, 1931. Then Virgil Turner, who adored her, was killed by a hold-up man.

Mrs. Turner, who had picked up beauty operating in Wallace, went to work in a small beauty parlor owned by a Mrs. Meadows, and she and Lana lived with the Meadows family. Lana went to San Francisco Junior High, where she was twice elected cheer leader, and took piano lessons. Mrs. Turner took banjo to keep Lana company, paying for the lessons out of her tip money. To this day they still manage a pretty unhideous Turkey in the Straw duet. Not once in this trying period did it occur to Mrs. Turner to do up Lana's borschy locks in a permanent, deck her out in organdy, and try to assault Hollywood with a new child find.

But when Lana was fourteen Mrs. Turner's health broke down, and she thought the Hollywood climate might help her. They arrived in Glamortown unheralded, in a smashed car. Someone had smacked into the ancient trap and overturned it just within the Los Angeles city limits. Neither was hurt.

Lana resumed her intellectual pursuits at Hollywood High. One Tuesday afternoon in January, 1936, Lana sat on a stool in the Top Hat Malt Shop just opposite Hollywood High, having a malt—presumably strawberry. She had cut a class to get it, needing strength for her algebra, to which she was extremely allergic. Billy Wilkerson, sharp-faced, dewey-mustached editor of the Hollywood Reporter, a filmtown tabloid, happened in. Wilkerson got a look at the Technicolor vision in bright red hair, cream complexion, clear green eyes—and all done up in a beret, tight sports skirt, and red sweater with white cheer numerals. The proselyter roused in him. "How," he finally managed to blurt, "would you like to be in pictures?"

Since both Wilkerson and Lana were aware of the delicacies involved in this approach, Wilkerson left his card and departed. Lana immediately phoned her mother and told all—except why she wasn't in class.

That night ma and Jujeans, as she was then called, talked it over. They decided that Mr. Wilkerson wasn't a wolf, and that it would be nice to have a few hundred

Lana got where she is by looking like what the average college boy wished the average college girl looked like.

thousand a year rolling in. In two weeks Lana was standing before the cameras, debuting in They Won't Forget, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, starmaker. She played a high-school-gal murder victim. In the second scene of the picture, dressed in that fateful sweater, she hurried along a crowded street in a small Southern town, while a camera on a dolly followed her.

The effect of the seventy-five-foot dolly shot was something indeed. Lana became the world's official Sweater Girl, and that lowly garment, up to then a misshapen thing of dropped stitches lying on a bargain counter, became a flag of glamor. All womanhood crowded itself into sweaters several sizes too small, and women who should have known better sat at soda fountains looking strangely lumpy in sweaters while waiting for men to come and carry them off. Bitter battles were to rage later over whether women in defense factories should wear sweaters — and whether Lana was sipping a chocolate or strawberry malt when Fate knocked. As for the shrine itself, this very day it's marked: ON THIS STOOL LANA TURNER SAT WHEN SHE WAS DISCOVERED!

When she saw herself for the first time on the screen, Lana was shocked. She knew she had a nice body, but it wasn't on her mind. The audience oom'd and ah'd and she almost died. She ran home and cried herself to sleep. "I thought it was awful, mother," she wept. "I looked terrible. I foozled my chance."

This turned out to be the world's worst prophecy, and with the women of all

(Continued on page 70)

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Weather is the airman's worst foe in the Aleutians. Flairwing Four pilots invariably hoist their Venturas off the ground in fog, rain, or snow.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF FLAIRWING FOUR

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BILL "STEVE" STEVENS was caught in lights over Suribachi Wan. He had dropped a pair of 500-pound demolition bombs on a large building and had seen it go up in gaudy gouts of greenish flame. Then he had dropped a flash bomb, tripped his aerial camera, and headed out over the Sea of Okhotsk for another run. During this run the Japs manning the lights found him, and the flak batteries opened up.

The red flicker of the guns down there on the snowy Kurile cape looked like a lot of flashlights blinking code messages. They looked small and far away and harmless, but the savage bursts walking up behind the plane didn't look harmless. Steve kicked the fast land-based Ventura into violent evasive action, but the bursts kept edging in behind him, trailing him across the black sky. The gunners had his elevation, but they were off on deflection—an error they were busily endeavoring to correct.

"Warm out tonight," Steve said at the top of a roaring chandelle, cutting his throttles suddenly to damp out the exhaust flares.

"We ain't popular up here, if that's what you mean," said Commander D. J. "Red" Welsh of New York, Steve's co-pilot and special observer for the mission.

This was over the Japanese island of Paramushiro, in the northern Kuriles. It was three o'clock in the morning, and Steve was 700 miles from his base. He had been in bad trouble two hours before he reached the island, and he knew he was going to have a lot more trouble before he put his wheels down on land again. He still had part of a storm-swept ocean to cross. He had to fly out of Saturday back across the date line into Friday—from the Eastern to the Western Hemisphere—and he figured it was better than an even bet the home field would be socked in when he got there. If he got there.

But just now his chief concern was to keep the gunners down below confused long enough so that he could get through the lights and out of their range. He knew he was going to need some luck to do this, but he wasn't worrying about it, because he had always been a lucky guy.

Steve commands the unique armed reconnaissance group—a part of Fleet Airwing Four—which the Navy refers to fondly and respectfully as "the Bats" because its missions against the enemy are flown at night. His home is in Salem, Oregon. He is small, dark, and cocky, a hot command pilot, as much at home in the North Pacific fogs and williwaws as the ducks and sea gulls. A veteran of the Aleutian campaign, at thirty-four he is the Old Man of his outfit in years as well as in rank and experience. His officers and enlisted men are all carefully handpicked, for theirs is a difficult, perilous task.

Tonight the Bats were flying what the Navy refers to in its communiqués as a routine bombing and photographic mission. The idea is to fly over Jap garrisons and airfields on Paramushiro and Shimushu islands, do as much damage as possible with demolition and incendiary bombs, and then photograph the installations by the light of flash bombs. The reason for doing this at night is that the Bats do not have fighter escort, and they fare much better against Zeros in the darkness. They also make more difficult targets for the Jap gunners—such difficult targets, in fact, that in nearly a year of operation the enemy flak gunners have not scored a single hit on them.

The Bats will do almost anything to get a good combat photograph on these Kurile missions. For example, one night Lieutenant Ralph Lowe of Ogden, Utah, made three passes over a Jap garrison while trying to locate a certain gun battery, but the garrison was completely blacked out and he couldn't find a reference point. So he went down in a screaming dive and roared through the snowy streets of the encampment like a typhoon, and finally poured the concentrated fire of his guns into a lone hut, hoping this would stir up the Japs. It apparently was a command hut, because in a matter of seconds every gun battery in the vicinity opened up. The air was alive with tracers and ack-ack bursts. Searchlight batteries came on. Lowe made his photographs of the gun battery and headed happily homeward, while the Japs continued to blast at the empty sky.

Maybe the best way to make you acquainted with the Bats and their work would be to put you in a Ventura cockpit for a while. So climb aboard, strap yourself into the left-hand seat, and take over the controls. It will give you an idea of the strange nocturnal war the Bats are waging out here in the darkness between the hemispheres.

You are 500 miles from land, riding the bucking Ventura through a series of giant thunderheads, with rain and hail beating a hell's tattoo on the hull of the plane. You are listening to the engines, watching the flight instruments, and hoarding your fuel for the long, storm-tossed run. Your face is greased to protect it from frostbite, and you are armored from head to foot in sheepskin clothing, grotesquely bulky in the dim light from the instrument panel. You have swallowed a couple of benzedrine tablets to keep you awake, and eaten an orange for your midnight lunch.

You think about the five grand youngsters who make up your crew—kids who in peacetime would be taking their best girls to dances or movie parties instead of being up here barreling through the icy darkness at approximately 200 miles an hour to bomb and photograph some Japs on the other side of the ocean.

You think about flak. The Paramushiro gunners are not especially accurate, but there is always the chance that they will knock out an engine or puncture a fuel tank. Maybe, you think, a man could nurse a Ventura 700 miles back to your Aleutian base on one engine, and maybe he couldn't. Maybe a tank wouldn't flame if a chunk of hot flak crashed through it, but then again it might

You think about your fuel supply, and this is the worst, because the round trip between your base and Paramushiro represents almost the extreme limit of the Ventura's range. It requires every gallon of fuel the plane will carry, with none to spare for bucking head winds or for emergency climbing. So you drain each tank carefully before cutting in another. You let the engines gasp for the last drop—let them wheeze and cough until they actually conk out.

Out here over the North Pacific, if you run out of fuel there's no such thing as making an emergency landing. Your plane would crack up in the waves, and the water, liquid ice, would freeze you stiff as a spanner in twenty minutes. The Bats have learned this through grim experience.

TONIGHT Steve had fuel trouble.

The way he relates it, he was killing time telling Red Welsh about something his four-year-old son Randy had done. "The other day he was playing he was a bomber," Steve was saying. "He was banking around the living room making a sound like a Ventura in high blower, the way kids do, when he ran into a table and knocked himself into a spin. His mother asked him why he didn't watch where he was going, and Randy looked at her disgustedly and said—"

"Hey!" Red Welsh interrupted. "The bomb-bay tank isn't feeding." This was two hours before they reached Paramushiro. Red had just cut the tank in and was watching the flow meters, and they were not indicating. As he spoke, the engines quit and the Ventura fell like a stone. Steve put her into a glide, easing her down, while Red cut in another tank. The engines presently began winding again and the props caught, and Red and Steve looked at each other across the cockpit. They had checked the tanks and fuel lines before taking off, and they had been all right. Now there was no way of telling what had gone wrong.

The foggy Aleutians have dropped out of the news lately, but the war from there still goes on. It's a dangerous, deadly business against the northern Jap islands

The situation was this: There were several hundred gallons of fuel in the bomb-bay tank, and if they failed to get it to the engines, there was no possibility of returning to the Aleutians. Even if they turned back now, they couldn't make it. They could go on over the target, and that was all.

"Try it again," Steve said.

Red Welsh cut the tank in again, and the engines quit as before—4,000 horsepower choking off with a sound like a giant's death rattle.

"If that tank doesn't start feeding," Steve said, "we've got about two hours. Then we can land on Paramushiro or in the ocean. Personally, I prefer the fish to the Japs."

BACK at headquarters of Fleet Airwing Four tonight, Commodore Leslie E. Gehres of Seattle, Washington, and his staff were sweating out the mission. They had planned the strike, mapped the target,

(*Continued on page 60*)

Commodore Leslie E. Gehres of Flairwing Four organized "the Bats" in 1943. Based in the Aleutians, they strike at Jap installations in the strategic northern Kuriles, bombing and taking pictures. Below: A night shot of Paramushiro.

HATS OFF TO O'HARA

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

TO Teresa Soracco, Mr. James O'Hara looked like two balloons loosely joined together. The smaller balloon was Mr. O'Hara's head, on which reposed a greenish hat never removed within the memory of man. The larger balloon was the rest of Mr. O'Hara. Despite his size, Mr. O'Hara was quite young and always good-natured, even when awakened suddenly.

Mr. O'Hara was standing before the counter of Soracco's Shoe Repairing Shop. Mr. O'Hara's good shoes were being collected from beneath the counter by Teresa, upon whom Mr. O'Hara permitted his smile to linger.

At seventeen, Teresa had the soft creamy skin of the Italian-born, though she had never been in Italy and was now not likely to be. Her dark eyes were enormous and her eyebrows thick and black. Her lips had a certain sultry quality, but her nose was very straight and her chin had a sharp determined line.

"How's the papa?" asked Mr. O'Hara.

"Worried," Teresa said. "He is distracted about his brother, Cosimo, whom he has not seen since he was ten years old."

Mr. O'Hara always marveled because Teresa spoke more correct English than anyone he knew. "What's the matter with Uncle Cosimo, Tessa?"

Teresa was so ill-advised as to place Mr. O'Hara's shoes where he could reach them. He immediately put them behind his back, which meant he had no intention of immediately paying for their repair.

Teresa scowled. "That's the trouble. Papa doesn't know where he is or what's happened to him. Uncle Cosimo used to live in Palermo, and papa knows he is in the Italian Army, but he hasn't heard from him in a long time. He thinks maybe Uncle Cosimo has been wounded or taken prisoner or—"

Mr. O'Hara glanced at papa, a small, thin, gray-headed man who was hammering savagely away at a pair of shoes.

"No news," papa said. "Cosimo, my small brother, I have not seen since Uncle Salvatore brought me to America and Cosimo, he stayed behind. The last I hear, Cosimo is in the Bersaglieri and they send him to Africa, and now the American soldiers, they have cleaned out Africa, and where is Cosimo?"

"Well," said Mr. O'Hara surprisingly, "suppose we try to find out?"

"Huh?" said papa.

"How?" asked Teresa, whose mind was far more agile than her father's.

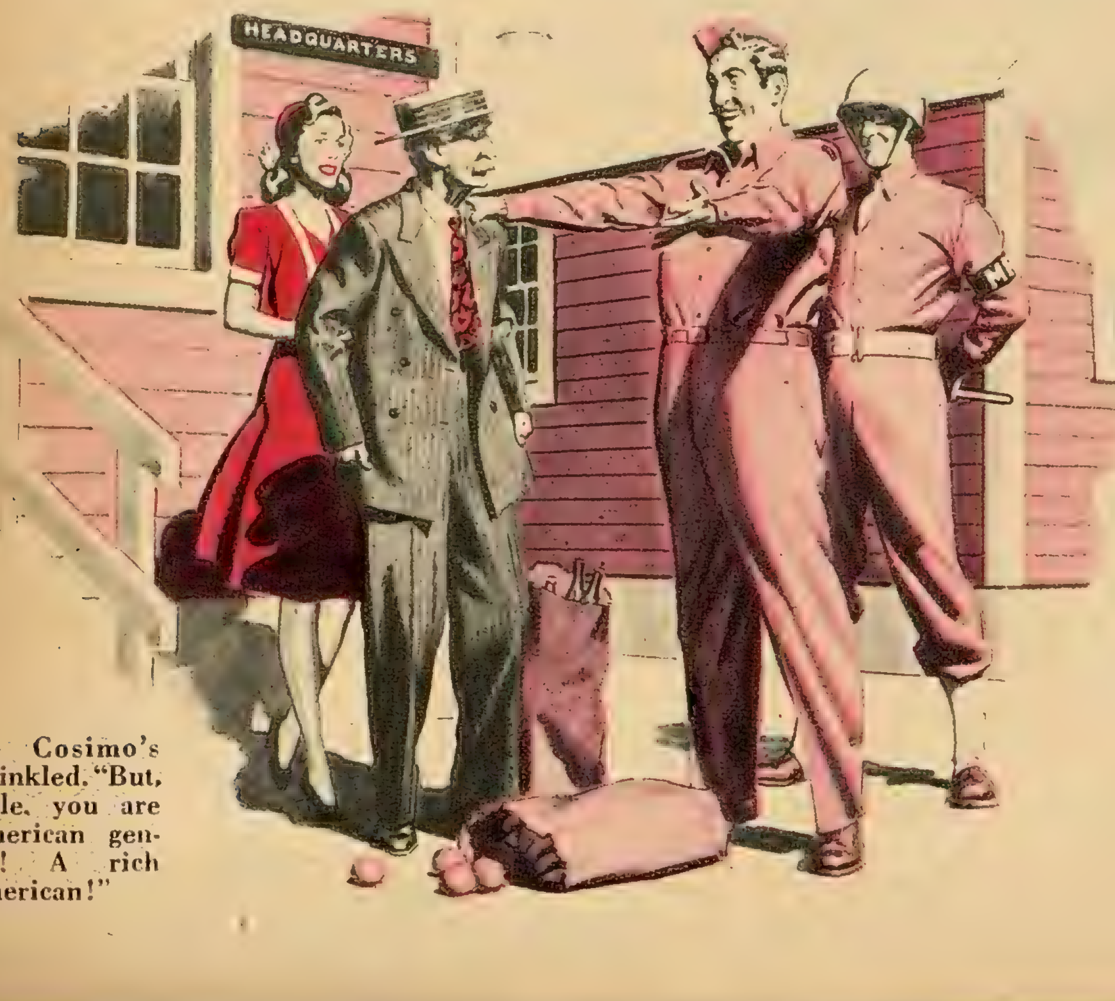
Papa arose and even his mustache looked disconsolate. "Listen, please, Mr. O'Hara, and stop talking nonsense. Three thousand miles of water there is between here and Africa, where my brother Cosimo may already be dead, and you say why don't we find out. Are you crazy?"

Newspaper reporters are odd people, but they can work miracles — such as reuniting a little Italian shoemaker with his long-lost soldier brother

Papa began to shake, as he always did when he got excited.

"Now, papa, Mr. O'Hara is a newspaper reporter and he knows how to do things."

Papa waved a small hammer. "This he doesn't know how to do, and has he paid you yet for those shoes? He has not. Two dollars eighty cents, please, Mr. O'Hara—and then will you kindly go away?"



Uncle Cosimo's eyes twinkled. "But, Pasquale, you are an American gentleman! A rich American!"

Mr. O'Hara closed both eyes. "Listen, papa. You give me Cosimo's full name and where he was born and his regiment and I'll start things rolling. I'm going down to the paper right now—"

He began edging toward the door with the shoes still held behind him.

Teresa considered. That Mr. O'Hara had the most surprising potentialities, she was quite aware. She was also aware that he might stop in at a tavern or two on his way to his office. And he might—he just possibly might—be able to find out something about Cosimo for papa.

After all, newspapermen did do remarkable things, for had not she seen a police car deliver Mr. O'Hara, much the worse for wear, at the door of his home, and had not two policemen carried him in and put cold towels on his head? No police car had ever done any such service for anyone else in the district.

But Mr. O'Hara must not stop in at a tavern or two, or he would forget all about Uncle Cosimo.

Teresa made up her mind very quickly. "Mr. O'Hara, I know all about Uncle Cosimo and I will go in town with you."

"I should be delighted," said Mr. O'Hara. "If papa will put my repairs on the cuff."

Papa made outrageous sounds.

ON the streetcar, Mr. O'Hara began to snore. Teresa became much alarmed. She did not know where the Daily Courier office was and it seemed unlikely that Mr. O'Hara could reach it while sound asleep.

The car ground to a stop. Mr. O'Hara awoke and seized Teresa by the hand. He commenced dragging her down the street at a great rate, though his pace automatically slowed before the Emerald Tavern and again before the Old Ship Grill.

Teresa had been quite right. If she had not been with Mr. O'Hara, he certainly would have stopped in. As it was, he not only did not stop but broke into an elephantine gallop.

The gallop ended in the most enchanted kingdom Teresa had ever seen. It was a very large room full of desks, typewriters, and telephones, and was occupied by an assortment of ladies and gentlemen who were all doing nothing.

In one corner a bell was busily clanging. A small squat gentleman, who was eating a banana, reluctantly picked up a phone. "Photo," he said. "Camera for a two-bagger."

He turned his head. "Harry. Fire. Broadway and Main."

Harry said, "I hate fires."

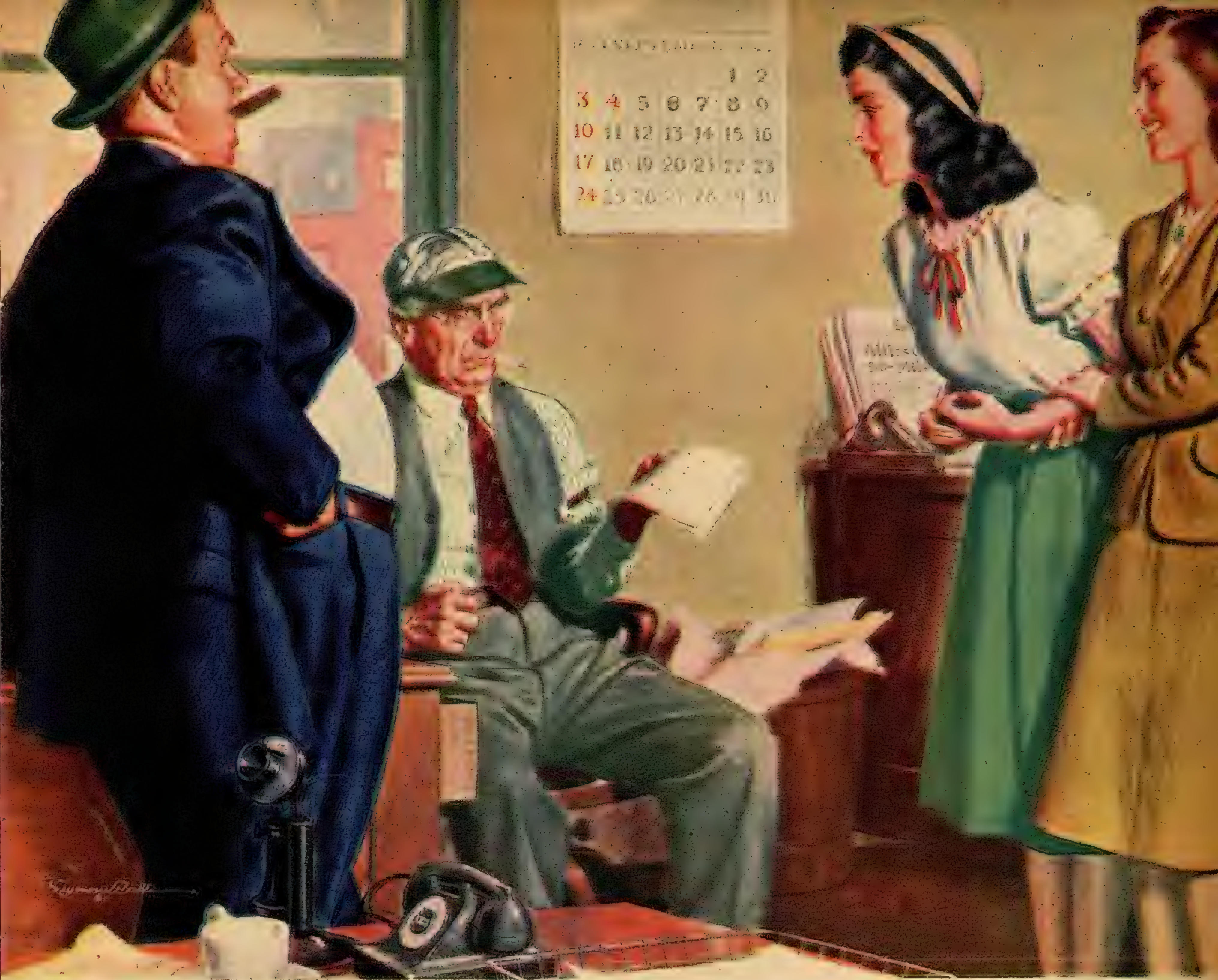
He reached for his hat, and though he had not seemed to move very fast, the door was already closing behind him.

Mr. O'Hara's nature changed once he entered the room. He briskly sat down at a desk. He motioned Teresa to a chair. He shoved back his hat so that it merely clung to the back of his head.

All the telephones on a big desk began to ring.

The small squat gentleman threw the banana skin at a wastebasket and missed. "Joe, take Reilly in Washington."

Mr. O'Hara let out a shout: "Joe! Hold Reilly for me! Tessa, what's Uncle Cosimo's full name? Where's he come



Mr. O'Hara grinned. "Why don't you hire Teresa, here? She can speak English and run a typewriter."

from? What's his regiment? Where was he when papa last heard from him?"

Teresa gave a great sigh of delight. Mr. O'Hara was going to do something.

Mr. O'Hara, informed of all the known facts about Uncle Cosimo, promptly did.

"Jim," someone shouted, "you want Frank Reilly in Washington?"

Mr. O'Hara cradled a French phone between his shoulder and ear. "Frank? Jim O'Hara. How are your stomach ulcers?"

The telephone let out a series of anguished squawks.

"Too bad," said Mr. O'Hara. "Look, Frank. Do me a favor, will you? I want to find out if an Italian soldier named Cosimo Soracco is a prisoner of war, and if so, where his regiment was—"

The phone sputtered indignantly.

"How do I know?" said Mr. O'Hara. "Maybe the War Department." The phone's rattlings now sounded positively obscene.

"All right," said Mr. O'Hara. "If you don't want to do it, don't. Only the guy who wants to know happens to be a great friend of our publisher."

Teresa gasped and Mr. O'Hara settled a huge cigar in one corner of his mouth. "Boy! Bring me the phone book."

An unattractive girl with carrot hair and eyeglasses appeared. "Phone book, sir."

Mr. O'Hara saluted her with the cigar. "Copy girl," he explained to Teresa. "All the boys go into the Army, so we've got to get girls."

He picked up the phone again. "Get me the Army base, public relations."

Upon the big desk sat an extremely pretty girl who was swinging her feet. Mr. O'Hara beckoned to her. "Alice, my friend here's never seen a newspaper office. Show her the works, will you?"

Alice, small and dark, looked like a nice girl, and she was. She looked as if she'd been through Vassar, and she had.

"This is the city desk and the gray-headed man is the city editor and he looks fierce but he isn't."

TERESA stared, and it was all lovely. Everybody seemed to be having a good time, and while there appeared to be great confusion, she could sense that beneath that confusion lay a pattern, a pattern that would pull everything and everyone into place in a crisis. There was a thread of excitement running through the big room, too, an excitement that was signally lacking in papa's shoe shop.

She could feel that the winds of the world blew through this room. Something deep inside her wanted to be part of it.

"These," Alice said, "are the automatic printers where the wire stuff comes in."

The tall brown box was clicking away and lines of print formed on long sheets of white paper while you looked.

"Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force (AP)—American tanks and infantry smashed through the center—"

It was coming out of nowhere from a long way off, maybe from London, maybe from France, and the machine beat like a pulse; perhaps it was really the pulse of the world itself.

"It's wonderful. It's all wonderful."

Alice smiled. "That's what I thought when I first came to work here."

Mr. O'Hara was still active at the telephone. "Get me the Red Cross."

Wonders could be worked from this room, Teresa was sure. Miracles could be wrought as the telephones rang and the typewriters tapped. Only no one here would ever think of a miracle as such: it would simply be part of the day's work.

On a bench in the corner a number of young women sat somnolently chewing gum and reading the comics.

Alice waved. "Copy boys. We need another one, too."

The city editor swung his chair around. "Wish I could find one who didn't hurt my eyes."

Mr. O'Hara grinned. "Why don't you hire Teresa, here? She can speak English and knows how to run a typewriter."

(*Continued on page 79*)

HIGH SCHOOL WILL BE DIFFERENT

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

WHEN large-scale drafting began after Pearl Harbor, the armed services found that the boys coming to them were fundamentally a good, sound bunch of kids. But something was lacking in the education they had received. Many of them, although high-school graduates, were short on basic skills like reading, writing, and arithmetic. Some of them proved to be "softies," not up to their chronological age in mental and emotional maturity. Many of them couldn't take military discipline, violated regulations, went AWOL. And a third of them, in spite of their youth, were physically unfit to stand the gaff of military life.

When peace comes, a good chunk of America's "future" will be tied up in its investment in the public schooling of an estimated twenty million adolescents—boys and girls aged between twelve and nineteen, the most formative period of their "growing up." How they are educated will have a lot to do with how many national and international muddles we avoid in the future, and how things shape up for us generally for a good many years to come.

What kind of education will these twenty million boys and girls get in our junior and senior high schools, postwar? Will it be any better than before the war? Educators say yes, and are already backing up their verbal resolutions with concrete plans.

It didn't take the Army and Navy to tell the educators that something was wrong. They already had been investigating what was missing in our schools, and were taking measures to correct the deficiencies when the war came along to divert them from their plans for reorganization.

Among other faults, they found that millions of bright-enough students dropped out of school early simply because they didn't like to study, felt no obligation to continue. And many of those who did finish were not successful in jobs or in college. Why? The investigations revealed, first, that many of our teaching methods were at fault. Students were told "You must learn this," but were given no very good reasons why, aside from the fact that learning it would net them passing grades.

Secondly, much of the subject matter taught was dead, inert stuff, only vaguely related to life today. It had little to do with how to make a living, get along with other people, understand other races, other religions, other countries. For example, too much boning went into memorizing dates and details of the interminable wars of ancient and modern Europe; too little time was spent in learning what makes a modern democracy tick.

These educators also found that the high-schools were being dominated too much by the colleges. Their courses of study were planned around college entrance requirements which affect only a minority of the students. Even for those planning to go to college there was little opportunity to elect courses in terms of individual interests and potentialities. In addition, far too little stress was put upon learning *how to study*, how to be efficient, how to think straight. And teachers were so busy stuffing academic facts into their pupils' heads that they were not conscious of the reality that adolescents have growing-up problems such as relations with the opposite sex, personality development, choosing a career, wholesome use of leisure time.

The war taught us how much our high-school grads didn't know. Now teaching is being overhauled to use new methods to reach new objectives

This was not by any means a blanket indictment of our entire public-school system. They found many individual schools which were doing a thoroughly efficient and successful job of preparing adolescents for adulthood, but far too many others were not. These conclusions were confirmed by the findings of the Army and Navy training personnel.

Recognizing that the time is now ripe for a nation-wide program to guide schools in the years immediately ahead, the National Association of Secondary School Principals, a department of the National Education Association, has just completed a study called Planning for American Youth. It is based on an extended report, issued by the Educational Policies Commission, entitled Education for All American Youth. The plan is being brought to the attention of every state and local board of education in the country, as well as to every secondary-school principal and large numbers of teachers, counselors, and other administrators. All are urged to begin making local blueprints now.

The plan is based on two premises. First, the school must respect and help each pupil according to his potentialities. To do this, it must recognize differences in sex, race, intelligence, aptitudes, home backgrounds, job interests, and emotional and physical health. To quote the report: "These youth are black and white, halt or hale; birth and environment have tended to make some of them more alert or more shrewd or more bold than others. Environment and education have made them rich or poor, law-abiding or delinquent, employed or idle. . . . All of them are to be given equal opportunities to live and learn."

Second premise is that the school, before considering preparation for college or other advanced training, must first meet the common needs of *all* youth: to learn how to do some useful work efficiently and well; to learn how to be a good citizen; to acquire habits of healthful physical and mental living; to learn tolerance and open-mindedness; to value high character qualities; and to develop personal interests that will lead to a fuller life in a highly technical civilization.

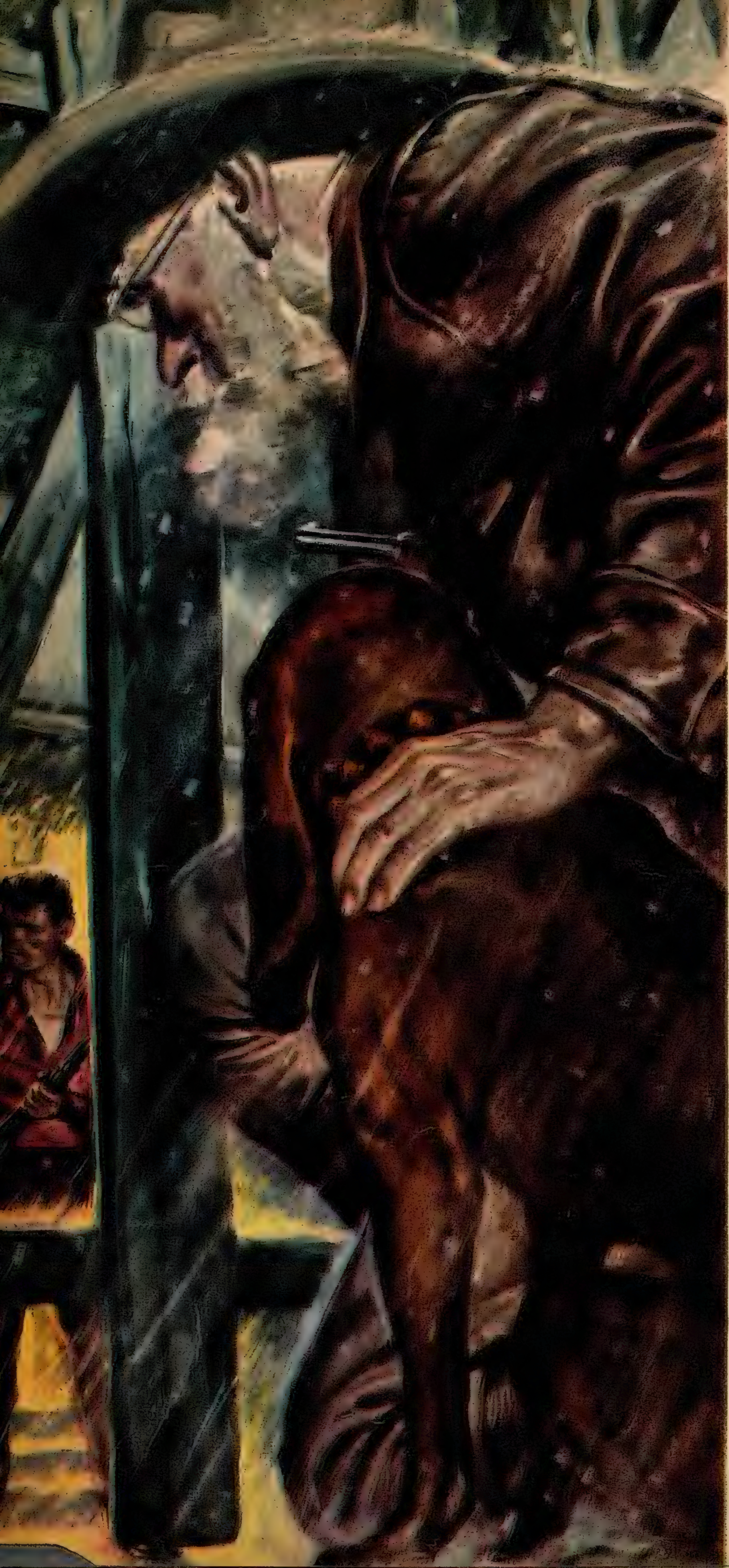
If these needs are to be met, the plan states that the schools must agree on five basic assumptions: (1) Every child should be required to stay in school until he has graduated from high school or reached his eighteenth birthday. (2) Every community should determine the needs of its youth, and then find the way to meet those needs educationally. (3) Public education should be provided, as far as possible, by the individual states. (4) Every high school should be a real community institution, open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. and serving adults as well as youth. (5) Every school should be liberally equipped with up-to-date teaching aids and well staffed by teachers who receive salaries sufficient to enable them to live as respected members of the community. (The 1941-42 high-school teachers' pay in cities of 2,500 to 5,000 averaged only $1,500 a year. *They* were well off. Arkansas high-school teachers averaged $864 a year, grade teachers $560. Florida's high-school teachers averaged $1,125 a year, and South Dakota's $1,236.)

Here's a brief picture of what this ideal postwar secondary school, as proposed, would do for American youth. First, there is an intensive basic course to be carried continuously throughout junior and senior high school. This is called "Common Learnings" and includes reading, writing, arithmetic, citizenship, and English. Fre-

(*Continued on page 85*)

PHOTOS FROM A. A. F. TRAINING AIDS DIVISION AND "ALL THE CHILDREN"

New Army educational techniques can be put to good use in the postwar high school.



The ICE STORM

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

IRA HACKETT was sheriff of Riverton County. That was his job, had been for forty-three years, and nobody could take it away from him. But somebody did.

When the outcome of the election became indubitable that February night, Ira walked away from the thinning group at the courthouse box and down the wide weathered sandstone steps. It was cold and misting rain. Ira's eyes, behind thick gold-rimmed glasses, had, like his spirit, lost all power of correction.

On the third step he slipped and teetered. Hank Carving, one of his deputies, was mounting the steps a few yards away and jumped to catch the sheriff's arm.

"That's all right. I wasn't going to fall," Ira said brusquely.

"I thought you might," Hank murmured. And then: "I'm sorry, sheriff—you know, sorry about how things turned out."

Ira was already descending the steps again, more cautiously. "Don't worry," he flung back in sudden bitterness. "The new gang will probably keep you on."

Hank's jaw dropped and he flushed. He shook his head and moved on inside.

Ira's Negro, Buster, sat at the wheel of the old Ford, waiting. He spied the sheriff and let out two peeps on the horn. The old man walked briskly toward the sound. Ira was big and looked like a peace officer. He had flowing yellow whiskers and a belly clad in a white vest and girded by a gold chain sporting an elk's tooth. His hat was dove gray—of traditional ten-gallon amplitude.

He climbed into the front seat beside Buster. They did not speak; they seldom did, because Ira was sensitive over needing a driver—his eyes had become undependable, even with glasses, about eight years ago—and by ignoring Buster, except for the most rudimentary commands, he could almost imagine he was driving himself.

Buster understood. He knew now that the boss was going home.

They barreled out New Second Street with the windshield wipers groaning like metronomes in pain against the now freezing rain. They passed the King Kotton movie theater, the Overnight Hotel—there Ira had boarded as a young bachelor—and climbed the hill to the corner of New Second and Frenchman Street, where Ira had shot down two of the Cockleham gang in a gun battle during his first term in office.

Ira slouched in his seat, drowning not too unpleasantly in an orgy of self-pity and bitterness. Every yard of Riverton was hot with memories of the forty-three years. He had protected the people of this little Deep South town and the farming country around it from each other and from themselves as best he could.

It seemed remarkable Stub had not seen the two forms behind the gate.

They turned left on the Grackle's Bluff road and headed toward Ira's cottage, three miles out. The car slued once on the hill and came close to skidding off the road.

"Sorry, Mist' Ira," Buster said. "Ice on de road."

"Don't drive so damn fast, then."

"Yassuh."

Ira reflected that even the weather had become a party to the monstrous conspiracy of ingratitude flowing toward him out of the hostile night. He sensed something genuinely unusual—freakish and sinister—about this rain which was beginning to coat road and wall and tree with a patina of ice. He remembered the cyclone which struck Crescent City in 1912. He had been there; and in the minutes before the thing hit, you breathed with difficulty in the hot still air and your heart wilted under a weight like sadness. Somehow this night was equally ominous in a different way: gradual distortion of the face of the earth; the sealing of familiar things, like bugs in amber.

After more than forty years of faithful service, Ira Hackett was pitched out of office. But the old sheriff had one last job to do—and a freak storm helped him do it

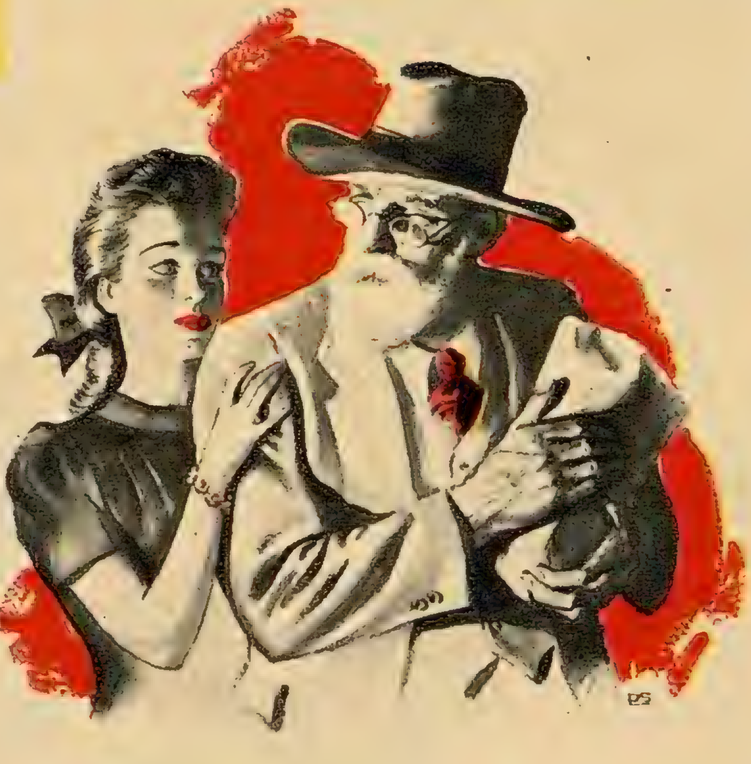
Already the line of Lombardy poplars fringing Sim Haley's place leaned grotesquely in silhouette, sad and cold against the weeping sky. But Sim Haley's lights bloomed arrogantly away. He would be celebrating, because he was Hugh Welty's cousin, and Hugh had won for sheriff that night. Ira's lips tightened. It was because Sim Haley's fifteen-year-old daughter had been assaulted nine years back that Ira had walked into the high corn behind the oil mill, his shotgun cocked and alert, expecting to get a blast any moment from the fugitive. And he had got it—fortunately low and off center—and he had got the fugitive, too, with a full charge of buck in the face; Ira still carried a few number twelve pellets in his right thigh. But Sim hadn't voted for him. And there were dozens—hundreds—of cases like that.

They crept down the hill toward the entrance to Ira's lane. He had kept the matter of Hugh Welty out of his mind as long as he could. But Hugh kept infiltrating back.

He thought of his kindnesses to the kid since knickerbocker days. Teaching him to draw and shoot a .32 and a .45; deputizing him to take on jobs in the county before he could shave; making him feel at home in the cottage; yes, and walloping him with a razor strop that time he got tanked on white mule with the Dunkin twins.

Ticking off all that, it was easy to delete the uncomfortable episodes. Only the banquet in the church basement on the occasion of Hugh's going away into the Army stuck rather persistently in his memory: *"Let me tell you folks that when the boys come home they're going to run things, and I, for one, will welcome it. I'll be glad to call it a day and help you people elect a mighty fine new sheriff, Hugh Welty."* Sure he had said that. He had meant it, too. He had meant it on the basis of Hugh serving out the *whole war*, not on a basis of his getting malaria and yellow jaundice and being invalided out in eleven months!

Of course, Hugh hadn't tried to hold him to the promise. It was that group of fair-weather friends of his around the courthouse who had snapped him up like hungry gars. Admittedly in the beginning he had stammered a bit and agreed. Later, faced with the actual, tangible step of withdrawal, it was no go. He had gotten mad then—mad at the delegation which had called to intimate that he, Ira, couldn't win anyhow, and if Hugh didn't enter the race the new sheriff was likely to be the son-in-law of little weasel-faced State Senator Crapsey, tool of the state machine. He had gotten madder at the delegation's hint that he was getting old and blind; that he didn't stay at the office enough; that people were asking for a young man. They had been tactful, but it was clear enough what they were trying to convey. It was traceable, of course, to that new optician on River Street blabbing about his eyes. And as for not going to the office quite so much, people ought to be thankful to have a sheriff with an office so well organized it didn't need close day-by-day supervision.



Mary Pye put a hand on Ira's arm. "Don't be mad at me, sheriff," she pleaded.

But the maddest he got was when Hugh had come to see him and offered to refuse to run if he, Ira, really wished it. To feel that Hugh was pitying him! It was not to be borne. He had given Hugh his tongue then. He had said some pretty rough things, and the rascal had just stood there, making no reply. No spunk. Wasn't fit to be sheriff. Didn't have the old-time stuff in him after all.

And the hypocrisy of him! Saying, "I don't care about being sheriff, Mister Ira. I'll pitch in and do my best for you."

This whippersnapper would pitch in and elect Ira Hackett sheriff, who had been sheriff nineteen years before he was born! When Ira finished with him, there in the cottage living room, he was pink as a boiled crawfish; he just turned and went out.

Ira sighed deep over the intolerable perfidy of people.

There was the mouth of his lane up ahead.

"We're stopping at Gamble's."

Buster braked, skidded, crawled to a stop on the opposite side of the highway before a faded gas pump. Peter Gamble, who clerked at the Elite Hat Shop in town, operated a tiny grocery and filling station with the aid of his wife. They were the sheriff's nearest neighbors.

Ira got out heavily and screwed his face against the rain that had turned to sleet. It was only a few yards to the door. As soon as he had opened it, he saw Mary Pye.

She said, "Hello, sheriff," and moved forward, brightening.

He looked through her and across her toward Sadie Gamble, who rose as he entered.

"Give me a loaf of bread and two boxes of dog food, please, ma'am," he said.

Sadie went back around the counter.

He felt the presence of Mary Pye. He looked off at the ceiling and hummed a little tune foolishly. But she was there. In her black-satin Sunday-go-to-meeting dress, her childlike body too thin, as always, her pretty, sad face would be trying to woo him back to friendship. Not him! No more fatherly affection for this young'un; let her depend now on Hugh Welty—he'd been mooning around her enough the last few months, from all reports.

"Will that be all?" Sadie asked.

Ira nodded. Now something sensed made him look at Mary Pye. He couldn't help it. What he saw widened his eyes.

There was an ugly bruise the size of a dollar on Mary's right cheekbone and a scratch down her left cheek.

"Stub's home," Mary said firmly. And then, uncomplainingly, "He clouted me one."

SHE didn't have to tell Ira. He knew the explanation of the bruise as soon as he saw it. Involuntarily he stiffened in indignation toward her lout of a half brother. He knew Stub well. He had arrested him red-handed two years before in the act of passing out cases of whisky through the back window of Jeretti's bar. He was a moronic giant with sadistic leanings who, at fifteen, had lost the thumb of his right hand in a curious way: he and a playmate had been tying heavy twine to the legs of toads and feeding them through the heavy steel rollers of the cotton gin on Herb Rollins' place. They stopped the gin before it had taken Stub's arm.

"How come he's home? He was up for five years."

"He broke jail, I guess."

"Where's your pop?"

Bill Pye was V. V. Nitt's overseer on the old McNair place and lived in a tumble-down home a mile and a quarter from Ira's cottage, cater-cornered through the pine forest and the swag. Ira had made this pair his especial wards through the depression; had sent Mary Pye to high school and, along with Hugh, thought about her as almost his own kid. And he had kept Old Man Pye on as overseer for Nitt past any real usefulness because Nitt was an operator who put out pin-marble games in the drugstores of the county—and Ira was sheriff.

"I'm kind of worried about pop," Mary said. "Stub's pretty drunk—and meaner than when he went away."

Ira stiffened. Sure. This was his cue. He was supposed to say, "Come along, young lady. We'll go down to your place and clean up that situation before that jughead hurts somebody." Oh, sure. But not any longer. Chances were not even Old Man Pye had voted for him; and it was obvious where Mary's preference lay.

"Well," said Ira, "I guess your pop can take care of Stub. He raised him." He picked up the package on the counter,

(*Continued on page 73*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

THE ROOF LEAKS—The Germans used to think their submarine pens were impregnable, but when the Allies moved into Brest, France, they found their air bombs had exploded that myth. A number of the U-boat garages had nice roomy forty-foot bomb holes in their roofs. ↑

WHAT'S YOURS, MISTER?—One drink of this would give you a permanent hangover. It's a mine attached to a wine bottle, left by the retreating Germans in Faella, Italy. A British sapper has the ticklish job of disconnecting the charge. ↓

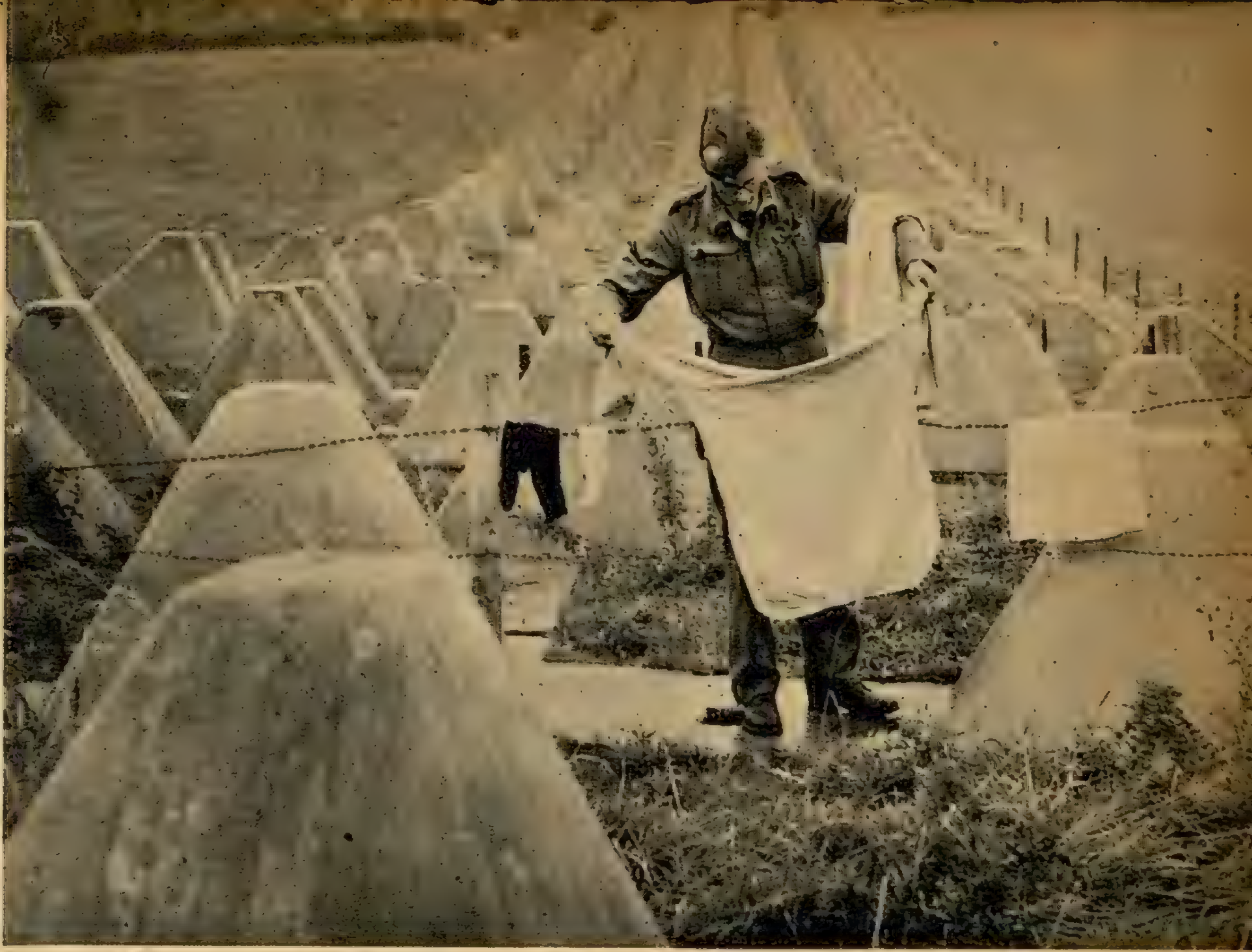
THE ROAD BACK—Despite appearances, these Nazis are scared to death. They're part of the 20,000 who so feared the F. F. I., they begged to surrender to Americans and were allowed to keep some arms as protection against the vengeful French. ↑

LADY NICOTINE—Irene Kuchta, a worker in U. S. Steel's Gary, Indiana, plant, doesn't always dress this way. She put on this rig after she won the title "Miss Gary Cigarette" in a newspaper contest that raised $15,000 to send 7,000,000 smokes to the boys overseas.

←

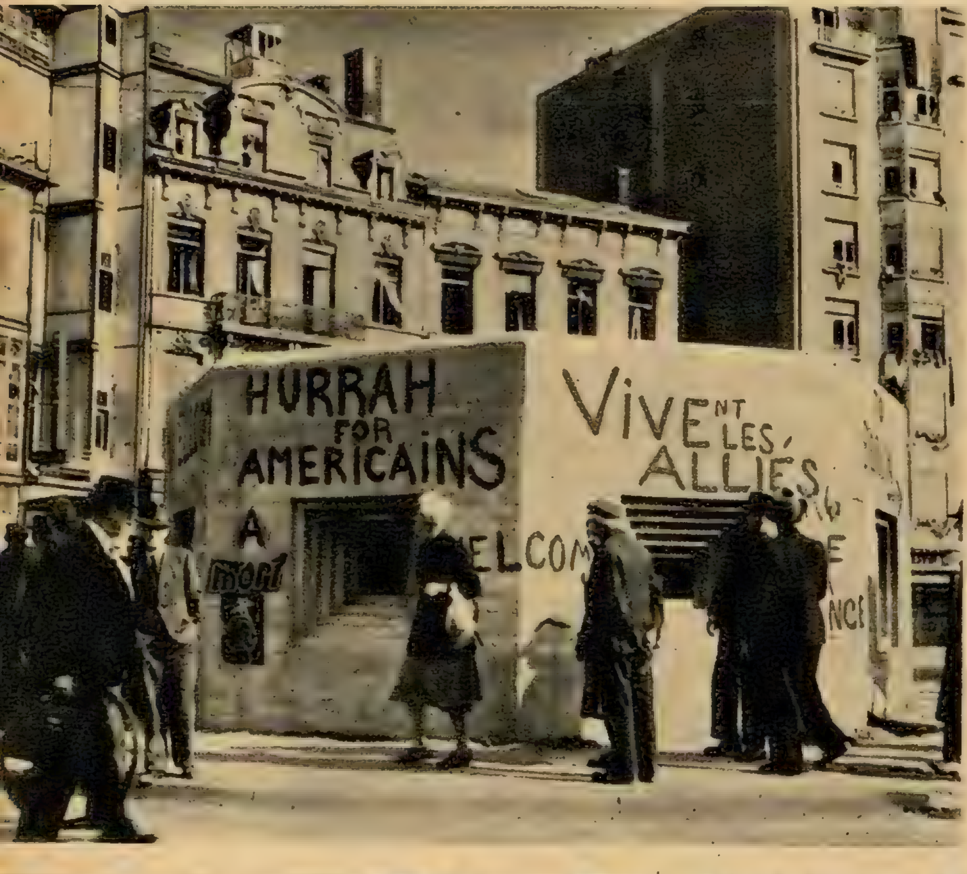
TIED-UP TUBE—With three more years to go, work on New York's Battery-to-Brooklyn tunnel is held up pending release of 790 tons of nuts, bolts, and washers by the War Production Board. ↓

CLAVERIE
DENTISTE
ENTREE



"WE'LL BE HANGING OUT OUR WASHING ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE"—That's what the British sang back at the beginning of the war—and now that's just what this R. A. F. man is doing. ↑

PLAY BALL!—Top man in the Pacific league, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz tosses out the first ball in the Little World Series, played in Hawaii recently between the Army and Navy. ↓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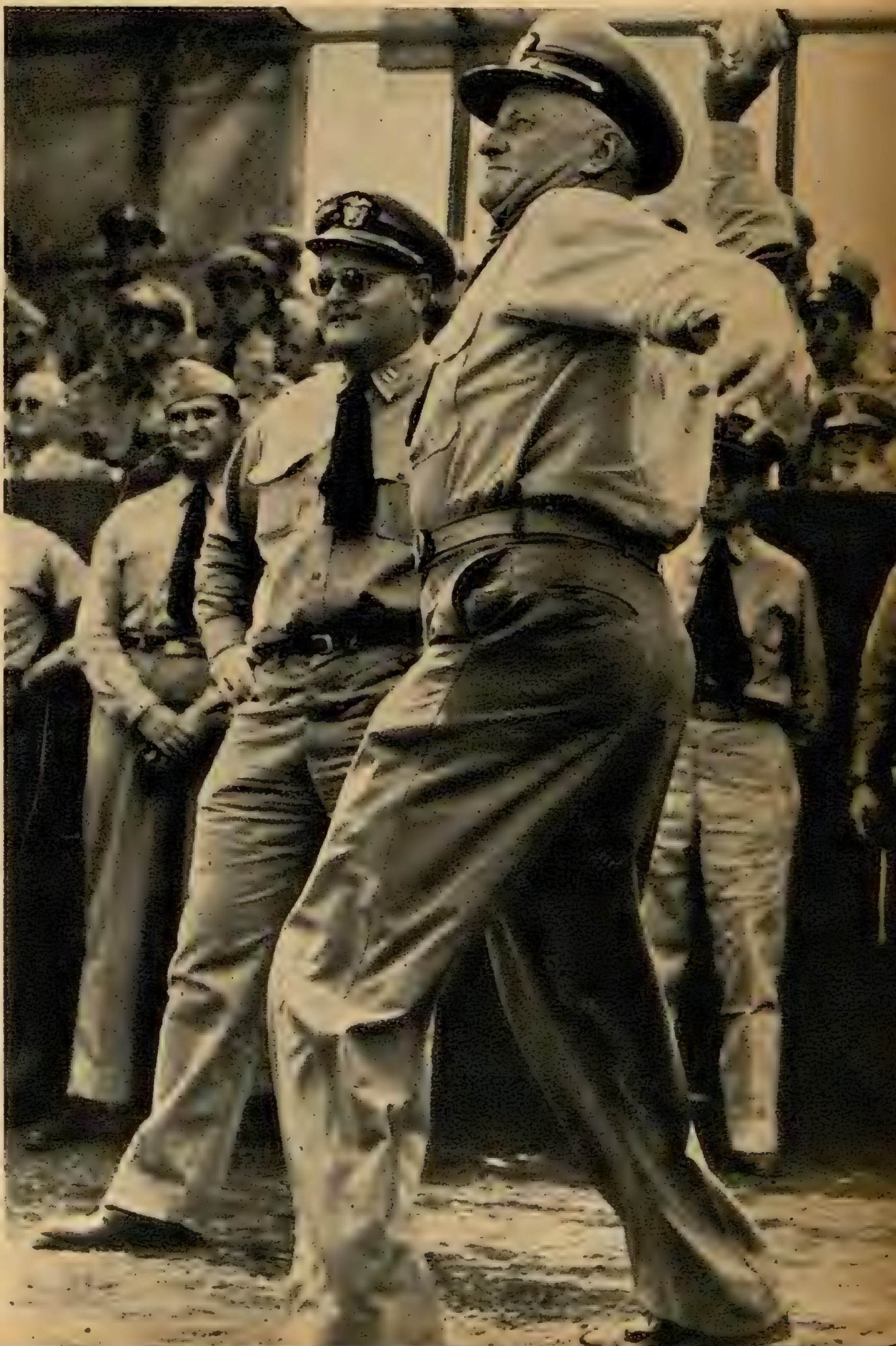
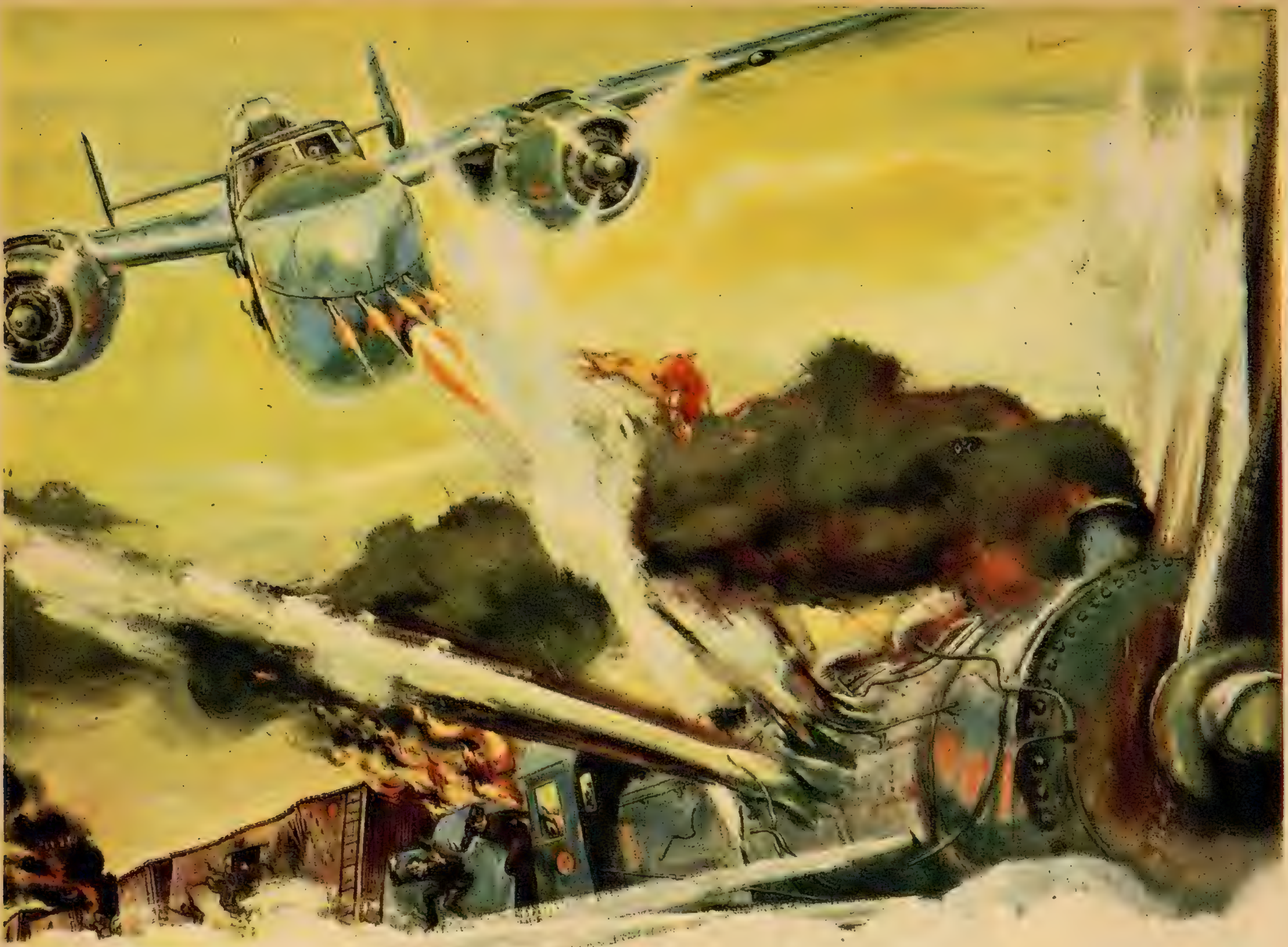


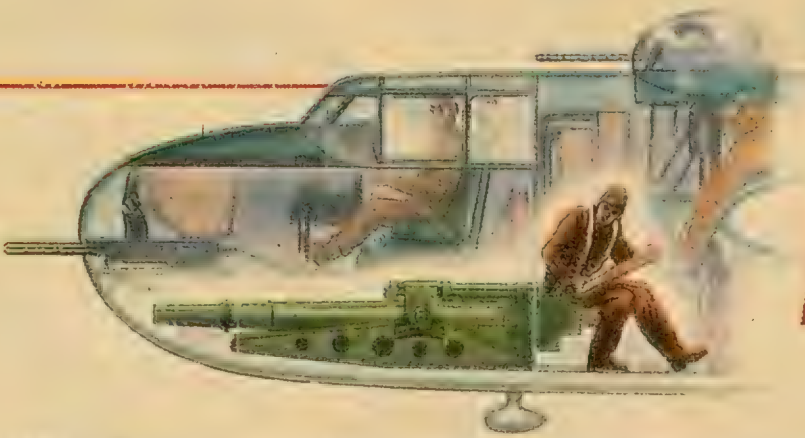
BUSTED BOTTLENECK—This German pillbox in Liège, Belgium, was supposed to stop the Allies. Now it's a welcome sign. Belgian sentiments regarding Hitler are also shown. ↑

GOOD NEIGHBORS—Dana Andrews and Carnien Miranda at a night club in New York. Carmen's employing the sign language because she can't hear anything through those spangled ear muffs.



Train Dispatcher

WHAT HAPPENS when a Jap locomotive takes a "75" cannon shell from a North American B-25 Mitchell? Here is a brief description of "train dispatching" by American pilots direct from a combat report: "The locomotive hesitates, seems to squat a bit, jumps about four feet, then takes off in all directions at once." As one American pilot put it: "That Jap locomotive is simply out of this world." When the B-25 Mitchell starts ranging a combat area, it's versatility with a vengeance. For whether it's pattern or pinpoint bombing, pillbox strafing, or bridge busting, the B-25 takes them all in stride.

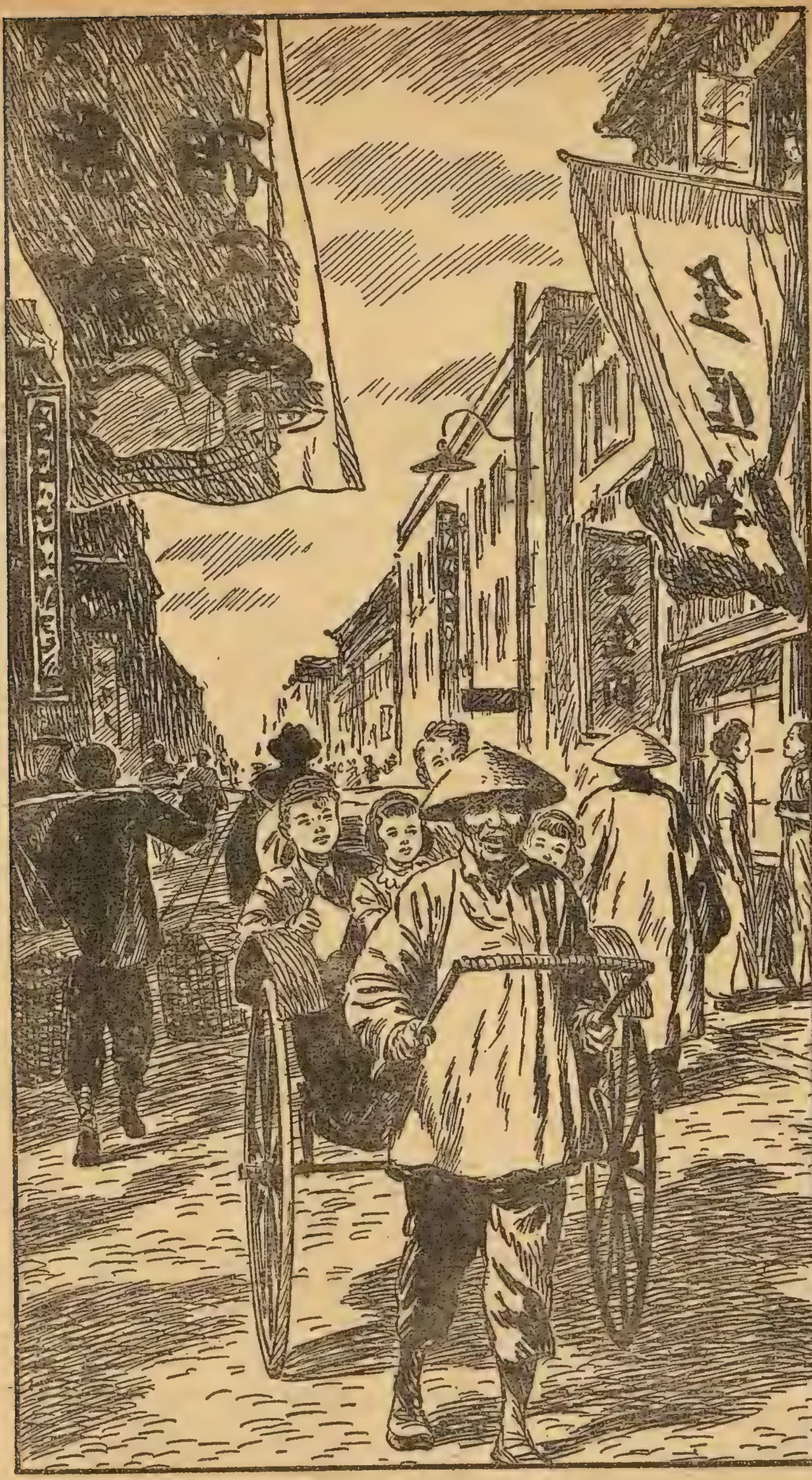


BONDS bought these planes.
WASTE FATS helped arm them.
WASTE PAPER helped ship them.
GASOLINE flies them.
WILL YOU help deliver the next squadron?

FLYING ARTILLERY—loaded by the navigator, fired by the pilot, this 75 mm cannon ads terrific fire power to the B-25 Mitchell.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES ... *the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer, and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*



HEAVEN BELOW

BY E. H. CLAYTON

Thirty years of sharing the everyday lives of the Chinese people, in peace and war, went into the writing of these lively reminiscences. Chinese students, housewives, business men, dreamers, patriots, and bandits rub elbows in Mr. Clayton's colorful parade.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER.

AT HOME ABROAD

My wife and I came to China in 1912. I was to serve as a representative of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. One year in Nanking studying Chinese was followed by a short term in Hanyang, in Hupeh province, and then I was assigned to Huchow, Chekiang province, to build up a school.

The Mission's policy called for a college preparatory school in every main station. These schools were to prepare a Christian constituency and staff for the development of Christian hospitals, schools, and churches, and to contribute, in the name of Christian service, to the development of the new Chinese nation.

Our first child, George, born in 1916, was followed at two-year intervals by Martha, Marjorie, Dudley, and Eleanor, better known as "Arny."

Living conditions in China made the rearing of children a difficult matter. An *amah*, or children's servant, is a mixed blessing. She can wash, iron, mend, and clean, but is unable to exercise any discipline whatever, and soon turns children into impish little tyrants who rule the whole household as they do the *amah*. Constant association with household servants provides early acquaintance with all the facts of life as understood by the servants, and gives proficiency in the use of a vocabulary which is seldom used in polite society even in China.

Our youngsters early developed a fondness for Chinese food, which we regularly served in our home about twice a week.

One day the cook came in and with some embarrassment and heat asked, "Will you please tell the children to stop eating my food? When I am working in the kitchen, getting your dinner, the school servant brings

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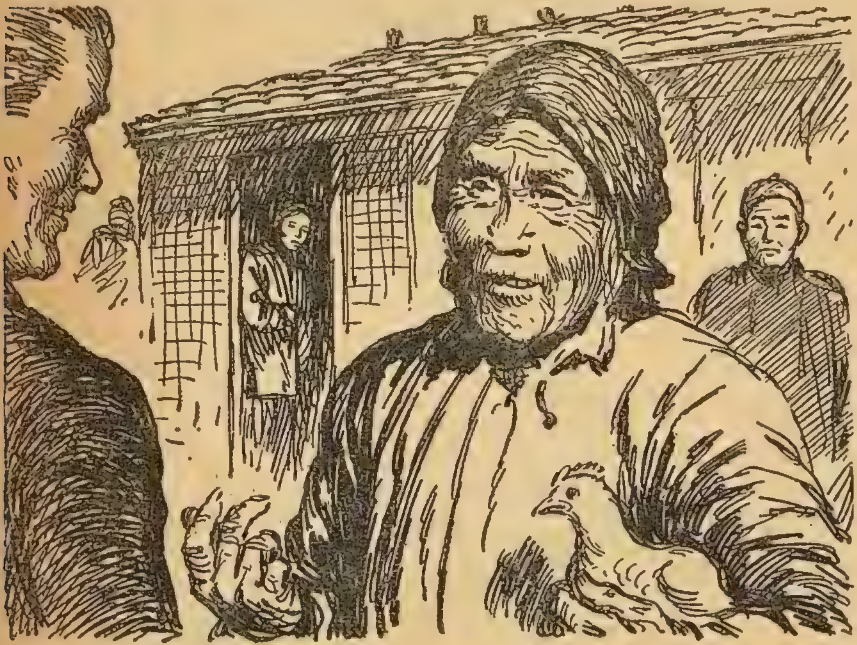
mine in and puts it in my room, and before I can get out to eat it, the children get there first and eat it all up."

Chinese food never tastes exactly right unless eaten from a Chinese bowl, with chopsticks, in Chinese fashion, which permits any amount of spilling on the tablecloth and inhibits parental interference.

Chinese cooks are invariably from families that have never had more than the most meager facilities for housekeeping. They can see no reason, therefore, why their own chopsticks, sometimes dipped in water and wiped and sometimes not, should not be used instead of a foreign egg beater, which is hard to keep clean anyhow. My cook one day dropped a silver dollar into the cistern, which was our only water supply, and not a large one. He quite naturally disrobed and dived for it. Why not? We boiled our water anyhow.

Ten years ago a movement was begun among Chinese to provide two pairs of chopsticks for each person, one with which to take from the common bowl and one with which to eat. They were called *wei-sen kwan-er* in Hangchow—"hygienic chopsticks." But they were always getting mixed, and very soon the second pair fell into disuse. One seldom sees them now.



I have been at feasts where three people with contagious diseases were eating with me from the same bowl—stirring in it with the chopsticks which they put into their mouths. You wouldn't do it? Maybe not, but you would have to if you expected to remain and work in China.

In May, 1923, I was elected by our Mission to the principalship of Wayland Academy, a college preparatory school of 400 boys in Hangchow, the provincial capital, the "Heaven Below" of the ancients and the "model city" of the new China.

On the canal boat, as we moved, my German pointer pronounced a happy augury when she whelped five beautiful pups—a distinct gain—while I had to pay, as a smaller loss, only five dollars' compensation to the boatman for the ceremonial purification of the boat, which had been polluted by the birth. The birth of anything on a Chinese boat is not a blessed event.

Our home in Hangchow was a large brick structure. Long porches across the east and south were large enough to accommodate two swings, which attracted hordes of outside children as soon as we were away. The land it stood on was low, and for years for about a month during the hot rainy season was under six inches of water, which made it impossible to raise flowers, shrubs, or vegetables, until I later raised the level a foot. Then our whole yard, when it rained, was an island in the surrounding sea.

The side away from the school campus was within twenty feet of a row of Chinese slum homes. There seemed to be a continuous procession of deaths from them. The Buddhist faith was strong, so that we were treated to an almost nightly celebration of the Buddhist Mass for the dead. There was the sound of cymbals and drums and a single flute solo, wavering and weird, and developing into a perfect bedlam of only partly coherent shrieking, wailing, and flailing noise. We got used to it after a few years and did not mind it.

With the yard raised well above flood level, I began to develop it as a flower garden, for this was my chief hobby during the growing season when there was no hunting.

One year I had bought a dozen new dahlias from Portland, Oregon. They bloomed in June, and were the pride of my life at once. When I returned from my summer vacation they were gone—not a sign was left. They had "rotted" during the summer rains.

One day, late that fall, I had occasion to make a call on the mayor of the city, and while waiting for my turn to interview him, was delighted and surprised to find that he had also "bought" the same dozen varieties of dahlias. He had an enterprising gardener whose abilities made him much more valuable than one who simply knew how to care for flowers. We were able to exchange roots with him; for a dozen of our older varieties we secured roots of all the new ones—an amicable arrangement all around.

WE had been in Hangchow only a few weeks when the importance of knowing local custom was impressed upon me. I was going over accounts with the cook, and he read:

"Red candles and incense, fifty cents. Rooster, one fifty."

"What were the red candles and incense for?" I asked.

He had bought the rooster for Sunday dinner, but the bird had flown up on our neighbors' roof. Here in Hangchow it is very bad luck to have a rooster on your roof, for it means your house will surely burn down within six months. The neighbors had caught the rooster and would not give him back until the cook bought candles and incense to worship the fire god and protect their house.

"Well," I told the cook, "we'll write it in this time; but don't let another rooster get on the roof, for I am not going to worship the fire god for anybody. Don't you see what an embarrassing position you have put me in—a missionary?"

Three weeks later the cook shamefacedly confessed that another rooster had flown on the neighbors' roof. They had caught him, and this time demanded two dollars' worth of candles and incense.

I went around to the garbage-lined alley in which my neighbors dwelt in one-story shacks with tiled roofs, and there found a great deal of excitement. At the foot of the alley a group of shag-toothed women were talking and gesticulating toward the roof. One of them held the rooster, already convicted of arson-to-come, under her arm. At each doorway on the narrow slab-paved alley the busy house mothers, cotton spinners or silk reels in hand, looked out upon the noisy group with evident approval, while little sharp-eyed children peered from between and behind the women's pantalooned legs.

"What's the matter, grandma?" I asked, smiling at the old lady with the chicken, as she quickly transferred it to the side farthest from me. "I hope my rooster hasn't done you any harm. I didn't mean that he should, and, as a good neighbor, I've come to talk it over with you."

She did not smile. This was too serious a matter, but my attitude was evidently the correct one, for her voice did not step up a pitch or two, as it might well have done, when she replied.

"Maybe you don't understand, Mr. Foreigner, but when a rooster flies on a roof, that is the worst luck possible. Your house burns down and you lose everything. And the only way to stop it is to worship the fire god, light candles and incense, and sprinkle the cock's blood over the roof. This is the second time, so it will take a lot of money. I suppose we will have to sell the rooster to get the money."

"Well, well, I didn't know that. Of course things are different in different places. When a rooster flies on a roof in my country, all we need do is chase him till we catch him, because he never does any harm, and if a neighbor catches him first, he just turns him over to the owner."

"And your houses don't burn down?" she asked.

"Not at all," I said, "and I think I can prove it to you. Now, I am a foreigner, so that this chicken, belonging to me, is a foreign chicken, and absolutely nothing will happen to your house if you give him back to me according to our foreign custom."

"Well, now, isn't that interesting?" she asked the greatly augmented group of gaping women who were crowding round to see how the old lady would come out in the bout with the foreigner. "Listen here," she addressed them. "If this were a Chinese rooster, we should all be burnt out within six months. But as this is an American rooster, just nothing at all will happen. The foreign devil says so." And then, turning to me, "Here, Mr. Foreigner, take your rooster. I think we Chinese should all raise foreign roosters after this."

One of the most difficult problems of missionary life is the education of children, but in this regard we in Hangchow were much more fortunate than most, for we had a Hangchow American school. There were about twenty American children of elementary-school age.

In our first year in Hangchow we hired Mo-fah to pull George to school in a ricksha, and as each succeeding child came to school age, he or she was added to Mo-fah's ricksha load, until he was finally pulling four in the same cart.

Mo-fah was old and he never could run, but we did not need speed. He had had smallpox and his face was badly pitted. He had had a scalp disease which had taken his hair in large spots from all over his head but had left ragged fringes about each spot. One eye was so crossed that it was hard to tell whether it was there or not. He had only one tooth left and that was a yellowed snag which hung down in front nearly three quarters of an inch. It had had nothing to wear it down for years. Mo-fah was inordinately proud and fond of that tooth. Had it not stood by him when all others had forsaken him?

The whole populace was interested in seeing these four foreign children on the way to school and never seemed to become tired of watching them. A large part of the population along the street, particularly the youngsters, daily joined in calling after them, "*Yang-gwei-tsi* [Foreign devil]," or more often "*Hsiao yang-gwei-tsi* [Little foreign devil]." *Yang-gwei-tsi-hsien-seng* [Mr. foreign devil] was my name, but *Yang-gwei-buer* [Old foreign hag] was the less elegant title conferred upon Mrs. Clayton. It was all in a spirit of fun, however.

One day Mo-fah was plugging along down a side street on the way to school with four Clayton kids. He arrived at a cross-alley intersection, where neither street was more than eight feet wide, just as a car came shooting down the alley. Had he turned sharply, which he might have done, the top-heavy ricksha would undoubtedly have fallen over, throwing the children immediately into the car's path. So he merely stepped into the street and braced himself against the shafts, thus stopping the forward motion of the ricksha, and took the full force of the blow himself. He was thrown forward. The shafts of the ricksha were cut off with part of the foot rest, and the kids tumbled out backward in a heap, unhurt.

We took Mo-fah to the hospital, where he stayed for two weeks. The first day I went to see him and thanked him for what he had done, and asked him how he was feeling. With a wry face, wincing with pain as he raised his arm to his face, he pushed up his upper lip with a finger. "Mr. Clayton," he said, "the rest of it isn't so bad, but look at that tooth. It was such a good tooth, too." Half of his long snag was gone. When the Clayton kids talk about a "swell guy" they mean a man like old Mo-fah.

A MISSIONARY'S JOB

I had been assigned to Wayland Academy for the specific job of preparing the school and the staff for a complete Chinese administration. My job was, in effect, to work myself out of a job as soon and as effectively as possible.

Wayland Academy had, at that time, eight acres of campus in the heart of the city. It fronted the street with an eight-foot iron fence set in three-foot red brick pillars, instead of the usual pounded mud wall with tile top. Two gatemen checked the entrance and exit of the students, intercepted unwelcome visitors, ushered in acceptable callers, called rickshas, answered the telephone, ran errands, and "squeezed" unmercifully students in need of special favors because of tardy arrival or unexcused absences.

I found that the Chinese vice-principal, Mr. B. Y. Hsu, was completely loyal to the school. He had neither ulterior motives nor selfish ambition. For the twenty years during which we worked together, I never found him on the wrong side of a question, although at times he convinced me that I was wrong. We worked in harmony, and any success I may have had as principal is shared equally with him.

Wayland was modeled after the college preparatory schools of the eastern United States—the Peddie School, Blair Academy, and Lawrenceville. It drew its students largely from the better classes of the community, observed a type of discipline and training that was unknown in Chinese government schools, and stressed the development of strong character in its boys.

The curriculum was exactly the same as that of an American preparatory school except that the foreign language taught was English instead of French or German. All other instruction was given in Chinese by Chinese teachers. Every teacher used, as a rule, his own dialect, modified with a little Mandarin to make himself intelligible to the largest number. (Later the new national language was adopted and is now used exclusively as a medium of instruction. The use of this single language in schools all over China has been one of the greatest unifying influences.)

Wayland accumulated good laboratory equipment for physics, and a modicum for chemistry and biology, which made it possible to teach those subjects well and to assign laboratory work, a distinct innovation in Chinese schools.

The instruction in some of the other courses would stand improvement. I once visited an English class taught by a Chinese teacher who read the lesson aloud three times, spelled each word three times, and wrote each word on the blackboard, all without a particle of student activity.

ONE of our graduates had been engaged to teach English in a provincial middle school, the equivalent of our high school. But he soon came to me for a job, saying that he would give up teaching rather than stay in that school. He had begun his classes by assigning work for the students to prepare. Within a few days he had been called into his principal's office and told that he evidently did not understand his duties.

"Your business," the principal had told him, "is not to tell the boys to go and learn their lessons by themselves. You are supposed to *teach* them. That is your job."

The next day he had asked a boy to read some of the lesson, and the class had looked at him in surprise and dismay. Again he was called before the principal. "Did you, in your class yesterday, require a boy to stand up and read the lesson?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Then," said the principal, "you still do not know how to teach here. You cannot require boys to recite. You have fifty minutes in which to *teach* them the lesson. That is *your* business and that is all you can do. Let's have no more of this assignment or recitation business."

ALTHOUGH I was told it could not be done in China, vaccination against smallpox was made a part of the admission requirements. Six boys left school rather than submit. They were afraid their arms would "rot," as very often happened under the local Chinese method of treatment.

Smallpox did break out, and I myself vaccinated 260 boys in one day. At the close of the day the head of the physical education department, who had been washing arms for me, remarked that he must hurry home and would probably not be at school the following day, because he would be staying up all night with his daughter, who had smallpox, too.

"She's just at the breaking-open stage and I take care of her most of the time," he told me.

He had been taking care of 400 boys, too, few of whom had yet been vaccinated. But he had not thought about that at all.

Officials almost invariably sent their boys to our school, as did the Christian community of all denominations. The principal of a private school in the next block sent his four sons to us until they were graduated. Boys from country towns crowded our fall examination halls.

There were other reasons, too, for our popularity. Wayland had a reputation for exercising a type of discipline which the Chinese people respected and desired but which Chinese schools could not enforce because discipline meant loss of face to the boy and to his father. We believed that the school should be responsible for the inculcation of ideals and for the building of character as well as for the teaching of subjects. And we were able, as a private institution of an international character, to act upon our beliefs. As a result, non-Christian parents were willing to run the chance of their boys becoming Christians.

An old man once came to the Shanghai office of one of our missionaries and laid a check for $40,000 on his desk. "I am too old," he explained, "to change my religion. But I want every boy and girl in my native town to be a Christian. I want for them the training of your Christian schools. Take this money and start for us, first, a school for boys. I'll provide the money and you run the school as a Christian school. When you have got that going, I shall build another school, for girls." And he did, and for fifteen years Mr. O. S. Liu of Tinghai has supported both schools.

HEAVEN BELOW

Hangchow lies on the railway 120 miles from Shanghai, between the Chien-tang River and West Lake, a body of water, three miles across, studded with islands and traversed by causeways. The city is fronted with parks and framed in a border of hills marking the edge of the Yangtze plain. Ever and ever higher ridges rise toward the west, with numerous peaks 5,000 to 6,000 feet in height.

The constant purple haze that clothes the distant hills at evening and the gorgeous sunsets reflected in the waters of the lake draw visitors from all over China and regularly bring from the lips of entranced Chinese spectators the exclamation, "There is nothing in all the world like this!" *This* is Heaven Below.

On the end of a high ridge to the north stands the delicate form of the Needle Pagoda. On the southern shore, cresting a lonely hillock, stood old Thunder Peak Pagoda, guardian for a thousand years of the liberty of the people. Because it was a vantage point from which to detect the approach of Japanese pirates four centuries ago, some pirates fired it for four days and nights, destroying the circular wooden porches and balconies and burning the outer brick red. Inside, the supporting buttresses were still of gray brick, and powder from these was for centuries ground away, to be steeped in hot water to make medicine for stomach-ache. The hot water was doubtless helpful.

At near-by temples in the spring one may often see the rite of *fang sen,* "releasing life." Baskets of snakes, usually harmless ones, are gathered and taken into the temple enclosures. They are sold to pious pilgrims, who release them, thus laying up for themselves negotiable merit in the next world.

In Yuin Hsi Temple there is the Court of Transmigrated Life. Many are the tales of birds and beasts, all at one time living as human beings in this world, now degraded to the status of birds and animals, but cared for here by loving relatives and friends. One of the most interesting tales is the one of Mr. Yuon, the pig.

Twenty years ago there lived in Hangchow a rich silk merchant named Yuon. Behind the little one-room shops which flanked closely each side of his wall gate extended hall after hall, court after court, rich even beyond the dreams of the many poor who separated his domain from the narrow street. The brocades of Huchow, richest of silks from this center of the world's silk industry; heavy teakwood furniture from the south; lacquer from Foochow; carved ivories and jades; bronze incense burners and pewter candlesticks of wondrous workmanship; silken embroideries and fragile porcelain—Ming and Ch'ien Lung and Kwang Hsu—all were there. For Mr. Yuon was not only a successful merchant; he reveled in the pure enjoyment of his wealth—until the cholera god took him.

Now, Mrs. Yuon was not only a devoted wife but a devout Buddhist and believer in the transmigration of souls, and she was much concerned about her husband's future state. So she hurried to her favorite temple to ask if there might be some way of relieving Mr. Yuon while he suffered the inexorable penalty of a lower birth which would surely be his lot.

"I loved my husband," she said. "He was always good to me. I know that he sinned and that in his rebirth he must be less than a man. But I shall still love him. Can you not help me to find him so that I may care for him and still show him my love?"

The priest told her that as soon as Mr. Yuon was reborn into this world, he would let her know, and ere many weeks had passed she was called to the temple to get the news of his return to this world. On a certain day, in a little village called Hsiao Chi only a few miles from the city, on the farm of a certain countryman named Ding, a litter of pigs would be born. One of those pigs would have some white on a foreleg, and that one would be Mr. Yuon.

In the fullness of time Mrs. Yuon called her chair bearers for a trip to Hsiao Chi, and there she inquired for a farmer named Ding, and was directed to his place. Upon arrival there she inquired after the health of his brood sow and was informed that she was doing well, having already produced a handsome litter of offspring. Upon examination it was found that one of them had a white foot. And thus Mr. Yuon returned to his palatial home.

Now, there is an end of all things, and patience is no exception; the tide of love is not always at the flood, and a hog does grow large and unsocial. So it came about, before the end of the fifth year, when Mr. Yuon had attained full hoghood, that Mrs. Yuon went again to the temple to ask if there was not some plan by which he could be cared for in some other place and yet have all obligations satisfied.

"Indeed there is," said the priest, "for you have truly been faithful and patient and you have never been rewarded by even a little gratitude, for, after all, your husband is only a pig and does not appreciate all you have done for him."

And so it came about that Mr. Yuon was transferred from his palatial home in the city to beautiful Yuin Hsi Temple, away in the foothills overlooking the river, brown and bamboo-shaped like an ancient scroll, protected from the northern blasts by sheltering ridges, open to the southern sun—quiet, peaceful, serene.

ON the east of Hangchow is the Chien-tang River, the scene of one of Nature's most remarkable phenomena. The scientific term for it is "bore." The broad expanse of the Pacific turns with the tides which run into Hangchow Bay and, pressing them forward through the mouth of the bay, which quickly narrows from a width of thirty miles to five, piles them up into a mighty wave. Twice daily such a wave rushes up the river past the city of Hangchow, 100 miles from the open sea.

Some years ago a record wave over thirty feet in height swept over the bund at Hai Ning and plunged more than 400 spectators into the river. They were carried along for miles in the seething and tumbling cauldron. Their bodies were found in the mud flats near the city at the ebb of the tide.

Crossing the river when traveling to the big town of Shaohsing, thirty miles away, was always an interesting occasion until one had had one of those fearsome experiences with the bore, which always sooner or later seemed to be the fate of every traveler over that route.

The Chinese is the most inveterate gambler on earth. He will take a chance on anything. The Chien-tang boatmen take chances on the bore—and sometimes lose. They seldom or never are caught in a high bore in the middle of the river, where destruction would be inevitable, but they are continually arriving at shore just in time to get passengers well soaked or frightened. One of our missionaries once waited for three hours beside the river in a mud-walled house, which was the only refuge she could find, seated upon a carpenter's bench placed upon a table—her feet in the water, which came to the top of the doorway through which she had entered.

For a thousand years Hangchow has been the pride of the nation. But Hangchow was not all heaven. Outside the Manchu City, the streets were so narrow that one could touch the buildings on either side. Uneven flagstones sloped toward and covered—almost—the sewers which ran or rather stagnated down the middle. The half dozen main arteries of travel were intersected by still smaller streets, four or five feet in width.

The streets of the city, during the first years of our life there, were infested with thousands of homeless dogs. A bark from one disturbed at night was taken up by the next, until the whole city was in a clamor.

The first year we were at Wayland, more than twenty of these curs were living on the school campus. It had never occurred to anyone to get rid of them, until my German pointer, a perfectly trained and keen-nosed hunting dog, went mad. She must have been bitten by one of those worthless dogs, for she had not been outside the compound.

I at once wrote to the chief of police telling him of the danger to the 400 boys on the place and informing him that I proposed to dispose of the dogs. In reply I received a very polite letter commending me for my public-spirited attitude, thanking me for my protection of Chinese youth, and giving me official permission to proceed with the extermination of the menace, *if* I could prove *beforehand* that each dog had rabies. He was protecting himself from the ardent Buddhists who might criticize him for allowing the destruction of life.

The first few nights of our stay in Hangchow were made sleepless by the night watchman, whose function was simply to remind the householder to do his own watching and, incidentally, to announce the time of the night. This he did by beating out on two pieces of bamboo, as he traversed his bailiwick every hour, a succession of piercing noises which at once awakened everyone sufficiently to make him aware of smoke or of the noise of a prowling sneak thief, and to tell the time by the number of raps.

Before 1920 the ricksha was an innovation fast displacing the age-old sedan chair as a means of transportation. Motorcars were known but not liked. There were only a few, less than ten in the city, largely because there was almost no place to drive them.

An American friend once returned from a furlough with a car. One day, as he stopped at the side of a street, a boy learning to ride a bicycle rode into the back of his car, fell off, and broke a leg. The kindly foreigner took him to a hospital, whose bill for six weeks' care he was required to pay, along with a contribution to the welfare of the family that had lost the boy's labor.

The fact that he could own a car established his ability and obligation to share in the bad luck in which he, although not responsible, was involved. My friend was acquitted but adjudged liable for the damage. It was perfectly Chinese. The acquittal had saved his face; that was all-important. Later, when another accident occurred, the magistrate announced that if there should be a third he would stop every auto wheel in the city for three months.

THE city possessed few recreational facilities as we know them. Gambling was in evidence at every turn, in shops, homes, on vacant lots, in empty doorways, and at country cross paths. Mah-jong was the favorite, but *"po-keh"* was rapidly growing in popularity. I once saw in a funeral procession, among the paper objects to be burned to liberate their spirits for the use of the departed, a poker hand of four aces and a king.

In his gambling the Chinese is as practical as in his business. Why go to the expense of keeping race horses when a cricket fight provides the opportunity to lay a bet? Bets of $100 were often made, and as high as $500 was sometimes paid for one cricket that had already shown especial proficiency in pulling off his rivals' legs.

The arena was usually a red lacquered cage of finely cut bamboo about ten inches long and four inches wide, set on a low stool. At each end was a small cell entered by a door at the end. In the center was the fighting ring connected with the cells by small doors which could be lifted through the upper bars. Each man carried his crickets in joints of bamboo where they had been kept in darkness for some time. Two contestants were taken out and placed in opposite ends of the cage.

While bets were placed, the handlers engaged in inducing the proper degree of combativeness in the crickets. Then the bars were lifted and both charged into the arena. Challenging chirps resounded from both sides. They crouched, eying each other with steady gaze, and then with lightning leaps changed places. Finally they tangled, until on the floor of the arena, out of the tangle, an isolated, disconnected limb appeared. The delegged and vanquished cricket was unceremoniously thrown out and stepped on, while the victor, triumphantly chirping, was replaced in his hollow bamboo to get rested for another bout.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

It was impossible for the people of thirteenth-century Europe to believe the tales of the wealth and grandeur of China told by the Venetian traveler Marco Polo. China was too far advanced for them even to comprehend. But China understood and developed a disdain of the foreign barbarians—a disdain that grew with the centuries into a fixed superiority complex. She *was* superior, but on the pinnacle of her fame she stood still.

The rest of the world did not stand still, and there came a rude awakening. China's defeat in war with France and England was brought about by the superiority of Western equipment. The penalties that increased with every succeeding decade for the next hundred years were a humiliation that stirred to its depths the educated and vocal leadership, though it touched very slightly the great mass of people, whose only concern was the winning of the daily bread.

Slowly the mass was stirred, however, until in 1911 the first step was taken toward the re-establishment of China's old position of leadership. The Manchus were thrown out, and China, politically free, began to be the mistress of her own fate.

At first selfish leaders, greedy for power and personal aggrandizement, secured control. But through the years of failure, the ferment of change kept working. The growing and powerful student class—modern-educated, modern-minded men of the highest type—was boldly determined and fully consecrated to the task of reactivating the stagnant life of their nation.

When the nationalist revolution of 1927 had been won, hundreds of men with top-notch education who had been vegetating in Shanghai with no chance under the warlord system, swarmed into the cities under the nationalist government and began reconstruction.

Hangchow had been recognized as the most beautiful city in China. It was picked to be the model city as well —the model city of a model province.

On one occasion when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek visited Hangchow, after he had driven halfway across the city, he told his chauffeur to turn and take him at once to the governor. Ushered into the government office, it is told, he unceremoniously declared that though Hangchow was supposed to be the model city, he found it the dirtiest place in the province. He would give the governor two weeks in which to clean it up.

The governor hastily called his car and paid a visit to the mayor. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "Hangchow is supposed to be the model city, and yet I find it the dirtiest city in the province. I'll give you a week in which to clean it up." The mayor jumped into his car and headed for the chief of police, to whom he repeated the accusation and gave three days for the clean-up. The chief of police did not have a car, but he called up each precinct and repeated the ultimatum.

I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it is a fact that the streets were all cleaned, at least the front of every building from the station to the lake front was painted, and swinging signs were removed from over the sidewalks, all inside of three days. Cement sidewalks were laid all along the same route within two weeks.

Property owners, both Chinese and foreign, had all received the official ukase: "Do these things or we will do them for you and charge you—plenty." We all got busy.

BY 1935 bus lines extended in every direction from the city. At first the lack of mechanical skill and training made travel very hazardous. Most buses had no radiator caps at all and they spouted water and steam like toy volcanoes. One day when I boarded the bus leaving Shaohsing for Hangchow a passenger called the driver's attention to a soft tire. This was taken as an insult. All and sundry were volubly informed that passengers didn't know anything about cars and had better leave such affairs to those who did.

We had gone about fifteen of the thirty-eight miles when the slow leak let us down on the rim. The driver walked three miles to the nearest telephone to call for help. Soon thereafter a cloud of dust appeared two miles down the road. The cloud developed into an old Ford chassis with a wooden box for a seat and another for tools. It slid twenty feet to a shrieking stop. Two young mechanics sprang out with an armful of tools and a tire.

Working with frantic haste, they jacked up the bus and took off the wheel, bludgeoned off the old tire, and then, with complete chagrin, discovered that the new tire was the wrong size. They disappeared in a cloud of dust and a burst of backfire. In another half hour, back they roared, jumped from the car, trundled the right-size tire to the wheel, and with many sulphurous exclamations concerning the tire's ancestry and what should be done to its mother, pried it on and locked it to the wheel. Then one of them ran to the car for the pump, but it was not there. The speed of their departure and subsequent arrival, their screaming brakes, skidding stops, and clouds of dust rivaled any Walt Disney moving picture. The pump they brought back might have pumped water, but it would not pump air. Several passengers took a turn, but it was no go, so again the Ford departed.

When the next bus appeared, we stopped it and, in spite of protests from the driver and passengers alike, piled in and filled every available inch of space. At every station where that bus stopped, the engine stopped also. The starter was out of order, so after every stop it had to be towed to a start. It took us six hours to make the trip of thirty-eight miles.

But initial weaknesses were not important. To get going and to keep going were important, and that is what the Chinese people have done.

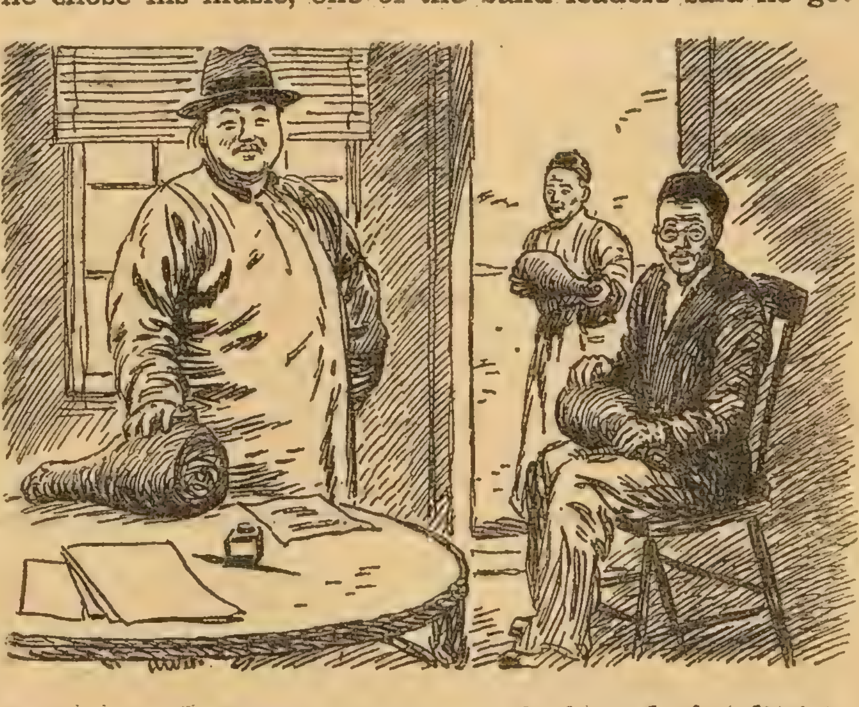
In Hangchow the same streets were widened as many as three times in a period of eight years, and the approaches to the many camel-back bridges were built up to accommodate motor traffic.

In one of the new roads the engineers had planned a thirty-foot cut in the center of this dip to reduce the grade. When a charge of dynamite was set off in it, a great quantity of milk-white quartz was blown out. Every coolie threw down his tools and ran so far he never came back. It was well known that the earth dragon who controlled the salubrious climate, the wind and water and the general well-being of the whole region, lived under this ridge, and here they had blown his backbone to bits. It was three months before a gang of coolies who knew nothing of the danger could be brought from the far north to finish the work.

Graft came to be regarded as illegal and disgraceful as well. It was in some cases punished with a high hand. A former city official built one of the finest homes in the city upon a choice site on Emperor's Island. When General Chiang saw it, the report states, he inquired whose it was. He was convinced that the owner could not have earned honestly such a vast sum as that place had cost him. The building at once became the property of the city government, at no cost of litigation and apparently no hard feelings. It was simply transferred.

Commercial developments were startling. A movie theater showed the best American films no later than most American cities of 100,000 population. A tourist agency arranged trips for visitors from all over the world. For a year a picture of an Atlantic City bathing beauty filled the Tourist Bureau window—and the sidewalk outside. No wonder! One ribald Chinese exclaimed: "I have never seen such a sight since I was weaned!"

The special sale became a great innovation in business. Attention was called to sales by musicians ensconced in a balcony over the store entrance. On being asked how he chose his music, one of the band leaders said he got foreign music books and then, with the aid of a dictionary, studied the titles of the pieces. He tried to pick appropriate pieces for each occasion. For store openings and special sales, I heard him playing the old hymn Pass Me Not. Perhaps it was the same band which I one day heard leading a funeral procession with There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, and a wedding ceremony with Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching As to War.



DAYS OFF

Annual vacations for missionaries are a requirement in China. It is good business. In Hangchow I have known the thermometer to go above 108 degrees every day for thirty-five days in succession, while the humidity stayed at the saturation point.

Our family usually spent its vacations at Mokanshan, a mountain resort only forty miles from Hangchow. In recent years, travel to the mountain has been modernized. But in the old days we loaded our baggage into a forty-foot freight boat with flat, woven bamboo mats bent over bamboo stays to make a roof.

Our route led us through the city canal system, past one of the water gates of the crenelated city wall, to the junction with the country canal system, which was twelve feet lower. Here a crew of twenty coolies harnessed the boat to heavy towlines and dragged it to the edge of an inclined spillway plastered with rich slippery mud and kept wet with water. Gradually the boat was worked over the sill until its forward weight overbalanced the stern, which then tilted high into the air and we shot swiftly down the slippery ways into the lower canal with a splash that sent tidal waves high up on the bank.

In July, ponds all along the way would be covered with the big silky green pads of the cultivated lotus. Ten-inch blooms of pink or lily-white flowers lifted their heads above the leaves. Deep in the mud grew the roots, three or four together, later to be stuffed with sugared glutinous rice, cut in slices, and fried in deep fat, or just boiled and eaten with the proper soy sauce. They made an attractive lunch. I gave mine to the house coolie, however.

Three times on these trips we were picked up by bandits. Fortunately we escaped without loss or injury each time. Once the robbers dropped over the boat one of the large fish nets that span the full width of the canal and are hoisted on long booms high above the water when not in use. As soon as the net settled about us, four small boats raced out from the bank. A villain in one grasped the sculling oar with which the boatman was frantically trying to tear through the net and drive the boat on. Two other boats came alongside.

Meanwhile I was groping in the dark for my gun. Finding it at last, I sprang out on the little deck to find the fourth boat squarely across our bows. The bandit leader had most of his body and one leg thrown up on our deck, but he was handicapped by a huge knife which he grasped in his right hand. Twenty others were waiting to follow him. Thrusting my gun against his side, I shouted in Chinese, "Call off your men, or you are a dead one!"

"It's a foreigner and he has a gun!" he yelled, and tumbled back into his little boat. There was a great splashing of paddles as they all raced frantically to shore, encouraged, no doubt, by six cannon-like blasts from the heavy automatic which I turned loose in the water near them.

THE center of life and activity at Mokanshan was the beautiful central valley bought by the Summer Resort Association from the native landowners and set aside as a recreational, educational, and religious center.

One time when I was secretary of the association we wanted an extension to the swimming-pool water system, and word got about that I was to give out the contract on a certain day. Early in the morning a contractor appeared in my study in Hangchow and presented me with a ham, which he placed on a table. I explained that I could not accept it, but that his bid, also presented, would be considered.

While he was there, another contractor appeared, saw the ham, and precipitately disappeared, returning within ten minutes with a larger ham. He held it on his knees while explaining what a perfect flavor it had, so much superior to the brand on my table. Meanwhile a third contractor had arrived, also with a ham. I courteously declined them all, received their bids, and finally gave the contract to one of them. Weeks later I found that he had wisely, according to his lights, taken his ham to the kitchen and left it with the cook, who served it to us.

On my first visit to the mountain, I went to look at the work. The contract called for a certain concrete mixture. I found the job had been done with one half lime plaster with a quarter inch of cement on the outside. It looked fine. Taking a hammer, I cracked it all to pieces, as the first freshet or a later freeze certainly would do, and told the contractor he could collect when he had put concrete in place of lime. With a bitter look of reproach he said, "And after I gave you a ham, too!"

IN THE WILDERNESS

A favorite hunting ground was the vicinity of Wang Hu, a town forty miles from Hangchow, nestling in the foothills of a mighty range of mountains which joins the great Himalayas of Tibet and India. This chain of mountains is unbroken for over 3,000 miles so that we saw within gunshot of our city walls a surprising number of the fauna of those faraway regions.

The hairy-fronted muntjac is sometimes found. He is one of the few really black deer, but his underside is somewhat white and he has white on the inside of each leg. I once got a fine buck and later a doe, which I offered to Dr. Sowerby, curator of the Royal Asiatic Museum in Shanghai. Dr. Sowerby wrote back that he would be glad to have whatever it was that I had shot, but he was sure that it was not what I thought, for this muntjac had been extinct for eighty years. I sent him the skin and he replied, enthusiastically, that it *was* the supposedly extinct animal.

I have been asked a number of times how to find muntjacs, and I usually reply as a Chinese farmer replied to me when I asked him if there were any pheasants around and how to find them. He said, "Yes, there are plenty of them. You just go where they are and kick around in the grass and bushes. When one flies out, there he is."

Hunting one day only a few miles from Wang Hu, I met a Chinese hunter carrying a leopard, handsomely mottled, eight feet six inches long from tip to tip. He had been killed less than an hour before.

We sat in the shade of a little bamboo grove where a sparkling mountain stream sang over the white pebbles, and the hunter told me a remarkable story.

A LEOPARD, it seems, has a regular itinerary. Yesterday he took a kid from this village. Today he gets a dog from that one. He may have as many as twenty stops in his circuit, and sooner or later he will make the same circuit again. When he has made his second visit to one place, his arrival at the others can be predicted closely.

For some time this hunter had been listening to stories about the depredations of this particular animal. He knew that today the *lao-hu* would visit here, so yesterday he had come, picked out a game runway leading from a thicket, and had set up three heavy crossbows concealed behind some bamboo. He rigged them so that anything passing on the trail would hit a trigger string, pull a peg, and release an arrow to which a poisoned rag was tied. It would shoot two feet behind the trigger spring, and thus miss a man, or shoot between two men single file; but it was sure to strike with force enough to drive all the way through any animal more than two feet in length. A bag of antidote for the poison was wrapped in oiled paper and tied to a bamboo near by, to be used in case a man was struck.

As he waited in the bamboo grove he began to amuse himself by blowing on grass blades between his thumbs, imitating the call of a female muntjac, trying thus to lure a buck into the open. From the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of motion up on the hill. The leopard was sliding softly as a snake down the trail toward him. The animal had heard the muntjac call and wanted muntjac for dinner.

The hunter was not afraid for, although he had not brought a gun with him, three poisoned arrows were set between himself and his prey. So he plucked another spear of grass and blew again. The big beast came to the first arrow set. Warily he sniffed the trail, backed away a little, cleared the set with a graceful bound, and sneaked forward. As he approached the second arrow he hesitated again, slid back on his haunches, and leaped far over the trigger string. The hair began to stand up on the hunter's head.

The beast was crouching in the trail, his tail lashing from side to side, sniffing at the last arrow set only 100 feet away. Slowly he backed away, as before, but then, with a sudden fateful impulse, he slunk forward again. A twang of the heavy crossbow, and the iron-pointed shaft carried its weight through his body, dragging behind it the poison-soaked rag. Writhing on the ground, he slashed at the arrow with his teeth; but the deadly poison took only a minute to work.

Some years after this I went with two friends—Charlie and Gus—to the top of Ngai San, the highest peak in an isolated section where game was always plentiful. Just under the crest, in a little glade open to the southern sun, was an age-old temple. The lone priest was a very old man who had been our friend for years. Lao-si never allowed his religious scruples against the taking of life to interfere with his hospitality, offered with a gentle grace and dignity to the foreign gentlemen who came each year with diverting news of the outside world. It was he who insisted that we hang our game in the temple at night for its protection, and if it was not he who was responsible for a boar stew that we once saw cooking in the temple kitchen, contrary to all temple dietetic rules, it must have been the Buddhist cat. No one else was there.

Lao-si's toothless smile of welcome was good to see as he bade us make use of the temple guest rooms as our own homes, and then hobbled to the kitchen to stir the fire for tea. When we joined him, we found him dejected.

"Buh yin, buh-yin [unfortunate indeed]!" he wailed. "I forgot to tell you. There is a Chinese hunter here on the hill, and he has set poisoned arrows everywhere. It will be very dangerous for you to go out."

We held a council. A man can always be careful. But, on the other hand, we would not and could not risk my dog Brownie. He was too good a dog and our children loved him too much.

Just then the temple door creaked open and who should walk in but my old friend the Chinese hunter who had killed the leopard years before. He greeted us cordially and welcomed us to the hill. He had just heard that we had come, and he had hurried over to tell us that it was really a fortuitous circumstance that he had some important business in Wu Kong. He would be taking his bows and arrows up for a few days.

Without waiting for us to object, he hurried out and within a couple of hours was back with his arms full of crossbows which he had gathered from all over the mountain. His only important business was to leave the hunting to us. One of the party remarked, "Just imagine an American hunter doing that for a party of Chinese!" The courtesy and kindliness of these people for those whom they like is ever a marvel to me.

The days slipped by with only an immense delight in these great hills; but our bag remained empty. The fourth and last afternoon had almost gone when we came to a little divide between the two highest peaks. One path led to the temple and Charlie took it. He had had enough, he said, and Gus and I agreed. We did not feel too bad about it, for we had had a grand time.

"Mr. Foreigner," called the head coolie, "wait for just one more drive. I *know* I can find game this time. We haven't been doing it right."

"What is wrong?" I asked. "We always hunt this way and we always have found game."

"Yes," he replied, "but we are Chinese. We know that there is a god here who watches over the wild things. He would like to be worshiped by men, but there are no men here, so he is a friend of the beasts. He protects them, but if we please him, he will let us get them. If you will walk down that path and wait five minutes, we will worship the god and then make one more drive. I know then we shall find game."

"All right," we said. "One more drive; but not because of your superstition."

We walked a hundred yards down the trail and waited until the coolies came whooping toward us, eyes alight and voices happy with faith and assurance.

"Take the ridge trail," they said, "until you get to the big rocks. Go quietly through the bushes and crawl out on the overhanging cliffs. And be ready to shoot, for surely there will be game this time." And they sat down for a smoke while we cautiously threaded our way through the thick brush, over a narrow game trail, to the lookout rocks.

SOON the confident shouts of the beaters clamored from the mountainsides. Hardly ten minutes had elapsed when Brownie ran like a streak down the ridge, jumping and tumbling into the jungle at the foot of the cliffs in front of us. In a moment his savage snarl was answered by the vicious "woof-woof" of charging boars. They crashed through the underbrush as long as Brownie was in sight, then bunched together with their tails to the rocks and awaited his return. He went back, snapping and snarling, worrying and teasing; as they charged again, he darted away, always toward us.

I got a shot at one and he plunged into the brush. Charlie took the second as he entered a clearing, and I got in a second shot as he was disappearing. Gus let go with buckshot—"just to add to the excitement," he said.

It was a long shot in the uncertain light of dusk, and it would be a long pull through the brush down the cliffs and away from home. No use even going to look, we thought, until we saw Brownie standing in the clearing looking at us. There must be a boar there or Brownie would have been on the trail, so Charlie and I, guided by Gus' shouted directions from the cliffs, struggled down to the clearing. Twenty feet from it we found Brownie sitting on a fine pig, a twinkle in his eyes and a happy smile on his face.

As the boisterously happy coolies tied the big boar to a carrying pole, the head coolie came to me and took his ragged hat respectfully in his hand.

"Mr. Foreigner," he said, "I know that you don't believe in our hill god; but tell me, do you still think that it is all superstition?" What a spot on which to put a Baptist missionary!

The next day twelve coolies carried the pigs to the bus station at Wang Hu. We bought a passenger's ticket for each pig and they took their places among the other passengers.

SAVE CHINA

A few years ago a Chinese boy walked into my study with a paper in his hand and a troubled look on his face. Without even a salutation, he broke out:

"Mr. Clayton, I have here a letter from my father. He says I must come home at once, for next week I am to be married. And I don't want to be married. I want to finish school here and then go on to the University of Shanghai, and then to America and get some training so that I can help save China."

"Save China"—that phrase is used by every schoolboy there, every day of his life! He went on, "And, besides, I've never seen the girl. Oh, I know who her family is, but I don't know a thing about her, and anyhow I don't want to get married. Help me! What shall I do?"

I had never had that sort of problem in my life, and my children had not yet presented me with any such difficulty. So I asked him, "Have you discussed your problem with any of your friends?"

"No," he said. "You are my teacher. I've come to you first. You tell me what to do."

I replied, "Go back to school and talk it over with some of your friends, or a teacher. Come back to me after a while and tell me what they think, and then perhaps I can help you."

In about an hour another boy came in asking for three or four days' leave of absence. I asked the reason.

"Well," he said, "that boy who was in here a while ago is my roommate, and we have been talking. Our plan is this: I am to go down to the village where the girl lives and give her the once-over. We have decided that if she is capable of making a good wife for a boy who is going to be one of the big leaders of the new China, then he is to go on with the wedding which his father commands. But if I find out that she is not qualified, if she isn't educated, if she isn't good-looking, then we're going to help him stand out against his father. We are not going to have his life hampered by marrying a 'rice bucket.'"

He went, and came back within two days. The girl had never been to school a day in her life. She didn't know anything, and, worse than that, she did not want to know anything. She had heard that she was to marry a man who would be rich and therefore she would not have to do anything she did not want to do. Furthermore, she was badly marked from smallpox and, although that was not exactly the girl's fault, it was a matter that must be considered. It may be that the boy was laying it on as much as he could, but he also reported that she was cross-eyed. She just would not do.

It took courage to stick to this decision, for the boy faced the disgrace of unfilial conduct. Fifteen years ago, in China, a father could kill an unfilial son and the courts would not touch him.

Every customary act of Chinese boys' lives is now being weighed in the balance of modern values. They have built for themselves an entirely new conception of "country," of loyalty to it, of patriotism.

When the Japanese army approached Nanking, some 200,000 Chinese troops were occupying the city. One hundred sixty thousand were the old-line troops such as we had seen in 1927. Forty thousand were boys from our schools who knew what patriotism was. When the order was given to retire and leave the city to the Japanese, the 160,000 left and escaped to the west, but the

40,000 boys said, "We hold the city or die here." And they died.

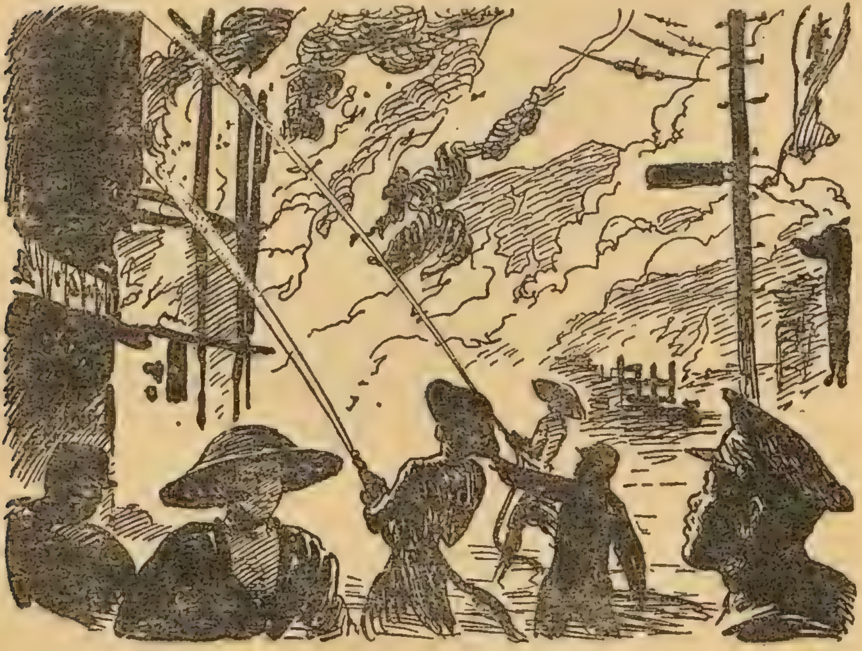
It was a Chinese Girl Scout who swam Soochow Creek under machine-gun fire to take a Chinese flag to the "Lone Battalion," although, ten years before, there was hardly a Chinese girl in the whole country who could swim at all, unless she had been abroad to study.

THE customs surrounding the great events of life, particularly, have all had to be changed. A while ago the cook of a colleague of mine asked if he might absent himself for a week.

"I'm sorry," said my friend, "but next week we are having a lot of guests. Wait until the next week and then you may go."

"But," said the cook, "this is for my father's funeral."

At once my friend was all sympathy, and replied, "Why, of course you must go. But I didn't know that the old gentleman was even sick. When did he die?"



The cook figured a minute, counted on his fingers, and then replied, "Seventeen years ago last May."

For seventeen years the family had been saving to provide a suitable funeral for the old man. Custom demanded just that sort of thing. Their face in the community was at stake.

UP to a decade ago, only 10 per cent of the Chinese people were literate. The students saw here an opening and recently I saw 3,000 people pass over the platform of the local Y. M. C. A. and get diplomas. They had learned the thousand characters that make up the mass-education course and thus were able to read. There was a boy of eight in the line and an old woman of sixty-five, and every age in between.

Three thousand are not many among China's 400,000,000, but multiply 3,000 by the number of towns and cities in China and you have a sizable crowd. Then multiply that number by ten or fifteen—the number of years during which the movement has been carried on—and it appears still more significant. Then double your number, for every person who has to be taught signs a written promise to teach at least one other, and you will begin to grasp the value of this service to the country.

For five years the boys at Wayland carried on what they called an apprentice school—a school for little apprentice boys, boys who had been given away when they were babies—not because their parents did not love them, but because they could not support them—to small factory owners for whom they worked from morning to night, from daylight to dark, with never an opportunity of any kind. Our boys left the playground in the afternoon and did their homework, so that they could give two or three hours a night, six nights a week, to teaching these pitiable waifs, giving them opportunities which they could never at any time secure otherwise. The city government recognized this activity by sending a man from the Bureau of Education to map out a curriculum for the apprentice school.

In the same way these boys provided a school for mill girls, who were less privileged, if that was possible, than the apprentice boys. I went over to the mill one evening to see what it was like there. It was a silk mill where the cocoons were put in boiling water to melt the glue with which the worm sticks the threads together; the threads were gathered, a dozen at a time, and the silk reeled off. When one cocoon was exhausted, or when the silk broke, another must be taken from the hot water to keep constant the number of cocoon threads that were being spun.

As I was going along, it occurred to me that I should pick out someone who at least looked intelligent and who could talk, or I should not be able to learn much. So as the women and girls came out, I selected a bright-looking child and asked her, "Little girl, do you work in the factory?"

She at once verified my suspicion of intelligence by replying, "Well, sir, what do you think I am coming out of the factory for?" So far so good, I thought.

"What time do you come?"

"I come when the whistle blows," she answered, with a twinkle in her eye.

"When does the whistle blow?" I asked again.

"At five o'clock."

At five o'clock in the morning she meant, and it was now seven—fourteen hours!

"How much time do you have for eating and resting at noon?"

"Oh, we don't stop to eat," she said. "We can't afford to do that. They bring us a bowl of rice and we eat with one hand and reel silk with the other."

"How old are you?" I asked.

And with a proud smile she said, "I'm ten years old."

Now, ten years old to a Chinese may be either eight or nine, for they count the years in which they have lived, so that if one is born on December 31 he is two years old on the next day. So she was at most nine years old.

And when I asked how much money she earned, she held up both hands with all ten fingers spread out to make sure the foreigner would understand—ten cents a day. Ten cents a day at current exchange was a little less than five in our money, but now it is less than one.

And then I looked at her hands. Most of us know how a piece of beef looks when it is put in boiling water. It shrivels up and turns white. That is how the child's hands looked. She could not take time to fish out the strands of silk with the chopstick which was given her. It was too slow. Her fingers could catch the threads much faster, so she dipped her hands in, first one and then the other while the first one cooled a little.

One cent to five cents a day, fourteen hours a day, eight to nine years old, and boiled hands. These are the little girls for whom our boys provided a little taste of learning which they could never, in any other way, hope to have—learning of things that would be of value to them as long as they lived.

THE country people and the hill people are not yet willing to accept foreign medicine, especially surgery. One day when I was at our hospital, three countrymen came in rather hesitatingly. The doctor rose and smiled, saying, "Good morning. What can I do for you?"

With one accord they stepped back toward the door, making with their hands the Chinese sign of negation, while one of them replied, "We don't want you to do anything to us. We want to see you do something to somebody else."

"All right," said the doctor. "You sit there and watch."

They took their seats rather suspiciously, sat on the edges of their chairs, and watched intently every move the doctor made. A man came in who, a month before, had had the misfortune to lose an eye and for whom the doctor had fitted a perfectly matching glass eye.

Mr. Lee said, "Doctor, that eye is irritated all the time. It is causing me a great deal of trouble."

The doctor rose and stepped up to him and, with a deft flip of his finger, plopped Mr. Lee's glass eye out into his palm.

I looked at the countrymen. Their eyes were bulging.

The doctor rolled the eye around and looked at it a moment. "I see," he said. "This eye is a little rough on the inside. That is what irritates. I'll polish it down for you."

He took it into his office, turned a little switch, and a little wheel began to turn. It looked just like an emery wheel, the kind one saw on the street where all the farmers now brought their hoes to be sharpened—not because they could not do it themselves as they had always done, but because it was as good as a show to see the sparks fly. And here was this foreign doctor putting that eye on an emery wheel. Of course it was only a velvet buffer, but it did the job, and in a moment the doctor was back. He put a little oil on the eye, stepped up to Mr. Lee, and replaced it.

Mr. Lee blinked a moment, smiled, and said, "That feels fine. I think it is going to be all right now." And he passed along out of the clinic.

As I watched the three countrymen, I thought that they would pass out too. But just then two boys from our school came in. The boys then showed them through the hospital, explaining everything. They even took them to the operating room and showed them a major operation, or as much of it as they wanted to see. And when the three returned home, in the teashops and on the street corners they told the village what they had seen. And thereafter, when anyone in that village wanted medical aid, he went to the hospital less hesitatingly.

Our boys often went into the country and hill villages and gave lectures—scientific lectures. They carried on campaigns to make the cities health-conscious. Public-health processions leading to lecture halls and exhibits were quite common. One day I stood at our front gate watching such a parade. First came a boy with a great flea as large as himself made of bamboo and paper. Behind him came another boy with a placard which read, "Beware of the rat. He spreads typhus fever." There were several of these creatures and finally an enormous mosquito, very lifelike and vicious-looking, followed by a placard, "Beware of the mosquito. He spreads malaria."

Beside me stood an old countrywoman, immensely pleased at the sights but unable to read the inscriptions. As the mosquito turned the corner, she turned to me and said, "No wonder the foreigners are afraid of mosquitoes. If we had them here as big as that, I should be afraid, too."

WAR COMES TO HEAVEN BELOW

In summer of 1927, the war was carried to our city of Hangchow, the day that Japanese bombers attacked the base of the Chinese air fleet, the cadet training school, the plane factory, and the great flying field just outside the city gates.

Day after day the Chinese struck back in Shanghai from the direction of Hangchow, and day after day the Japanese returned. And the schools in our city continued to function. Two days after the first bombing, we at Wayland Academy gave our entrance examinations. Over 1,000 boys wrote their papers while dogfights were going on overhead and machine-gun bullets were falling on the campus. In September, school opened for classes with 750 enrolled. Every Christian teacher in the school was at his job, and so were most of the few non-Christian teachers.

By fall, the frequency of air raids compelled us to move the school. In Shanghai, rooms were rented in the International Concession where, in co-operation with several other refugee schools, Wayland Academy carried on until after Pearl Harbor. I remained on the campus in Hangchow to protect the property.

By the middle of November it became evident that the newly-conscripted and largely-untrained Chinese Army between Hangchow and Shanghai would not be able to hold back the mechanized forces of Japan, which were operating along the railroad and the two motor roads connecting the two cities. Quickly the word spread that Hangchow would be taken, and the exodus began.

Thousands of families spent the last night there devising hiding places for what they could not carry. One of my friends buried five trunks under a summerhouse, and then paved the whole floor with concrete and built a concrete table, anchored to the floor. When I was able to get to the place after the invasion, the summer-house was torn down and the pilfered trunks lay scattered.

I decided that a trip to Shanghai was indicated for me. With other foreign families, mine had been moved to Shanghai when the trouble began. I wanted to see them before the occupation, while I had at least a chance of getting back in time.

I arrived after a nasty trip, during which I had been jammed on a ferry pier for six hours, absolutely unable to move, in the center of a terrified crowd of more than 100,000 refugees. It was a perfect nest for a Japanese bomber which circled overhead for twenty minutes but for some inexplicable reason did not lay any eggs near us. We crossed the river at Tsang O on a ferry with no guard rail, crowded with a surging, undisciplined mob. We had been held up continually by authorized officials and would-be patriotic citizens, all of whom wanted assurances of our bona fides but who could not read the documents when they were presented to them. We were heartily glad to see the stacks of the Shanghai steamers.

In Shanghai I met Brown. He was an insurance adjuster bound for Hangchow, where there had been many fires. For some unexplainable reason, there had been a great deal of "spontaneous combustion" in the pawnshops, banks of the common people, just at the time of the exodus.

"The roads are all out, you know," I told him. "I wouldn't risk those river crossings again for anything."

"We'll hire a boat and try it," said Brown.

"There *are* no boats for hire," I said. "You've got a hundred miles of machine-gunned, bombed territory to cross over, without passes. Passes are a necessity nowadays. You can't make it."

"Let's get going, boy, we're going to Hangchow," and he and his traveling companion, a young Chinese boy, set out.

After I was back in Hangchow he arrived, a day ahead of the Japanese, and was marooned there.

A WARTIME REFUGE

We were glad to have him stay at Wayland. We sheltered 3,000 women there, and we had on the premises only two other men who could be counted upon to stand off the half-drunken, dope-crazed, or simply lecherous Japanese soldiers.

One day Brown was caught in a shower and thoroughly drenched. He had brought no change of clothing with him. He is a good foot taller than I, and he made a fine picture as he sat by the fire in a suit of my pajamas, my raincoat, and my slippers, the heels of which came in the middle of his soles.

While he was sitting thus, regaling himself with a cigarette, a white-faced coolie came running in to report that three Japanese looters were in a mission compound a half mile away, holding his wife at the front gate so that no alarm could be given. He had jumped over the back wall and had run for our help. Brown, the limitations of pajamas and raincoat leaving a four-inch target of unprotected middle, strode toward the front gate with fire in his eyes.

He came back an hour later, unruffled.

"I put 'em out," was all the news I got, until I later saw the coolie. Brown had picked up the man at the gate, carried him dangling by the shoulders of his coat, and deposited him outside the gate. The second man he found inside the house and as carefully took care of him. When I remembered Brown's appearance, I did not blame the third for taking to his heels and jumping from the top of a twelve-foot wall.

Brown was as lucky as he was courageous. After eleven days of importuning, the Japanese gave him a pass to Shanghai, although none of us who remained in Hangchow was able to leave for another month.

In Shanghai our families were anxiously awaiting news of us. Brown carried full reports, and although he was repeatedly searched, those reports were not taken away from him. He carried also our appeals to relief agencies for support in the work we were doing. In addition to their one daily meal of rice, the women we sheltered had had almost nothing but a little cabbage, which we had been able to get in from the country after the first week. We often did not know where the next meal was coming from.

On the eleventh night after Brown's departure, as we sat, a discouraged lot, listening at the radio for news of the outside world, we were thrilled by the voice of the announcer:

"Calling Hangchow! Calling Hangchow! We hope Mr. Clayton is listening in." We sprang up and glued our ears to the panel lest the message should be jammed, as messages often were, and we heard the rest of it:

"Your messenger got through this afternoon, and the National Christian Council has deposited two thousand five hundred dollars to your credit in the bank. The International Rotary Club has deposited one thousand five hundred and the American Red Cross has deposited twelve thousand, so that you can draw on us for all you need to feed your Hangchow refugees."

Business brought Brown back to Hangchow again. One morning a little Chinese boy of seven came to my home and handed me a scrap of paper on which was scrawled in pencil: "I am held incommunicado at the West Lake Hotel awaiting court-martial. Do what you can to get word to the British consul."

The boy said that Brown had been there already two days.

WE were able to get word off to Shanghai at once, and then pulled all the wires possible trying to see Brown. The Japanese were somewhat incensed to find that we knew he was being held in the city, and still more so when we informed them that we had already got word to Shanghai. They finally agreed to let us see Brown at nine o'clock two days later, but when we arrived they informed us that he had already been taken to Shanghai for court-martial. Three nights later, three hours after curfew, there was a pounding on my front gate. Going out there, I found Brown.

The week before, he had got to Ningpo by boat. He had walked the hundred and twenty miles to the river, where a Chinese officer agreed to put him across above the point of Japanese advance. From there he had walked straight into the Japanese lines, where he had been arrested. He and his companion were blindfolded, put in a truck, and, after an hour's ride, unloaded. The Japanese held a prolonged consultation, and finally placed them in front of a wall. As they stood there, a squad of soldiers marched out and grounded arms directly in front of them.

Shortly a soldier came forward and took off their blindfolds, and they found themselves standing in front of the new West Lake Hotel. A few yards away was a squad of military police preparing to start off on the morning's patrol.

Brown and his man were given a room in the hotel with two guards standing outside the door and a Chinese cook to prepare food for them. The cook chanced to be a man who had worked for him in Shanghai a year or two before. He would do anything he could for his old master. Finally his little boy got away with the note to me.

At the court-martial, Brown had apologized for all the trouble he had caused. He responded to their request to put the apology in writing and was then discharged. But that was not enough for Brown. "After all," he explained, "the object for which I caused you such grave inconvenience has not been attained. It would seem a pity that all this trouble, both yours and mine, should go for nothing. Can you not give me a pass to Hangchow so that I can complete my work?"

They gave him a pass, and he returned at once to the job.

THE OCCUPATION

In addition to the problems immediately facing us in the refuge, conditions on the outside called for constant attention and anxiety. One rarely went onto the streets without seeing women fleeing from soldiers.

As for the young men, even their lives were not safe for the first weeks of occupation. I was going down the street one afternoon when two young men came along and walked beside me. I did not know them; I had never seen them before. Evidently they wanted protection. Any foreigner was a protection to a Chinese during those days. Coming toward us was a Japanese soldier almost dragging by a halter a very little donkey, loaded so high with loot that hardly more than his ears and feet were visible as he staggered along. I called the attention of the boys to the ludicrous little figure. The soldier saw us smiling in his direction. He unslung his rifle and shot and killed both of the Chinese, one on each side of me.

The Chinese secret police, organized and taught by the Japanese, was as inhuman as could be imagined. Charges did not have to be verified to obtain a third degree for a man. An acquaintance of mine, although he knew absolutely nothing about my possessions, had his right arm twisted out of its socket to force him to tell where I kept my pistol. I did not have a pistol.

In the late spring there appeared in Hangchow the Japanese pastor of a Christian church in Japan. He came to see me as soon as he arrived and told me that he represented the National Christian Council of Japan. I had not heard of their sending representatives to China, so I asked him if they really had sent him. He squirmed a bit while his conscience got the better of him, and he confessed that the N. C. C. had not sent him. He had been sent by his government.

There is no such thing as inquisitiveness in the Far East, because it is always proper to lie out of any question you do not want to answer. So I continued to ask questions.

"There are several things they want me to do," he told me. "I am to bring comfort to the Japanese Christians in the army."

"And what else are you to do?" I asked.

"You know," he said, "our people think it very strange that when our army enters a place, the people do not welcome us as they should. In fact, they seem to resent our being there and do not co-operate with us. I have come to tell them of the love of Japan for them."

"Great heavens!" I said. "A thousand cities with not one stone left on another! Two million soldiers dead and dying, and heaven alone knows how many civilians blown to atoms and how many millions roaming the land homeless, in misery, sick and hungry, all in the name of Japanese love."

"Well," he said, "I have come to try to comfort these people."

"Brother," I told him, "you have a big job on your hands."

(Later he remarked to a friend of mine that his work was very hard, for, he said, "It seems that my government has sent me here to shake a hand which they have already cut off.")

"And then, too," he continued, "it is strange to us that you missionaries don't welcome us. You resent our presence sometimes more than the Chinese, and I have been sent to try to win you to our cause."

Then, very gravely and naïvely, he went out to his ricksha and returned carrying a package which he presented to me. It contained six cans of beans.

Later I asked the cook where the beans were, and he replied, with disgust in every word, "Out in the garbage box. That is where you wanted them, isn't it?"

It was.

On one of the pastor's visits I showed him a poster on which the caption in Chinese read, "Wherever the Japanese soldier goes with the Japanese red sun in the white heaven, there the common people may go about their customary occupations in peace and comfort and safety." This poster had been placed on our front gate on the very day when I had taken in 200 women, every one of whom had been subjected to the Japanese soldiers. I showed it to my preacher friend and asked him what he thought of it.

"Yes," he said. "That exactly represents what we Japanese are doing."

I then took him over to the refuge, showed him some of the women, and told him the story of the 200.

"That," he said, "is too bad."

"But," said I, "how do you reconcile the posters with this sort of thing?"

"Oh," he replied, "reconcile them? We do not need to reconcile them. They are two entirely different things."

The last I saw of him, he had subsided into a position as teacher of Japanese to a class of eight. The love of the Japanese had made little impression in Hangchow.

The Japanese do extremely clever poster propaganda work. I knew one of the Chinese men engaged in posting this material every afternoon. One day I asked him if he were not ashamed of himself.

"No," he said. "You see, I put them up in the afternoon and get paid for it. I earn my living in that way. Then I tear them all down at night. That's my real job." He was doing his share, and was definitely recognized as a part of the effective underground opposition.

ON my visits to our upcountry relief stations I was thrown into contact with the guerrilla bands which now occupied and harassed the adjacent areas. Over a period of five years I saw the guerrilla, born of Japanese brutality, organized and trained into patriot bands which have plucked from the bloody hands of the would-be conquerors the prize they once so nearly clutched.

Some guerrilla forces are an integral part of the regular army, trained by its officers. But the bulk are organized as home guards, having only the equipment their villages are able to provide. I once saw an inspection of arms. Out of fifty guns, four could not be fired at all; two had been repaired with wire; three were Chinese blacksmith-made fowling pieces, muzzle-loaders with pistol grips; barely half a dozen looked really effective. It was the men behind them that made them look dangerous.

Their spirit is typified, I think, by one of their wounded whom I saw in a back-country hillside hospital to which I had helped smuggle badly needed medicine. Great beads of perspiration poured down his ashen face. They had cut off one leg that morning, or what remained of it, and they had no morphine for him.

I leaned down and tried to talk to him, but his dialect was hard for me to get. Finally I said, "I don't understand you very well. From what province do you come?"

A look of resentment flashed across his face. Painfully he lifted his head and propped it up with his elbow, which rested on his straw pillow. He brought his other hand to his forehead in a smart salute, then slapped it down upon his remaining thigh, saying, "Sir, what difference does it make what province I come from? I am a soldier of China's National Army." And he slumped back upon his bed.

SHANGHAI LIFE

In March, 1938, I prevailed upon the Japanese military police to let me go to Shanghai to visit my family, who were staying at the American School, located far back in the French concession. For ninety-three days that school had been surrounded by the fiercest fighting in the great battle for the city.

As the Battle of Shanghai progressed, there was a steady procession of Japanese bombing planes over the city. We could clearly see the bombs as they dropped. Occasionally huge fragments of blasted-out material were hurled clear over the school buildings. One day a twenty-inch piece of rail weighing sixty pounds narrowly missed Mrs. Clayton. A careless policeman picked it up and burned the skin from both palms.

At night every point of the compass was a tongue of fire. Cannon had been placed a mile away at the border of the concession, and for three days a battery of ten-inch howitzers sent salvos of shells roaring over like express trains. Occasionally Chinese planes attacked the Japanese installations in the daytime. However, they usually arrived at night. Whenever the Japanese sound detectors located a Chinese plane, the sky became ablaze with searchlights. Antiaircraft guns roared. Star shells and tracer bullets filled the air like a Fourth of July celebration. For several weeks the Chinese planes came so regularly that the Japanese became jittery and at the slightest provocation would let off the whole works over their battleships in the harbor.

On one occasion moving pictures were to be shown on the deck of the cruiser Augusta, American flagship in the harbor. A thousand or more gobs and leathernecks were there. The first reel showed American Army bombers practicing on an old bridge. With the first roar of the diving planes, amplified so that all could hear, there was distinct activity on the Japanese flagship Idzuma. In a moment the usual air-raid protection routine began. Star shells, antiaircraft fire, machine guns with tracer bullets—the whole works was turned on. Shell splinters and stray bullets began to fall around in the Whangpoo and the movies were hastily called off. With the disappearance of the nonexistent planes the "Izzy" called off her defense and the night became calm. The movies were put on again, again a "raid" was repulsed, and again calm reigned. And then once more, for the third time, the "Izzy" defended herself, and for all I know the Japanese to this day do not suspect that this sanguine engagement was fought with American bombers in a movie machine.

When the Battle of Shanghai had been won and the Chinese troops had left that territory, the Japanese insisted upon putting on a victory parade in the International settlement. Foreign consuls begged them to desist, fearing that some foolish Chinese would throw a bomb and thus give the Japanese an excuse for taking over some of the concession. That is exactly what happened. No one was hurt, except the poor deluded man who threw the bomb, and he was shot by a Chinese policeman. The Japanese began at once to occupy a square mile directly in the heart of the city in the American Marine defense area. I looked on and was pushed around for two hours as they took over the area where the attack had been made, forcing the people out and back in every direction, until a square mile was in their possession.

All traffic was stopped by Japanese soldiers, who blocked the streets, bayonet to rifle butt, from sidewalk to sidewalk. That is, all traffic was stopped but one U. S. Marine dispatch rider who came roaring up Nanking Road on a motorcycle at fifty miles an hour. The more the Japanese soldiers shouted, the faster he charged, and the more quickly the cordon broke to let him through. He was carrying orders that brought the marines to the scene. When they arrived, the Japanese were thanked for their early asistance and told that they would not be needed any further. They were not exactly sure what was meant, but they moved out.

PARADISE LOST

In December, 1941, the news of Pearl Harbor came to the ten Americans and fifteen British subjects living in Heaven Below.

The war was not unanticipated. American consular authorities had been constant in their warnings; the increasing truculence of the Japanese, their recent naval dispositions, the whole situation had pointed to trouble.

The Mission Board in New York was urging us to go to Burma, "where you should be safe." But we had a job in Hangchow and were determined to see it through. When we returned from our last furlough, we had left four of our children in school in the United States. Only Arny returned with us. When the consular advice was received, directing women and children to leave, we put her on a ship and sent her home. Mrs. Clayton declined to leave me. Her part in the refuge work was as important as mine. She spent ten hours a day with the refugee children.

We were under no illusions as to the nature of the situation that might develop. We had seen at close range for four years the inhumanities which sadist Japanese perpetrated upon the Chinese, simply because they were enemy aliens. But we had a job to do, and, besides, we were stubborn. We did not propose to be run out by a machine which we had come to despise.

On December 11 several thousand families stood in groups outside the gate of the Wayland Academy Relief Center. They waited silently, shivered in the cold, and crawled away to starve.

Thousands of bags of American wheat lay in the storerooms. The wheat belonged to the American Red Cross and to the dying people. Two thousand children had been kept alive for four years by a single big meal each day. To them this wheat was not just something to eat. It was warmth, hope, preservation, life. But we had been told we could do no more to help the Chinese.

A few days after Pearl Harbor, a brusque Japanese officer had carefully listed every item of relief-organization property: wheat, corn, salt, wood, pigs, kitchen utensils, dining-room bowls, oil, stone mills, stoves, and $3,000 in Chinese money. A copy of the inventory was handed to me.

"This material," I was told, "is left in your charge. You will be held strictly responsible for it. The inventory will be checked every month and you will have to produce all of it."

"But," I said, "you are turning out to starve thousands of people who know that this wheat belongs to them. They are hungry, they will come and get it. I cannot protect it. Take it where you can protect it yourself."

"We will not take it away. You have been made responsible for it."

"Then send a guard here to protect it," I insisted.

"We will not send a guard and we will not take it away. You are responsible."

"I refuse to take the responsibility!" I exploded. "You cannot make a man do the impossible."

"This is a military order," was the reply.

And then the interpreter added, "Mr. Clayton, don't say anything more. You have said too much already. You will make him very, very angry. And you must remember that there is but one penalty for disobedience to this kind of order."

An order to do the impossible under penalty of death.

THEN one afternoon when I returned from an errand, a servant came running excitedly. *"Hsien-seng, Hsien-seng* [Master, Master]," he called, "somebody has stolen a hundred bags of wheat!"

I had checked it that morning and had found it all there.

"They dug a hole through the back wall and took it out from behind, where you could not see it," the man said.

With sinking heart I opened the back door. It *was* gone! Footprints showed that several men had carried it out to rickshas and carted it away.

I turned and headed for the Japanese military police office. The officer who had given me the order was there.

"It is no business of mine," I said, "for I refused to take responsibility for it, but I thought I should come over and tell you that, as I predicted, a hundred bags of *your* wheat have been stolen. You had better come over and take care of the rest or it, too, will soon be gone."

This approach got me nowhere. Coldly the officer looked at me and said in a steely voice, "You were given a military order, and you have disobeyed."

He turned, crossed the hall, and disappeared. I heard the thump of a rifle butt outside the door where a sentry had been stationed. I do not know how long I waited.

The officer returned, stood before me, gimleted me with cold eyes. Again he said, "You were given a military order. You were told the penalty and you deliberately disobeyed." A long pause followed. "But—we are going to give you another chance. *I* got you off this time. If it ever happens again, I shall not try to help you."

At home we held a council of war. The only people available to watch the wheat and other material were men who were themselves there on relief, who were starving, who knew that the grain really belonged to them, but who might from gratitude be willing to protect it, even from themselves. As far as I know they did so faithfully.

December passed, and January 1 found me in the hospital for an operation. On January 30 a ricksha brought me back home. My first wobbly steps inside the door took me to my desk and the inventory, and then outside to check it. Everything checked except the last item, 300 loads of wood, value $5,000, stacked against the gymnasium wall. What remained of the huge pile, which I had carefully laid up and liberally sprinkled with lime to reveal any displacement, was only a third of the inventoried amount. Piece by piece, a hundred loads had been thrown over the wall.

When would my day of reckoning come?

RELEASE

Before Pearl Harbor the Japanese had tried to require foreigners to tip their hats to Japanese sentries, but the regulation was not enforced. Now, however, we were in the same position as the Chinese.

One day as I was leaving the city gate a sentry strode out of a sentry box and, placing himself across my path, shouted at me in Japanese. Although I had an idea what he wanted, I simply replied in Chinese and English:

"O buh tung—[I don't understand]."

Again the command, and again the reply, until it became a little bit silly. Then a Chinese soldier, evidently a Manchurian who had been impressed by the Japanese, stuck his head out of the guardhouse and called out, "What's the matter, Mr. Foreigner?"

It always has been my experience that Chinese during this war, even when working for the Japanese or for the puppets, took every occasion to be pleasant to foreigners.

"Tell me what this fellow wants," I said.

A word to the sentry, and smilingly he told me what I had already guessed. The sentry wanted me to tip my hat to him.

"Come over here and translate for me," I said. "Tell him I am a polite and courteous man, and shall be quite willing to take off my hat to him if he insists; but if I take off my hat to him it will be, of course, according to American custom. Now, in my country we take off our hats to women and when we pass a corpse. I do not want to be impolite to him, but if he still insists, I shall take my hat off."

When the Chinese had finished, the sentry turned in my direction, and instead of requiring me to bow, he made me a very deep bow himself and stepped back into the sentry box.

Thereafter no foreigner in our area was asked to uncover to a Japanese.

Long before Pearl Harbor I had assembled all my assets for such an emergency, and a Chinese friend had cashed a check for 10,000 Chinese dollars shortly after the news came. A liberal share I had deposited in the

Postal Savings Bank, which everyone assured me was the safest place in China. It was a vain hope, for my money was immediately frozen there and became available only in inconsequential dribbles. Some of the $10,000 went to purchase commodities, which were later sold. Some was lent and some I buried in the ground as a dog buries a bone. The dog's method proved best.

When accumulated bills amounting to $6,000 involved my credit and reputation, I was fortunate in getting in touch with a Chinese Shanghai business man and friend whose affairs often took him through the lines to Kinhwa. He readily agreed to bring back money for me from our mission there, and on his return not only did that but also brought some very exciting news. Japan had been bombed by American fliers who had landed in the Kinhwa-Chuchow area. He had met and talked with some of them, and while he was there, in order to get his story complete, he had gone to the airfield to talk with some of his Chinese military friends.

According to his story, on the afternoon preceding the evening on which the American fliers were due to arrive, the telegraph lines between Kinhwa and Chungking were ordered kept open for emergency messages. It was not safe, because of the very effectual Japanese spy system, to send the news even to the highest commander until the arrival of the planes was imminent. Tokyo would know of the raid before it had occurred.

Just before the planes were due to arrive over Chuchow, the officer commanding the field received a wire telling him that when planes were heard, the field was to be lighted to receive them, as they were friendly planes. He was, at the time, engaged in an exciting game of mah-jong, and he pushed the unopened telegram aside until the game was finished. Soon a report came in that a plane was approaching and, as usual, the order for a blackout was given. It could be no other than a Japanese raider. But Doolittle and one or more of his men came in, one by one, directly over the field and circled, seeking a place to land; finding none, they flew about until they crashed.

The next morning another wire was received from Chungking. It was for the immediate execution of the commandant, an order which was carried out.

However much or little truth there may be in this tale, it *is* the story brought back to me within a week by a reputable Chinese, and it has every appearance of authenticity.

IT was said that General Chiang Kai-shek had strongly disapproved of the raid and had advised against it. Chiang, it was said, had argued that the use of the fields by the Doolittle fliers would force the Japanese to take them, causing their loss at once, necessitating the retaking and rebuilding of the fields later on, and entailing the occupation by the Japanese of a large area of Chinese territory.

Chiang had been overruled and the raid was carried out. I have seen numerous estimates of the value of this raid, but in no case have I seen the loss to the Chinese people cast on the debit side.

Fifty thousand Japanese troops surged into and through the city of Hangchow and brought again a reign of terror reminiscent of the first occupation of the city. Thousands of Chinese were impressed for Japanese army work; few of them ever returned. A score of cities and large towns was almost completely blasted off the map. Hundreds of thousands of people, driven from their homes, joined the ever-swelling tide of refugees who wended their agonized way over the mountains to Free China, dropping from starvation and disease along the way, and meeting only misery for months after their arrival on the other side. The problem was too difficult, the need too great, even for the Chinese government to meet.

The airfields were taken; the rock-hewn hangars were blasted to uselessness; the months of labor in building ended in futility.

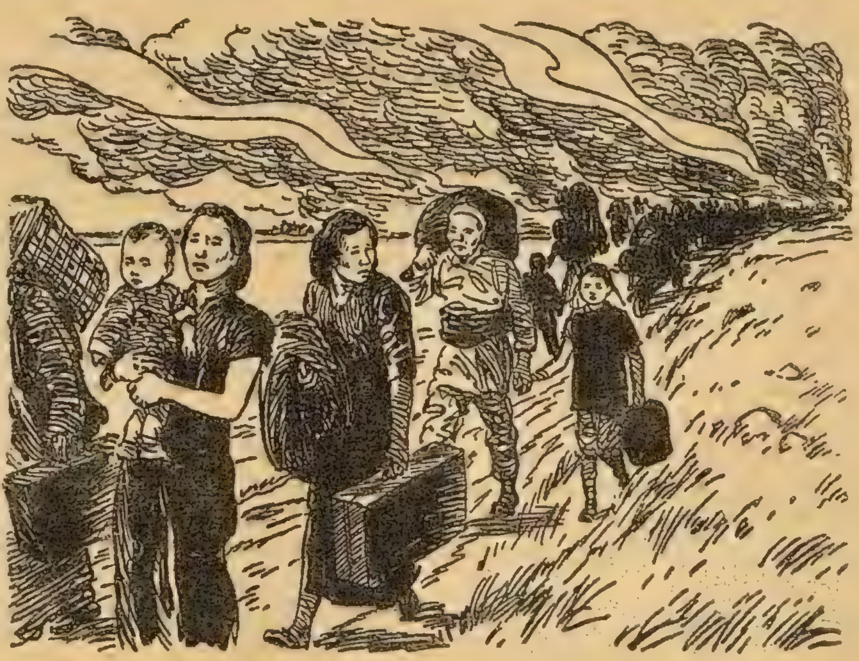
Four months passed. On the last day of May we were told that on June 10 we were to be deported. Concealing my delight, I asked the official who made the announcement, "But suppose we don't want to go?"

"It makes no difference what you want," was the reply. "On the morning of June 10, six military police will be here to escort you to Shanghai, and you had better be ready."

But to Mrs. Clayton I said, "Deported on June 10! I surely hope so!"

According to the regulations agreed to by the American and Japanese governments, nationals of both governments to be repatriated were allowed to dispose of their personal effects in any way they chose.

But Wayland Academy was taken by the Japanese and turned over to the Chinese Gestapo, the spy organization of the Nanking government, a group of 600 traitors to their country who had sold themselves to the Japanese. With them came thirty Japanese military police from Nanking to instruct them in the finer aspects of their art.



These men were assigned to our home and naturally wanted everything in it. They assumed that they, being from Nanking headquarters, were not bound by the regulations promulgated by the Hangchow military, and so refused to allow us to remove any of our things. I complained to Captain Minnamesaki, our Hangchow M. P. head, who at once replied, "You have a perfect right to sell or give away your things. Go right ahead."

I tried once more to move my goods, but the Chinese guards pulled their automatics and refused to allow me to move anything. Captain Minnamesaki must have expected this, for that afternoon he sent a truck over and took out our overstuffed furniture and a few other things which he personally liked. The soldiers in charge admitted that it was not according to regulations, but they thought they might as well have what they wanted before the Nanking bunch took it all. When they came to the refrigerator, I balked. It was June and hot and we needed it as much as they, and I had the regulations on my side. Knowing that they were violating orders from headquarters, they did not enforce their demand.

Two days later I was informed that the matter had been explained and that I could now proceed to sell. Accordingly I advertised among my friends that from two o'clock on a certain day they could come and buy. But when the first prospective purchaser tried to enter, he found his way blocked by six guards with automatics. I could sell—but no one was allowed in to buy.

It took another two days' negotiations to remove this hurdle, but at last the Chinese swarmed in and bought. When the first purchaser reached the gate, he was not allowed to take his purchase out. So I had to refund the money and again negotiate.

Three days later I received a letter, stamped and sealed by the Japanese command, giving me authority to remove my effects, and I triumphantly presented it to the guards. Oh, yes, it was all that was necessary. We loaded a hand truck and got it out without trouble. The next truck was stopped at the gate. The guards had been changed and the new ones had no orders. The old ones could not be found.

After another two or three days, Captain Minnamesaki gave me an M. P. guard with instructions to see that anything I wanted to send out was allowed out. This was perfect, except that the day for deportation had now arrived and it was too late to do anything. We walked out, leaving the accumulations of thirty years behind us.

For the previous two weeks there had been four Japanese in the house from daylight till dark, following us wherever we went. One shadowed Mrs. Clayton, one me, one the cook, and the fourth took care of guests. They interrupted our conversations with "What did you say?" and "What did he say?" They followed us from attic to cellar. When Mrs. Clayton lay down for a rest, one of them sat in the bedroom. When we had tea, they sat at the tea table. When we went to the bathroom, they waited outside the door.

We were booked for passage on the Conte Verde, then a diplomatic exchange ship that had been chartered by the Japanese to take us to Lourenço Marques, Portuguese East Africa, where we were to meet the Swedish liner Gripsholm.

On June 6 Lieutenant Yamamura, the officer with the inventory, stopped in at ten in the morning to say that he would be there again that afternoon to check the inventory. I had hoped they would send someone else, that Yamamura would fall down and break his neck—anything to keep him away. He knew too much. It might be possible to lead someone else around by the nose, but not Yamamura.

Promptly at two o'clock the Japanese arrived—the interpreter who seemed always to give us the best possible advantage and another officer. Lieutenant Yamamura had had important business elsewhere and could not come. I began to like his substitute at once.

The inventory was brought out and one by one the items checked down the list to the last item: Three hundred loads of wood, value $5,000, stacked against the gymnasium wall. "Where is that wood?" asked the officer. "There is no wood stacked against the gymnasium wall!"

"I moved it into a building to keep it from being stolen," I explained.

"Did you have a permit to move it?"

"No, I did not."

"You had no right to move it. Take me to it." And suspicion leered at me from under his eyebrows.

He followed me to the room, where I pulled the nails from the door jamb and threw the door open. He stepped inside. He looked at the pile, then at me. "How much wood is there there?"

"Five thousand dollars' worth," I truthfully said, for wood had gone up 300 per cent in six months.

Carefully his eye measured the height and length of the stack. Quickly his pencil calculated the cubage. He knew, and coldly he stared at me with those black eyes.

"How much wood is there?" he snapped.

Moving not a muscle, I looked him in the face and as calmly as possible replied, "Five thousand dollars' worth." He lifted his pencil to the long line of checks and placed it on the line. But again he stopped; down came his hand and he fairly shrieked at me, "How much wood is there there?"

And not knowing what else to do, I fairly shrieked back, "Five thousand dollars' worth!"

A slight pause and—CHECK.

DURING a month of voyaging over 6,000 miles of ocean we scarcely saw a sail or a wisp of smoke. War had swept all human life from these seas. Home? There was nothing to remind us of home on these bleak waters.

As we cleared the headlands which shut Lourenço Marques from the sea, however, ships appeared close at hand—freighters, dingy and rusty but, we quickly realized, American. A whistle on the nearest began to scream out a succession of three short and one long blast. The Victory sign was new to us then, but this was our welcome home. An American flag ran up. The Gripsholm lay dead ahead in the harbor.

"Ah could just hug those boys ovah they'ah," exclaimed an excited Southern lady. We all knew what she meant.

We sailed next day. The roaring forties passed, then came two days in Rio. Two more weeks of sea and sky, of good food, rest, and pleasant companionship, and then New York Harbor.

The war was brought very close to us by our reception at the pier. To welcome us, our five children had got three days' leave of absence from their work, yet for two and a half days they hung over the gates of the customs pier waiting for the completion of our examination and our release. It came just as two of them were leaving. The necessities of war and the way they touch each life became still more clear to us. America had changed since we were last at home; but, although this efficiency hurt, we liked it. It was a good portent.

A bellboy at our hotel looked rather disdainfully at our luggage. In Hangchow every trunk had been taken from us. The best substitute we could find had been some cast-off Japanese *koris,* woven reed baskets. "I don't suppose you ever saw luggage like that before," I remarked.

"No sah! I nevah did."

For a moment I felt that the net accumulations of thirty years of life lay in those broken baskets at our feet. But I realized that they did not; for if success consists in ownership, if satisfaction is measured in terms of possessions, if joie de vivre follows only the accumulation of things, if the fulfillment of life depends upon mastery of material, then this was indeed a debacle. But if these are not so, then it was time to take account of stock—to assess the living value of work done, of hunger appeased, of pain assuaged, of ideals of character instilled into youth to fortify them for useful lives, of sympathy and comfort shared with those in need, of words of courage and hope for those who bear too heavy loads, of relief and rescue.

It was time to charge off the compensation of happy memories, friends, experiences, travel, interests, a happy home and family life, and, most of all, the privilege of sharing, with those who perhaps would have no other way to know, some knowledge of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. Of such are the compensations of missionary life.

ADDING IT ALL UP

The future depends upon the attitude of the Chinese leaders. If Chiang survives and remains in power, we may have full confidence that relations with foreign powers will be conducted with complete sincerity and the fullest desire to place China on the side of a stable and enduring world peace. I fully believe that there is no world leader today with higher ideals, a more practical and tactful approach, finer courage, and nobler resolve.

But we must recognize that no one remotely approaching the Generalissimo's stature has appeared. His removal would be a signal for the outbreak of clashing attitudes and interests which now are merely quiescent.

The communist question would be one of the first to emerge. The communists trust the general to keep whatever agreement they have made with him for the duration of the war. It is extremely doubtful whether they trust any other Chungking official.

The supporters of the rankest nationalism high in government circles, men who in the past have stooped to the falsest and basest propaganda to inflame and excite the easily herded populace, are already disclosing their designs for the future. The turning over to China of the Japanese navy after the defeat of Japan is being advocated, and the idea has been encouraged in Chinese circles in this country.

And for what purpose? It can be for none other than the nationalistic strengthening of China, for the *nationalistic* solution of *international* problems. With the slightest encouragement, or even without, this demand could easily become a propagandist slogan which might sweep China from one end to the other and precipitate a crisis no less serious than that of 1927.

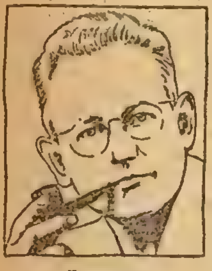
We are planning to return to China, because we are convinced that the future of the world depends upon the future of Christianity in China. Whatever our little contribution may be, we want to make it in China, where a little goes so far.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

JAMES STREET has woven his new novel, **By Valour and Arms,** around the story of the Arkansas, the ironclad that was built in the wilderness as the secret weapon of the Confederacy.



James Street

This is a full-dress historical novel, complete with battles, hairbreadth escapes, and romance—the kind of novel that Walter Scott wrote, and that he also described as "the big bowwow." But within this epic framework Mr. Street has placed a wealth of surprisingly delicate and sensitive miniatures. It's in his minor characters and in the least dramatic of his episodes that he displays his really distinctive talent.

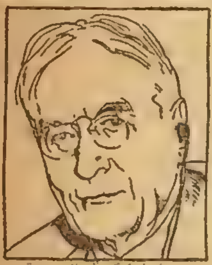
Gar Rivers, the loyal ugly-faced ex-slave who fought for the Confederacy because the South was his home, is one of the most memorable characters of recent fiction. Gar isn't the traditional Southern Negro of romantic novels, ready to run himself into a lather or to lay down his life at the drop of a hat for his beloved "massa." He is respectful, but self-respecting, too; reliable in an emergency, but with no ambition to be a martyr or a hero; so completely natural in everything he says and does that he seems to make a fine art of common sense. If every character in this book had the convincing reality of Gar, it would be a masterpiece.

Wyeth Woodward, the hero of the yarn, is a Missourian who doesn't believe in slavery but doesn't intend to have the political philosophy of the North forced down his throat at the point of a gun. Risking execution as a spy if captured, he buys iron from the Yanks and smuggles it through their lines for the building of the rebel man-of-war.

Mr. Street has evidently done an immense amount of research to provide authentic backgrounds for his people and events. The unpretentious way in which he has used this material, and the artistry with which he has drawn the character of Gar are the outstanding features of his long and very readable novel.

Published by the Dial Press, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.

BERNARD BARUCH, Park Bench Statesman, by Carter Field, is the success story of a man who made millions, then began to look around for his real job in life. This book won't teach any one how to become a millionaire, or how to divide his time between a park bench and a conference room in the White House. But for those with a taste for behind-the-scenes history it's full of nourishment.



Bernard Baruch

Mr. Field has met too many big shots in his day to grow starry-eyed over them, and he makes no exception of Mr. Baruch. Where others might be inclined to grow lyrical, as in telling of the financier's outstanding job of mobilizing industry in the last war, he is cautiously objective. This attitude is particularly noticeable in discussions of Mr. Baruch's philanthropies. In this case, it's likely that the subject of the biography did some hard-boiled editing.

Woodrow Wilson's nickname for Mr. Baruch would have made an equally apt title for this book. It was "Dr. Facts."

Published by Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price $3.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

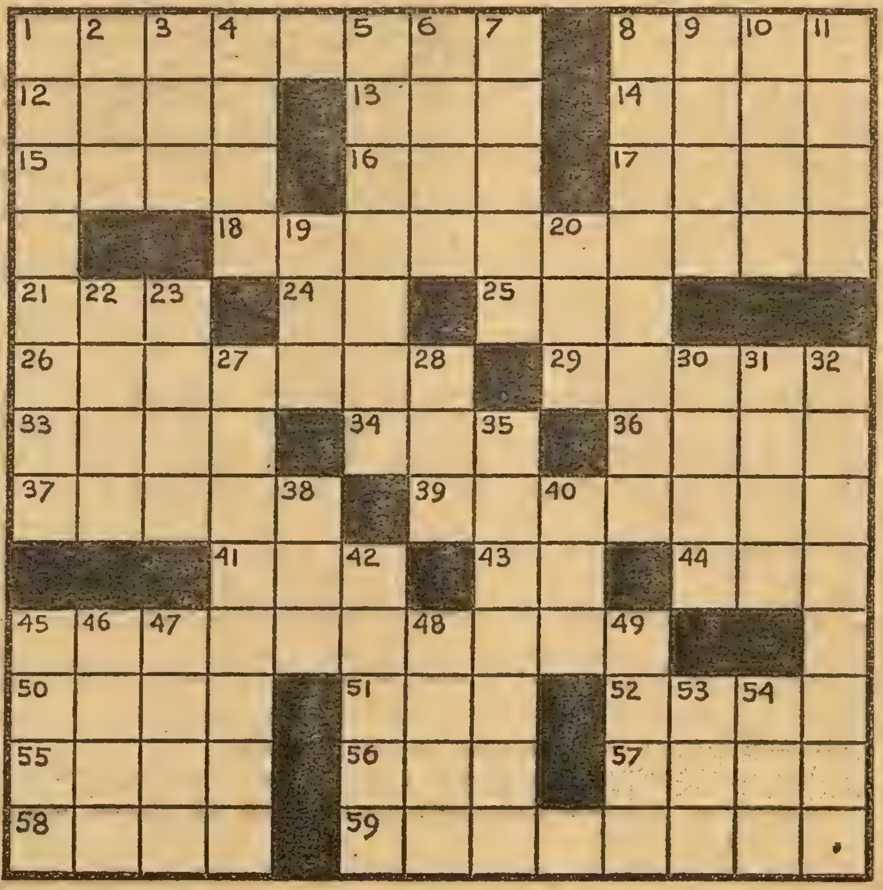
1 The weed pusley is called what? (colloq.)
8 Third money in a horse race is called what?
12 Which is the Deseret state?
13 The Scotch care a hoot for whom?
14 Fallen angel
15 What is Hollywood's Miss Horne's first name?
16 What prefix is opposite to post?
17 Name the war's most shameful battle
18 What's the psychiatrist's and opium eater's utopia?
21 For what common word is there no Latin equivalent?
24 What word's never used with neither?
25 A longing coin
26 What drinks are worth their weight in ghouls?
29 Wassermann's known for his famed what? (pl.)
33 On what canal is Rome situated?
34 Who's the chap with the sunny disposish?
36 Complete: —— steaks are —— these days!
37 The warm-up session in tennis is called a what?
39 What vegetable is it said cannot be buttered by soft words? (sing.)
41 According to the cynic, a radio comic is as funny as his what file?
43 What comes between a *fe* and a *fo fum*?
44 A water hole with vitamins is called a what?
45 The Chicago Bears are best known for their execution of the what?
50 *La Donna E Mobile* is a famous what?
51 Abraham's brother Haran's boy
52 Whom would you call Fala with a Hollywood contract?
55 Convalesce
56 When the umpire jerks his hand up over a ballplayer on the basepaths it means what?
57 The owl and the pussycat went to sea in a pea-green what?
58 What kind of dog could be called a push-faced floor mop?
59 A sphygmomanometer measures your blood what?

VERTICAL

1 Name a great American newspaper publisher—
2 —and an Indian tribe after whom a state was named
3 Hotfooted
4 What's known as fried paper of pins?
5 Coulombs are closely allied with whats in electricity?
6 Name a currently vanished American
7 Germans collectively
8 Grandma called woo pitchers what?
9 What we'll remove along with Hitler's head
10 A jaw-hacking dentist is called a what surgeon?
11 What kind of instruments are auctioneers and oboes?
19 What's king in French?
20 The Prohibition era was really terribly what?
22 What's Latin, or Greek, for hour?
23 What's the prolific Ludwig's first name?
27 What's the capital of Yugoslavia?
28 Caspar Milquetoast is really a milque what?
30 Complete from As You Like It: —— teeth, —— eyes, —— taste, —— everything
31 We're asked to ask ourselves if this what is necessary?
32 Eat pears anagrams what aloof word?
35 Name a notorious pirate
38 What vegetable is concealed in a Malay Peninsula kingdom?
40 Fred Astaire made a great hit flying down to where?
42 Name a lively-sounding piece of horsy music
45 If you smoke a pipe you constantly what?
46 What kind of Frenchman was a de Gaullist?
47 When a pig says a snoutful he says what?
48 Most cooks seem to have gone on an extended what these days?
49 Executes a pinchers movement, like a cop
53 What coin, anagramed, makes up into a great war work?
54 What's Britain's noblest guardian?

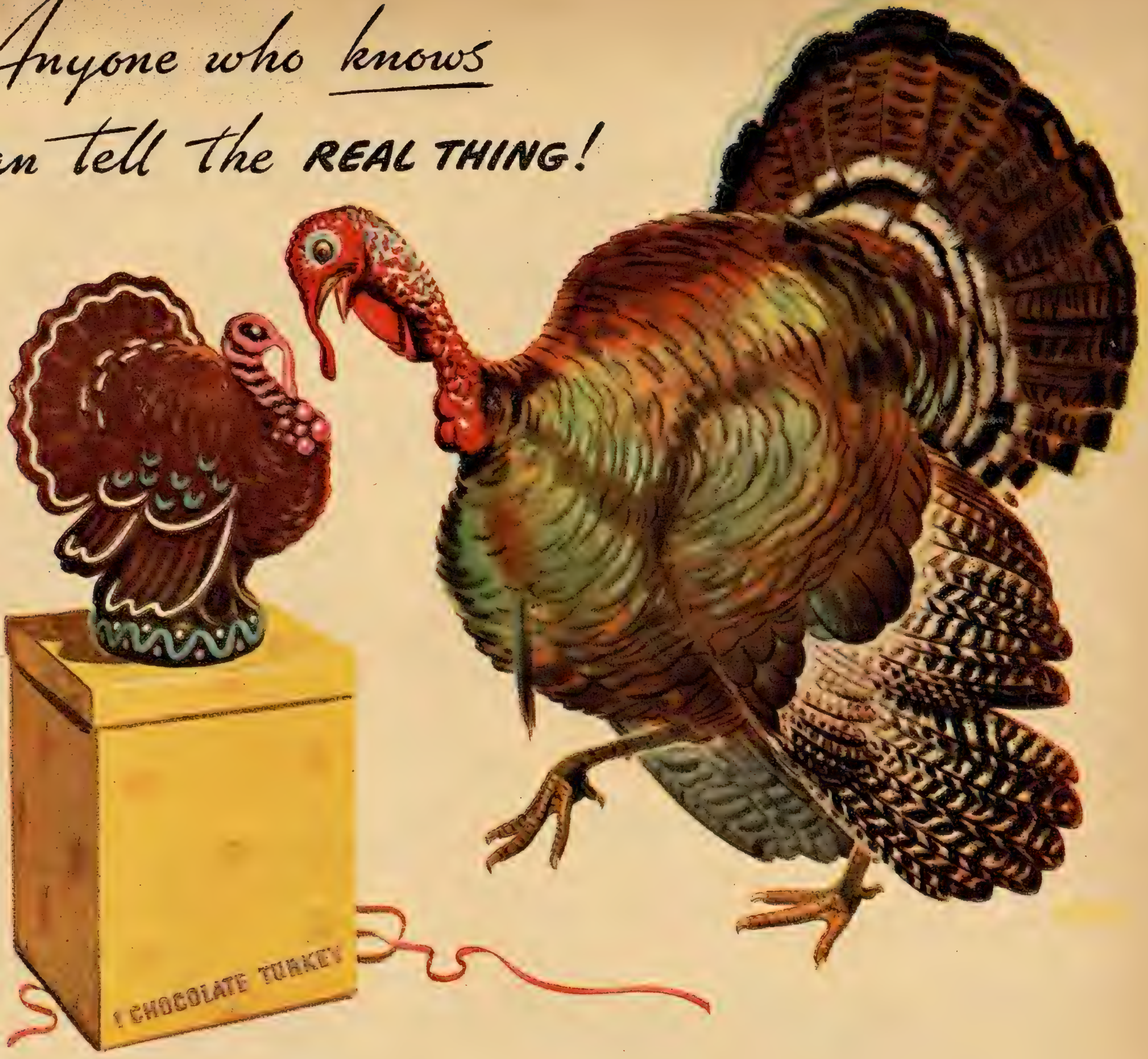
C	L	A	M	■	T	O	U	C	H	D	O	W	N	S
H	A	R	A	■	A	P	P	A	L	■	V	I	A	L
O	V	E	N	■	T	E	P	E	E	■	E	N	V	Y
P	A	N	T	S	■	R	E	S	■	T	R	E	Y	■
S	L	A	I	N	■	A	R	A	B	I	C	■	■	■
T	■	■	S	O	R	T	■	R	E	M	O	U	N	T
I	S	M	■	B	O	O	T	■	N	E	A	T	E	R
C	H	I	P	■	B	R	E	E	D	■	T	A	R	A
K	I	M	O	N	O	■	A	P	E	S	■	H	O	G
S	P	I	N	E	T	S	■	I	R	I	S	■	■	E
■	■	■	T	A	S	T	E	S	■	T	A	M	E	D
■	Z	O	O	P	■	R	L	O	■	S	W	A	M	I
H	E	R	O	■	W	I	L	D	E	■	Y	U	M	A
I	R	A	N	■	S	K	E	I	N	■	E	V	E	N
C	O	N	S	C	I	E	N	C	E	■	R	E	T	S

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Anyone who knows can tell the **REAL THING!**



This grumbling gobbler suggests what happens when our friends meet a substitute for Calvert whiskey.

They know Calvert is "the real thing." One taste tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence... a whiskey that can't be imitated! That's why the *preference* for Calvert never changes, no matter how many other whiskies may come along.

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Happily, a greater supply of this superlative whiskey is now available. So if you keep on asking for Calvert, chances are you'll *get* this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

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TO SAVE GASOLINE —KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Continued from Page 19

"Silly," said Clarabelle with a roguish tilt of her head.

"Beer for the proletariat," said Dutch.

"Say," said Quentin, "I think I'd like to try—"

"A beer," said Dutch.

"Yes," said Quentin doubtfully.

"Oh, are you two married?" Clarabelle asked.

"No," Quentin answered, "but we're engaged. With a ring."

"How nice!" Clarabelle exclaimed. "And I think those small diamonds are awfully cute, too."

The waiter came back, and Dutch drank a lot of beer very quickly. She put the glass down reluctantly and said in a fairly polite voice:

"I understand you and the Smaltz have ideas along the same line."

"Oh, that Terence," said Clarabelle. "he's so—so *persistent!*"

"There are worse faults," Dutch remarked.

"You bet," Quentin said solemnly. "Terence is a swell fellow."

"Aw," said Smaltz.

"Oh, I think he's awfully cute, too," Clarabelle said. "I do, *too*, Terence! Really! But do you know what he does, Dutch?"

"What?" Dutch asked.

"He gets *torpedoed!* Just one time right after the other. He's *always* getting torpedoed. I think there's something funny about that, don't you?"

"It's just killing," Dutch agreed.

"I mean funny peculiar. My father never got torpedoed, and he took lots and lots of trips right through the whole other war. He said there was no point in getting torpedoed. I think there must be something wrong about a person who does it all the time."

"Aw," said Smaltz.

"I *do*, Terence. Truly. I'm sorry, but when one is a girl like I am and is constantly receiving offers of marriage, then one must be very careful about making a choice that might lead to the *ruin* of her whole life. One must be absolutely *sure*, Terence."

"I'm sure," said Smaltz.

"But, you see, that's not the important thing. Oh, I only wish my father, the captain, were here. He was such a strong and successful man. Everyone trusted him so. When he retired and left the Barton Bellflower, the crew lined up and cried. Actually. He was so *dependable;* they felt lost without his hand at the helm."

"Barton," said Quentin. "Bellflower. Oh, yes. She was built in 1911 by Banner Brothers for the Rockaway Bay Refuse Disposal Company."

THERE was a quite dreadful silence.

"A garbage scow," said Smaltz slowly, at last.

"No," said Quentin, surprised. "Not a scow. A tug. It was one of the—"

Smaltz put his hands flat on the table and leaned on them. "Garbage!"

"It isn't true," said Clarabelle faintly.

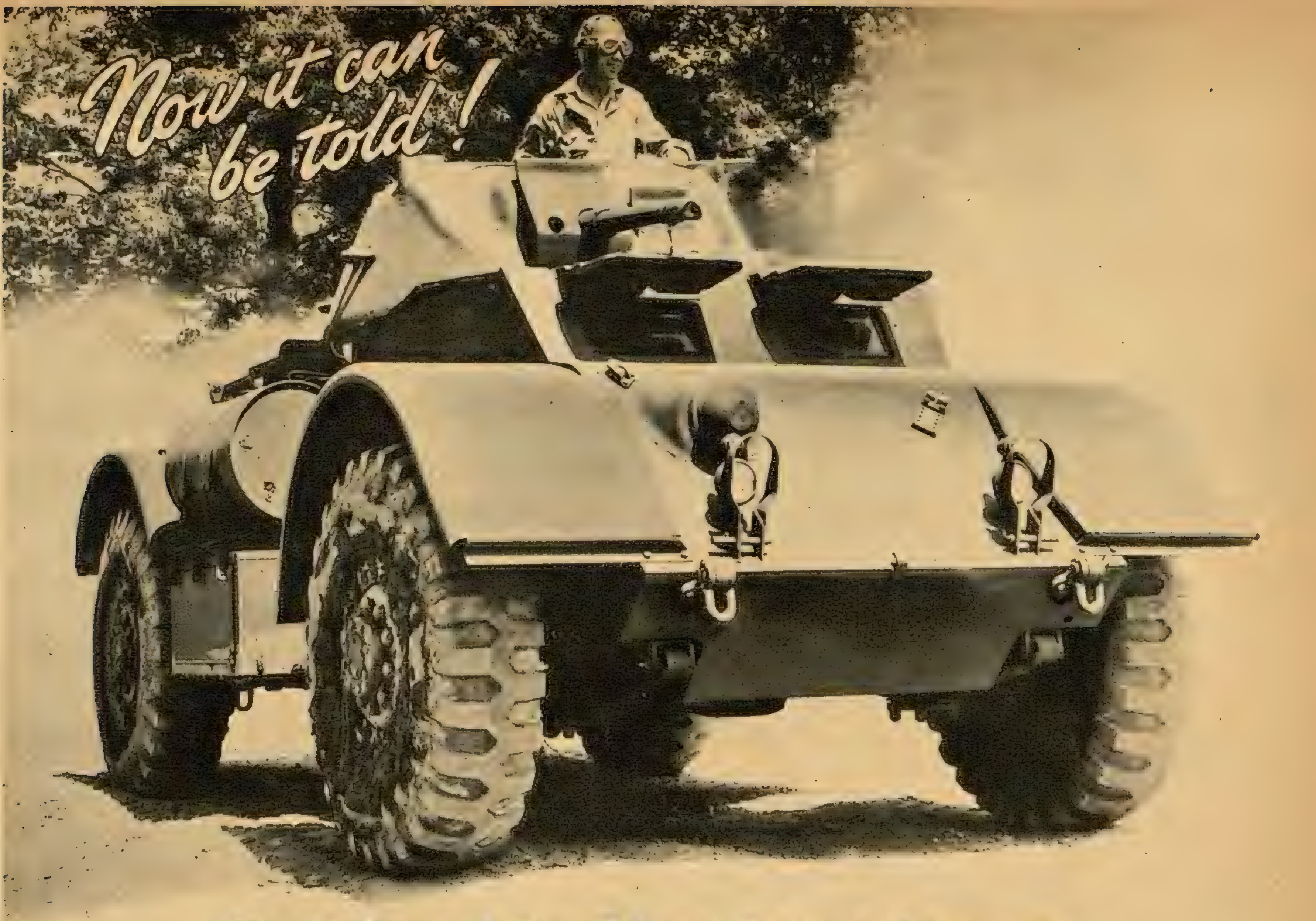
Smaltz let out his voice a couple of stops. "Look at him! He hasn't got sense enough to lie! And even if he had, why should he?"

"Ah-hu-hu!" said Clarabelle brokenly.

"Go ahead," Smaltz snarled. "Go ahead and blubber. See what good it does you. And he never got torpedoed! Why should he? You think the Germans got nothing better to do than to fertilize the bottom of Rockaway Bay?"

"T-Terence," said Clarabelle—"ah-hu-hu!"

(Continued on page 58)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★ ★ ★

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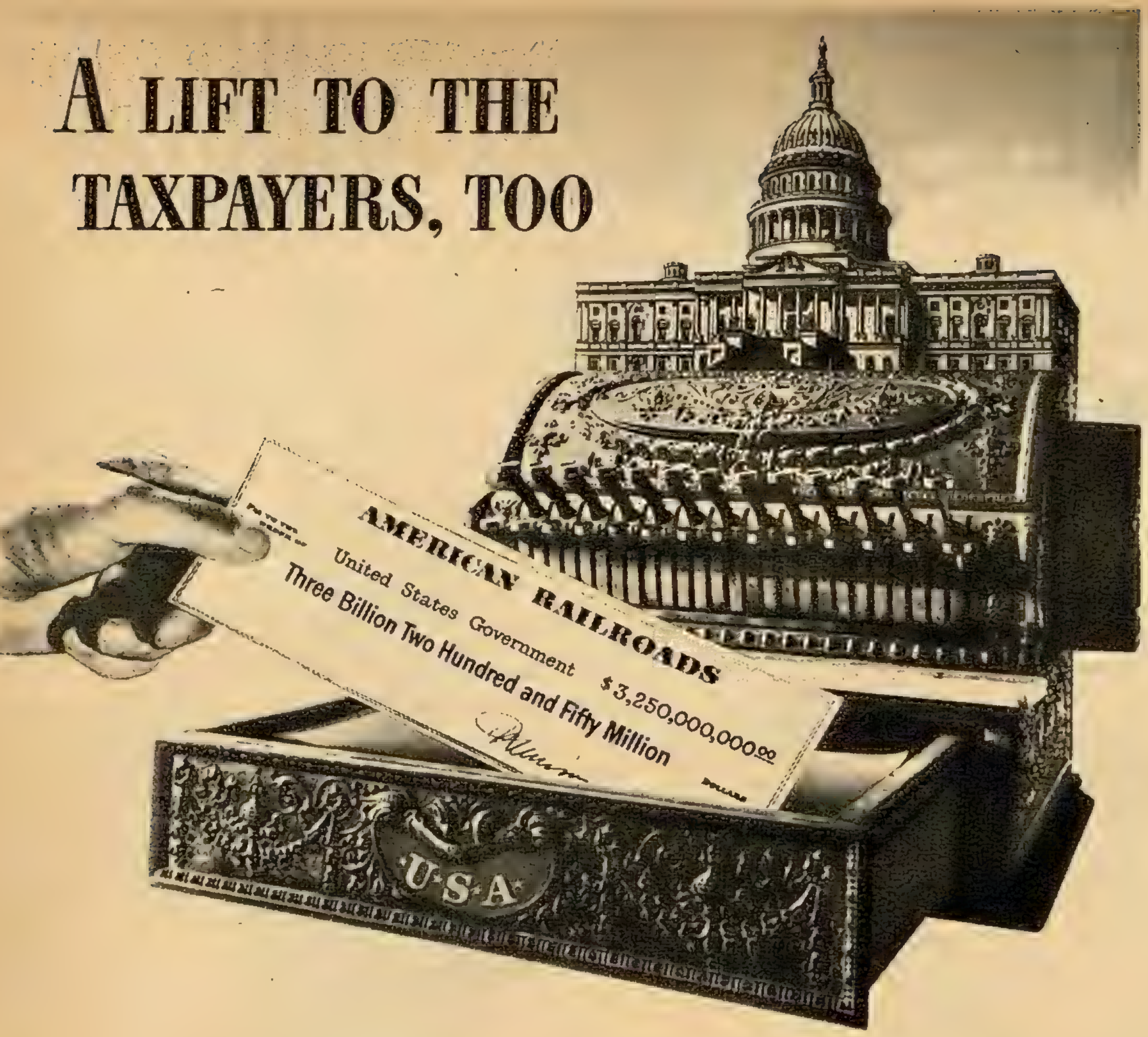
A trainload of Chevrolet-built armored cars bound for Europe. The British call them "Staghounds" because they're fast and maneuverable, and their "jettison" gas tanks give them a 500-mile range without refueling.

A LIFT TO THE TAXPAYERS, TOO



IN THIS WAR the railroads have done twice as big a transportation job as in the first World War.

But they are doing another job which may not be so well known, as is shown by these contrasting facts:

In the last war, the operation of the railroads took money out of the United States Treasury.

In this one, the railroads are putting money into the Treasury.

In the last war, when the Government took over the railroads, even though freight rates and passenger fares were raised, Congress had to appropriate $1,600,000,000 to meet deficits.

In this war, the railroads have been managed by their owners. A far bigger and better transportation job has been done. And, since Pearl Harbor, the railroads have turned into the United States Treasury the tremendous sum of $3,250,000,000 in taxes—and today are paying federal taxes at the rate of nearly $4,250,000 every 24 hours.

And, on top of all this, the railroads in the same months since Pearl Harbor have paid for the support of state, county and city governments another $750,000,000 and are today paying state and local taxes at the rate of $800,000 per day.

That's five million dollars a day paid in taxes — ten times as much as the owners receive in dividends.

ASSOCIATION OF
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Send Christmas Gifts before Dec. 1ST

AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

(Continued from page 56)

"And he never lost a passenger," said Smaltz, shifting into high. "What kind of passengers? Pigs? And he was a strong man, was he? I bet he anyway smelled that way!"

"Ooooooh!" Clarabelle wailed. "Ah-hu, ah-hu!"

"You got the brassbound nerve," said Smaltz, rattling the glasses on the back bar, "to compare a deep-water mate with a garbage-scow skipper? You know what I say to your old man, and especially to you? Blah! Did you get that? *Blah!*"

He made for the front door, leaving dents in the floor.

"Ooooooh!" said Clarabelle. "Ah-hu! He's going to *leave* me!"

"Gee!" said Quentin, awed.

"What'll I do-o-o?" Clarabelle sobbed.

"You're a little dated, dearie," Dutch told her with the merest trace of sympathy. "The rest of us dropped that hard-to-get act long before Pearl Harbor. If you don't want to lose what looks like it might be a fair-to-middling husband, you'd better run awfully fast and cry awfully loud and sing awfully small. And you'd better hurry. There's a taxi stand two blocks down the street."

CLARABELLE scrambled. But she had time enough, when she got halfway to the door, to turn around and come right back again and slap Quentin neatly on the mouth.

"Hey!" said Quentin, flabbergasted.

Dutch sputtered a little in her beer, watching Clarabelle's exit.

"Hey," said Quentin in an injured tone, "what did she go and do that for?"

"Dear," said Dutch in a kindly voice, "if you were running around on a catwalk carrying a bag of cement and decided to light a cigarette, wouldn't you sort of look below before you dropped the sack?"

"I wouldn't be carrying cement on a catwalk," Quentin told her. "And if I was, I wouldn't drop it. Cement is expensive. Sometimes you say the silliest things, Dutch."

"Yes, dear," said Dutch. "Drink the beer now."

"Well, she shouldn't have hit me like that," said Quentin. "After we helped her, too."

"Come, come," said Dutch. "Time presses."

Quentin followed her out.

"I'll drive," Dutch said, opening the door of Quentin's neat convertible and sliding under the steering wheel.

They drove several blocks north of there, and then Dutch stopped the car at the curb in front of a house that had a light on the porch.

"Here we are."

Quentin felt for the door handle. "O. K. I'll just— This isn't where you live, is it?"

"No," Dutch answered. "It's the residence of a party named Throckley. The Reverend Throckley."

"Oh," said Quentin. "Friend of yours?"

"Not a friend. A business acquaintance. Now try hard, dear. This is Friday the eighteenth. Does that date mean anything in particular to you?"

"Friday," Quentin repeated thoughtfully, "the eighteenth. Say! That's the day we were going to be married!"

"Not were," Dutch corrected. "Are."

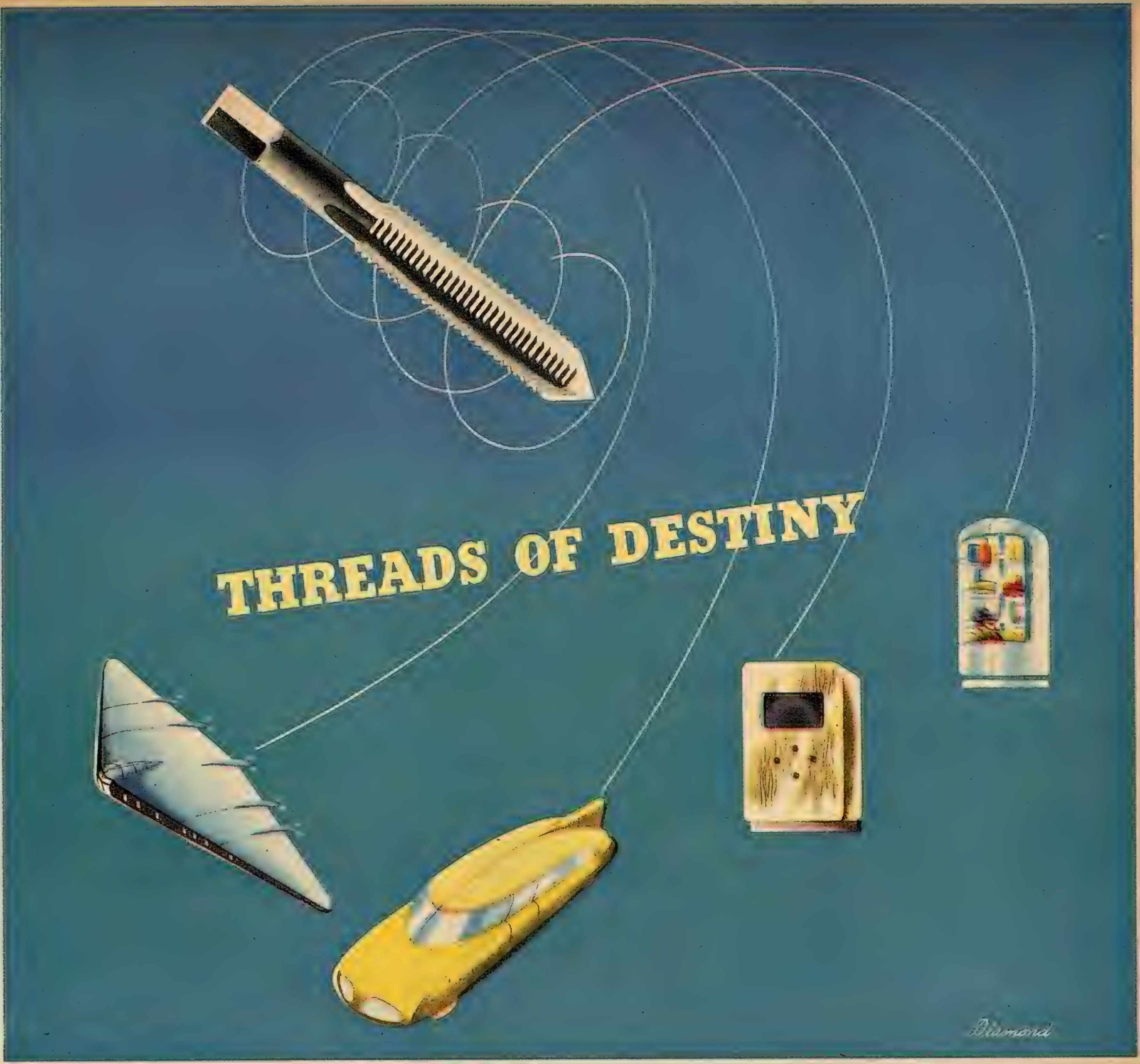
Quentin started to count on his fingers. "Monday was the thirteenth—"

Dutch slapped his hands. "Stop that! Are you going to marry me or not?"

"Well, certainly I am," said Quentin. "I just didn't think—"

"Don't bother to start at this late date," Dutch ordered. "I'll handle that end of it. You just concentrate on answering the man's questions—correctly."

THE END



THE THREADS on which the destiny of a free nation depends are now creating the machines of war which will bring America new greatness.

These strong steel threads which are helping make tanks, planes, P.T. Boats in enemy-crushing volumes will soon be devoted to Peace. Autogiro taxi cabs, message-taking telephones, television, to mention a few possible developments, will raise our living standards to undreamed-of heights.

This is the post-war era for which all America fights and works...an era of traditional Freedom of Enterprise, Freedom of Initiative, and Freedom of Competition . . . a new epoch of happiness and security that approaches the Utopian.

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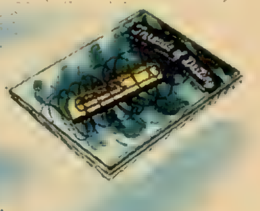
Send for your free copy of "Threads of Destiny," a new booklet tracing the development of the machine screw thread. Please make your request on your company letterhead.



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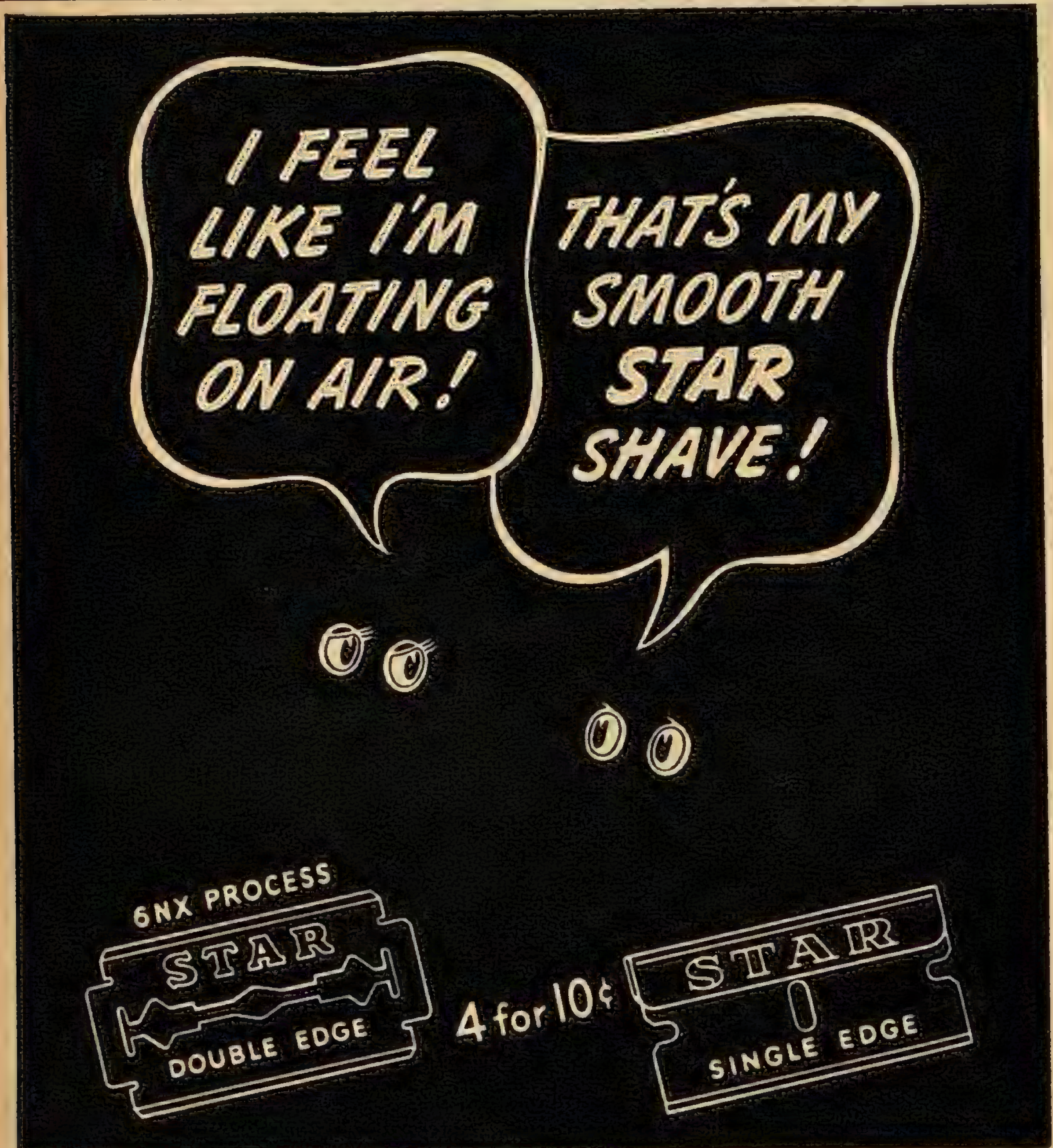
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THAT'S MY SMOOTH STAR SHAVE!
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STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
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SINGLE EDGE

THE PRIVATE WAR OF FLAIRWING FOUR

Continued from Page 29

forecast the weather, and named the hour of take-off. Now they were waiting for reports from the pilots—waiting the hard way. The commodore, for instance, knew the weather map by heart, yet he kept crossing his office for another look at it, and shaking his head at what he saw. Gehres is a wind-tanned giant of a man, a former Pensacola stunt pilot and an old-time command pilot in the Aleutians.

"Look at that lousy weather," he said in an anguished rumble. "Warm air mass up from the south, cold air mass down from the pole, low-pressure areas all over the place, and plain hell in the middle. Isobars so close together you can't count them. It looks like the map of an explosion."

I asked him how it was out where the planes were.

"It's all right out there," he admitted. "But there could be a wind shift. There could be ice in that circus shield. That's the way it is up here—anything can happen. We get enough weather between here and Paramushiro to supply the rest of the world, and I wish the rest of the world had it."

He was really sweating the mission out.

GEHRES organized the Bats in 1943. Here's why: The Kuriles are a long chain of half-submerged volcanic peaks strung across the entrance to the Sea of Okhotsk. They form a screen of strategic outposts reaching 600 miles northward from the big island of Hokkaido to the tip of the Kamchatkan peninsula. These islands are bleak and inhospitable, swept by violent storms, but they are important because they guard the northern approaches to the Japanese homeland. As long as Japan holds them she can maintain control of the air on her northern flank, and this gives her security there.

When Kiska and Attu fell last year, our bombing front automatically was extended westward to the Kuriles, and an immediate reconnaissance of the island chain became imperative. We needed to know as much about the Kuriles as the Japanese themselves knew. We needed maps, strength estimates, weather information. We needed data regarding shipping routes and storage depots. We needed to know the location and size of the enemy's garrisons, outposts, and air strips.

Three young Ventura jockeys of Fleet Airwing Four, or Flairwing Four, as it's called, came up with a plan for obtaining this information. They were Lieutenant R. A. MacGregor of Olney, Illinois; Lieutenant B. M. Birdsall of Pomona, California; and Lieutenant T. R. McKelvey of Los Angeles, California.

Flairwing Four had been sending its Catalina seaplanes over the Kuriles on photographic missions, but this eager trio of lieutenants wanted to take over the job with land-based Venturas. They wanted to use Venturas because this plane is sufficiently fast and maneuverable to give a man a chance against Zero night fighters, whereas the Catalina is not. With maximum fuel load, they pointed out earnestly, the Ventura has range enough for the job, with maybe a few miles left over for a margin of safety. The fact that they would be flying the longest overwater combat missions of the war, in the dead of winter and in the world's worst weather, was a mere detail in their plan.

They got their equipment together and laid out a trial course, approximately the

(Continued on page 62)

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King's Treasure

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Many war plants use VERD-A-RAY; one such plant reporting in a trade paper that hospital treated headaches were reduced 69.13%, hospital treated minor accidents were reduced 54%, and 357 productive manhours were saved in one department in one month after proper installation of this new "glareless" lamp.

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SEE YOUR DEALER
OR WRITE TODAY
VERD-A-RAY
CORPORATION
TOLEDO 5, OHIO

(Continued from page 60)

distance between Aleutian bases and Paramushiro, and on the first clear night they made their run. They returned with an excellent set of pictures, and reported that the Venturas had performed splendidly. The commodore, enthusiastic but not yet convinced, sent them out for another trial run. When they completed this one successfully, Gehres was satisfied. He organized the Bats, sent them to their base with Steve in command, and told them to go ahead and bomb and photograph the Japs to their hearts' content.

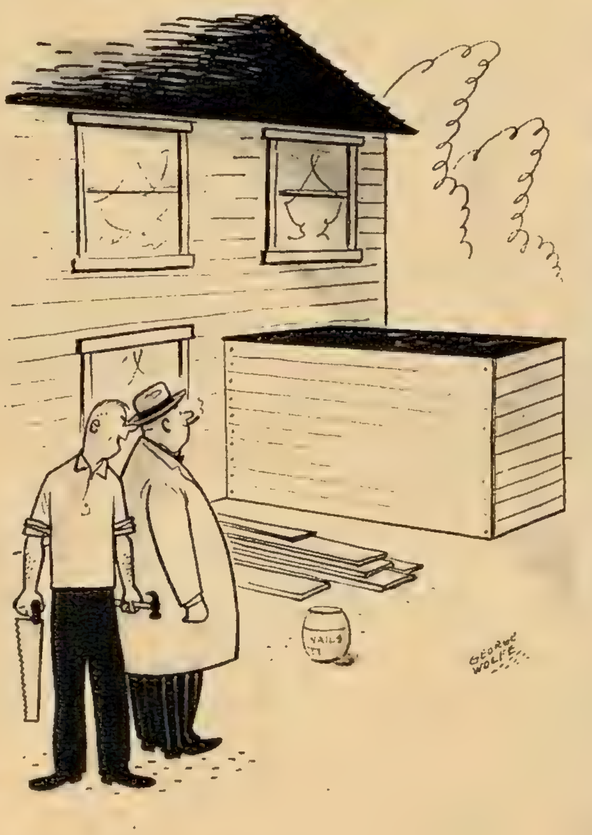
Since then, whenever they have had flying weather, the Bats have been over the northern Kuriles. They never know in advance when they will be called to fly a mission. Steve himself doesn't know until he receives his orders from Gehres. Their take-offs invariably are after dark, often in fog, rain, or snow squalls.

TONIGHT the weather gave them a break. For twenty-four hours a blizzard had howled in from the ocean, but around six o'clock in the evening it abated, and Steve received orders for a midnight take-off. The great snow-laden sea wind had piled huge drifts against the hangars, but snow plows had cleared the field. The bombers crawled out of the darkness, their exhaust flares throwing fantastic blue shadows on the snow, and service trucks moved alongside to pump a last few gallons of fuel into the tanks.

Motor thunder shook the frozen ground as the pilots ran their engines up, checking the instruments. You could see them in the dark narrow cockpits. They looked small and lonely in the big planes against the great backdrop of the white Attu peaks, cold and massive in the black sky. The whole scene was unreal, like something out of a movie. You had to remind yourself it was the beginning of an attack, that these men were aerial killers.

Steve led the flight off the field. His engines bellowed and the plane moved down the runway, a swift dark shape in the high blizzard thrown up by the props. Then it was hidden by the snow. Everybody was tense, trying to wish the heavily loaded plane off the ground for him. A long moment passed; then we saw his tail-light, a white pin point against the black night. It lifted above the swirling snow, climbing fast, and swung out across the bay toward Asia. The other planes fol-

(Continued on page 64)



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AND REMEMBER—NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS!

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Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Follow label directions. *Well worth trying!*

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

(*Continued from page 62*)

lowed in quick succession. The field lay white and empty.

We went back to the command hut and the sweating-out ordeal began. We drank coffee and played darts and listened to the radio. Tension built up. Every man in this closely organized, tightly knit outfit felt a personal responsibility for the mission—mechanics for the engines, weathermen for the forecast, ordnance men for the performance of guns and bombs, headquarters for the over-all planning. So we stayed up, and kept checking with Weather, and drank coffee and tried to read, and waited for the telephone to ring.

At ten o'clock in the morning we went out to the tower. It was a somber, overcast morning, with a cold rain slanting down and surf booming sullenly on the beach. The planes were somewhere out over the ocean, coming in on the beam. The enlisted men on duty in the tower were nervous because there was a lot of static and they had been unable to contact all the pilots. Lieutenant Al Neal of Pittsburgh, Steve's executive, was drumming his fingers on the desk, staring out to sea. Suddenly he raised his hand, pointing.

"Here they come!"

The pilots were too tired to buzz the field. They brought the lean battle-gray planes in fast for a cross-wind landing. We counted them and checked their numbers. One was missing—Steve's plane. An enlisted man started to say something, but changed his mind. Neal put on his sheepskin parka and I followed him down the ladder to the jeep. At the head of the strip, the pilots and crew members were getting into trucks. Technicians were waiting to take charge of the cameras.

"How was it?" Neal asked Lieutenant McKelvey.

"It was cold," said McKelvey. "It was damned cold."

I wanted to ask about Steve, but Neal hadn't, and so I didn't.

FIVE minutes later we heard a plane. It was out over the bay, coming in low and hot. That was the way Steve always came in. We watched it break out of the fog, level off, and drift in to a sweet wheel landing. It was No. 30, Steve's plane. We were beside it in the jeep when it turned into the taxi way, and Old Steve waved at us from the cockpit. He gunned his port motor as he headed into a revetment, and looked back and grinned as the blast of snow hit the jeep. Neal and I laughed because we felt swell. The Bats were home again.

In the jeep, driving up to headquarters, Steve and Red Welsh told us what had happened to them. After they got out of the lights over Suribachi, williwaws had bounced them around, taking them down a thousand feet and then tossing them up into the clouds again. Then, suddenly, the faulty fuel system had begun functioning. They still didn't know what had been wrong with it, but apparently the stress and jar of the tossing around had started the fuel flowing through the lines again. Steve said it was because he was a lucky guy. But he admitted the two best sights he had ever seen in his life were the sun coming up over the ocean this morning and then the gray, snowy landfall of Attu.

"What was it you were going to tell me about that kid of yours?" Red Welsh asked.

"Didn't I finish that?" Steve said, counterfeiting surprise. "Well, when his mother picked him up, Randy said he had been playing he was flying in the Aleutians—and everybody knew a pilot flying in the Aleutians couldn't see anything on account of the fog."

THE END

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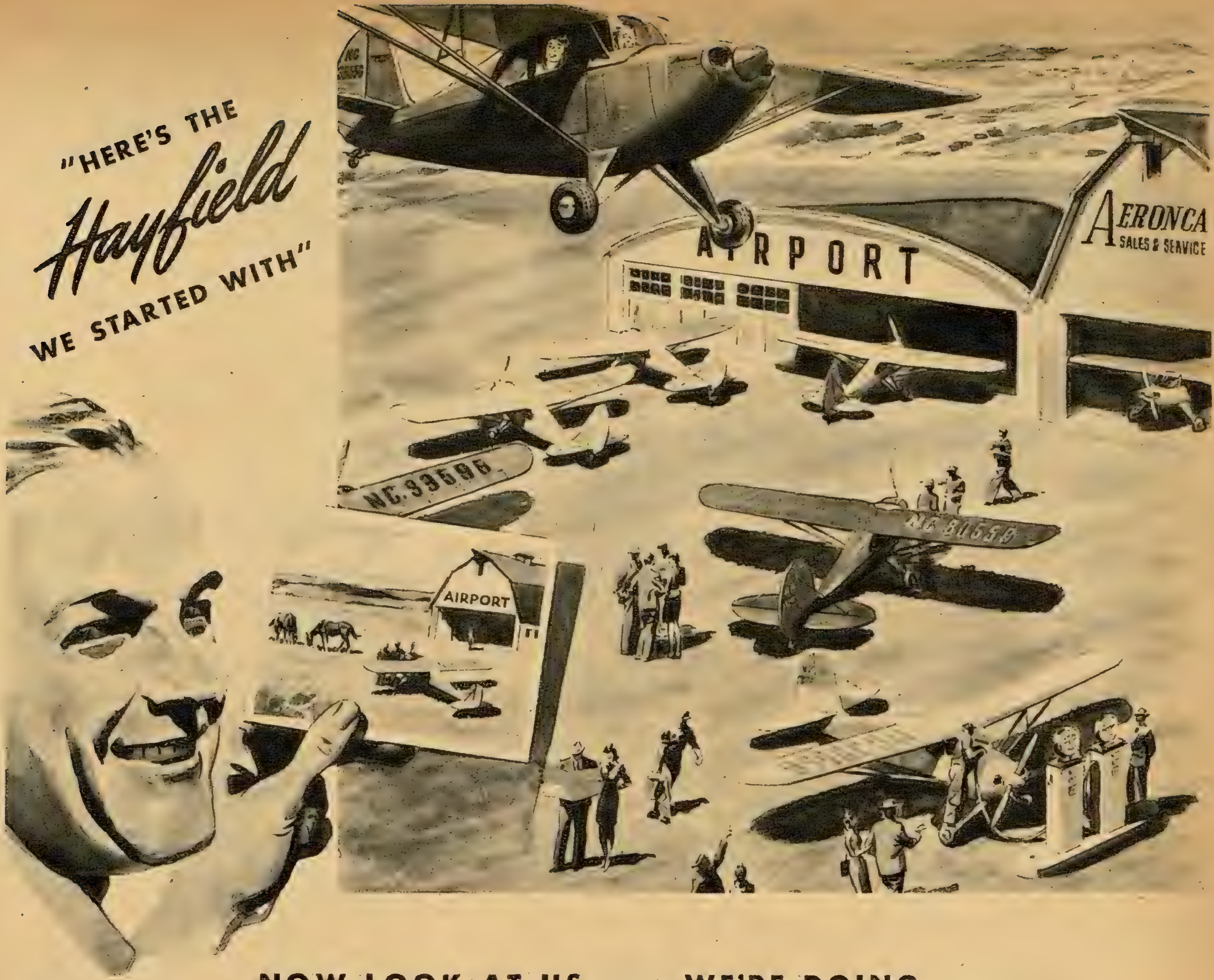

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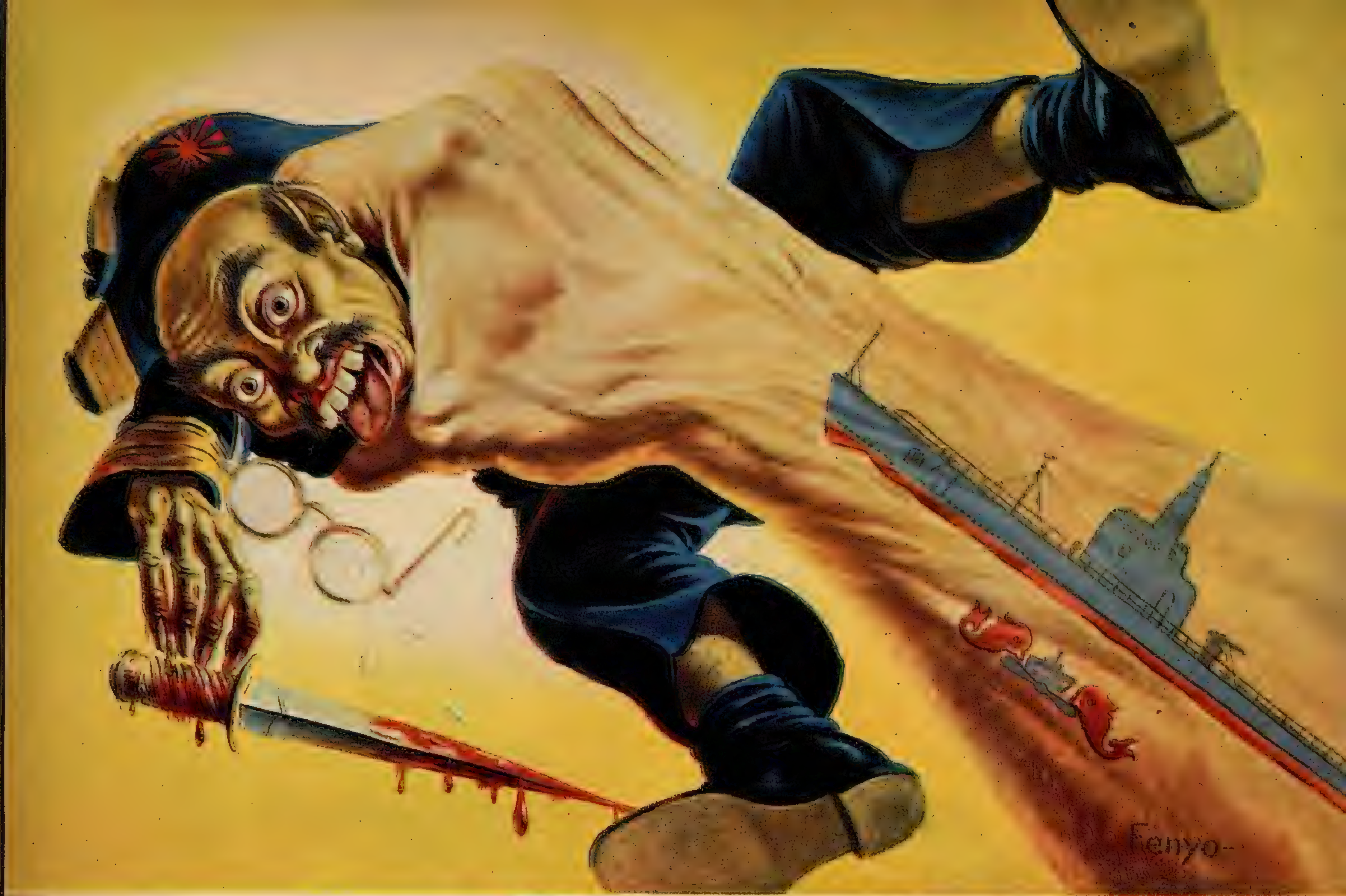

STRANGLE HOLD

. . . BY THE DEEP SEA ARM

IN the sad early days of the war when our fleet lay bleeding in Pearl Harbor,

. . . when a pagan and treacherous enemy spilled out of his homeland and overwhelmed the rich and peaceful islands of the South Seas, filling a shuddering world with horror,

. . . when our stunned and outnumbered forces retreated before him,

. . . even then, when our cause looked dark indeed, U. S. submarines began to exact their secret toll of Jap ships.

Transports, heavy with Nip troops flushed with the pride of conquest, disappeared from the face of the deep. Formidable enemy warships—aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers were stalked and sunk.

Our fleet of submarines, small at the time, but manned by free men animated by a hot and righteous anger, wrought deeds of defensive warfare that will live in history.

Now the tide of war has changed. The swollen, stolen yellow empire is shrinking.

Sleek U. S. submarines that once so effectively covered our retreat are now in far greater numbers spearheading our assault. The tally of their sinkings now stands at 761. And it has been announced by the very highest naval official source that—

"Submarines deserve the lion's share of the credit for knocking the props from under Japan's conquest."

No one weapon nor any single nation, would presume to claim all the glory that will come to the team of fighting nations and weapons after victory is won. But, for the opportunity we have had to build so many of the submarines now in the U. S. Navy, we are grateful and proud.

E.B.Co.
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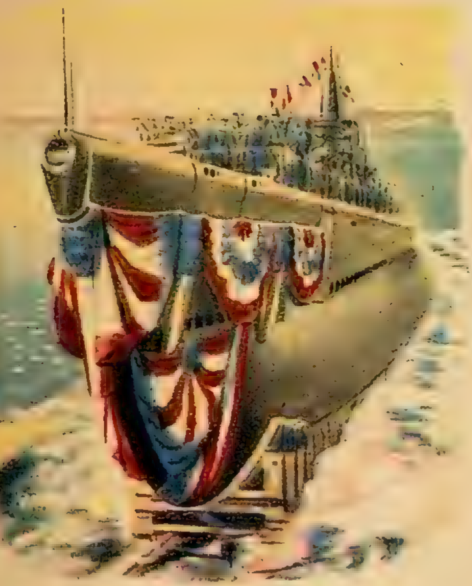

SKILL IS A TRADITION

The submarine service has been an indispensable arm of the U. S. Navy since 1900. After Pearl Harbor, when the call came suddenly and without warning for large numbers of additional subs to strangle Jap supply lines, Electric Boat was ready with skill and craftsmanship that had become traditional during 45 years of continuous submarine manufacture. That same skill, streamlined by heavy production demands, is now at its peak of efficiency to keep subs sliding down the ways for victory and postwar security.

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THE JOB OF PROVIDING JOBS

Continued from Page 17

to dig in and carry our nation forward to its potential peacetime heights. Even the most optimistic among our planners agree that some unsettlement, some suffering will be inevitable. As a matter of fact, we already have had an introduction to what happens when a war contract is unexpectedly canceled, when the need for armaments disappears. False hopes can be as disastrous to us when this war ends as false confidence almost was on December 7, 1941.

Surely, the government has been setting up machinery by the ton-load to ease the transition of our armed forces to normal civilian life. But machinery by itself cannot "make" jobs. It simply helps the soldier, the sailor, or the marine get one that exists.

Industrialists have been forming committees by the dozen to survey the employment outlook and recommend specific steps in each community. But committees by themselves cannot supply millions of men and women with the work they need to live in dignity and pride. They simply help publicize action that may be taken.

Labor unions have been designing contracts and clauses by the hundreds to protect the servicemen's seniority, pay schedule, competitive status. But union agreements alone cannot solve the problem. They simply aid in preventing possible misunderstandings and future arguments.

MUCH has been done and is being done by all sources on tomorrow's jobs, but —and this is the point that cannot be overstressed—automatic full employment in a democracy still is a dream, a catch phrase good for an oration but not for an evening's meal. Whether Joe and Jim and Jane have jobs in an independent, free America after this war will depend, fundamentally, on industry's ability to keep its wheels rolling at a fast pace to supply our long-pent-up desires for familiar goods and new inventions. And that ability, in turn, will rest on your willingness and mine to spend our earnings and savings to buy the goods produced and thus give industry the essential incentive and confidence. It's mighty easy to say, but in those two sentences lies the clue to our economic destiny.

"It is our definite promise that after the war we will provide jobs for 25 per cent more employees than we now have," declared the Gallowhur Chemical Corporation of Vermont recently. So positive is Gallowhur of the market for its sun-tan lotions and other products that it is ready to pledge a one-quarter increase in its payroll. The company is not unique in this viewpoint or planning of course. Fortunately there are hundreds of others, bigger and smaller, working along the same lines, for this is the sort of thinking that really will lift us to full employment.

But the director of another concern remarked, in answer to my question about his postwar job plans: "Our plans are in the formative stage only, although we intend to co-operate fully with authorized agencies in meeting the problem of returning veterans." This corporation, one of the biggest utilities in the country, is following a policy of "watchful waiting" even on the task of re-employing veterans. It's not unique, either. Unfortunately, there are even more companies in its classification that are cynically holding back to see in what direction America moves be-

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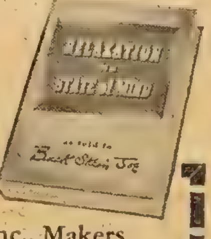
Buck Skein Joe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fore they take action. This is the sort of lazy, uninspired thinking that could lead us directly into a chaotic transition period.

A few weeks ago I sat in the New York office of the Committee for Economic Development, that nation-wide group of liberal industrialists which has been trying for nearly two years to awaken business men to the urgent need for peacetime job planning. I was talking with two of the CED's officials about the results of their coast-to-coast survey of employment opportunities, when suddenly one banged his fist on the desk and virtually shouted:

"It's our last chance to justify our way of doing business! If industry fails to keep people employed this time, if it lets another depression overtake us, I wouldn't blame Americans for turning to Washington for the answer. If we go back to the 1940 level of production, it might mean nineteen million unemployed! We can't expect people to have faith in a system that offers them no sense of belonging.

"What we must develop today," he went on, "is industrial statesmanship."

HE hit the heart of the job problem in that outcry. Either private industry and business offer Joe and Jim and Jane a job at a decent wage when peace comes, or Joe and Jim and Jane well may seek elsewhere for at least minimum security. The "elsewhere" could mean only "Washington," and that security could imply only "made-up" jobs, strict control of all enterprise, more government regulation of our lives than we've ever known. It's sobering to realize that peace will bring the most severe test of our democracy, our capitalistic way of life, in our history!

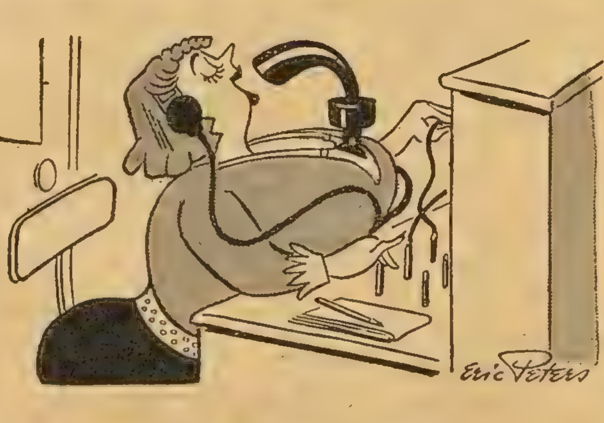
If government is to take over in order to give millions food, shelter, and clothing, then there's little point in even finding out what individual Americans are planning on their own, and this report can end right here. But we've not given up, so far. On the contrary, perhaps one of the most heartening signs about us today is industry's general recognition of the crisis ahead, its multitude of preparations to justify continued freedom—in short, its anxiety to let the fruit stores monopolize the sale of apples.

As I checked on the postwar job outlook throughout the country, I found farsighted men and women in every region working together to discover what their community might produce after the war, how many employees it might absorb, how many new jobs it had to develop to handle the labor surplus. In such cities as Beaumont, Texas, plans have reached the point where industrialists pledge jobs to 35 per cent more workers than in 1940 and a weekly payroll 55 per cent greater than in the last prewar year. In Peoria, Illinois, the machinery already is geared to providing returning servicemen with vocational training, job guidance, and, finally, the positions they want. In Birmingham, Alabama, the Servicemen's Placement Advisory Board has been operating with a heart-warming degree of success for months. In some areas I found the Chamber of Commerce or the CED shouldering the burden. In others, a local manufacturers' group was in the lead. In still more, labor unions were collecting essential data and apparently conferring on the friendliest terms with employers in the hope of achieving the one common goal.

And from South Bend and Mishawaka, twin cities in northern Indiana, came the report that the employment total when peace returns would be 22 per cent above the prewar level. From Wichita, Kansas, I received the forecast that jobs would mount 31 per cent above 1940 level. Predictions of increases from 18 to 20 per cent came from Richmond, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Philadelphia. For every 100 men employed in Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth in 1940, 120 men will find jobs in the postwar period, the CED's representatives there say. And so the reports went, with even uncertain areas looking forward to a job average far above 1940.

ALL these hopeful forecasts take on brilliant meaning next to the magnitude of the postwar employment problem. The boys are coming back from the armed services now at the rate of 75,000 a month, but that's just a trickle. The way things shape up, we'll have to supply 9,000,000 to 10,000,000 more jobs when peace returns than we had altogether in the peak prewar year of 1940! To pretend to a condition of prosperity, we'll have to employ 55,000,000 against a 46,000,000 total then.

And that's a minimum. It even may be too conservative, for it takes into account that 2,500,000 will remain in the armed services, figures on countless thousands of women going back home, more thousands of boys returning to school, more older workers choosing to retire. These are multimillion statistics, sure—but you don't need any help in translating them



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

WHOPPERATOR: The Amazon at the switchboard.

HALFADAVIT: Sworn but torn.

DEARTHWORMS: No bait.

HELLPER: The devil's assistant.

COMPLIMEANT: Praise really intended.

PUCKET: Where the hockey referee carries the rubber disk.

EXPANTS: Discarded roomy trousers.

HEXPURGATE: To get rid of a witch.

2NA: A double catch.

CONGLIMMERATION: A cluster of feeble lights.

into terms of you and your family. Somehow those of us who remember 1932 have learned to think in terms of millions when we hear the words "jobs wanted."

And just to add the final touch, at the moment when we'll be grappling with this Herculean challenge, our government, the biggest buyer of goods in the world, will be fading from the market. So let's face it. We couldn't be up against a more difficult task.

The pitiful inadequacy of "machinery" alone shines through now. Admittedly, there is a G. I. Bill of Rights, which entitles veterans to mustering-out pay, educational facilities, easy-interest loans. By law, a serviceman is guaranteed his old job or unemployment insurance of $20 a week to a maximum of fifty-two weeks. The Selective Service System, the Veterans' Administration, the U. S. Employment Service, the Federal Security Agency, the War Manpower Commission, and handfuls of other federal, state and local agencies are laboring furiously on demobilization. But the entire basis of our elaborate official set-up is that private industry shall offer most of the jobs.

Even more important, our servicemen don't want to come back to unemployment insurance, no matter how generous, or to building public works, no matter how beautiful. It's nice to know that President Roosevelt has a super-highway project that will take a decade or two to complete and that will provide direct and indirect employment for 2,000,000. But the worker on a super-highway can't dream of opening up his own "highway project" some day. It's comforting to hear that New York is planning large-scale municipal housing, California is blueprinting new hospitals, Pennsylvania is working on 175 airports, Idaho is scheming to reclaim arid lands. But the jobs to be made by these programs aren't what the boys are hoping for, either. As my brother on the Italian front wrote me only a few days ago, "It'll be a helluva note if the boys here fighting Nazis for $50 a month come back to a government dole instead of a real job. Look out, if that happens! They won't stand for it." And the same goes for the non-veteran worker who hasn't any special privileges awaiting him, and who, if he can't find a job after the war, has only the federal-state unemployment compensation system on which to rely.

THE one answer, then, outside of a government control which is repugnant to us, is a vigorous, active nation producing at full speed. Only then will there be real jobs, existing not just to keep people busy but to accomplish something. Only then will we have pay checks upon which each of us can build an independent, dignified future.

But there is a factor in this rapidly developing struggle that may give us faith in our power to come through. And that's the immense piled-up demand all over the globe for everything ranging from pencil sharpeners to automobiles. We've the machinery to produce the goods wanted. You and I have the cash saved to buy them. And in the capitals of the world, arrangements are being made as these words are written to facilitate our selling surplus supplies abroad.

Since early 1942, about 600 articles using iron and steel haven't been produced. There's an accumulated demand for 23,000,000 radios, 7,200,000 clocks, 10,300,000 electric irons, 4,500,000 toasters, 3,500,000 vacuum cleaners. It's estimated that 7,000,000 married couples are just waiting for the day when they can set up housekeeping—and you know what that means in new purchases. It's figured that you and I have saved $75,000,000,000 in the last three years and we now have twice as much ready cash and money in the bank as we had before the war began. When peace comes, we may be spending $10,000,000,000 a year on housing, may be driving 33,000,000 cars. And these astronomical statistics don't even consider what we'll be turning out for the devastated lands of Europe and the Orient.

This is our hope, then. And on this basis it's figured that manufacturing concerns will employ at least 2,400,000 more people than in 1940; that the construction industry will take on 1,600,000 additional workers; that the so-called services will absorb 1,500,000 of us; that agriculture will need 1,000,000; trade, distribution, and finance, 500,000; transportation, 400,000; utilities, 200,000; mining, 100,000; miscellaneous, 20,000. Another 3,000,000 veterans and war workers may go into business for themselves with the aid of government-guaranteed loans or their own savings.

It's easy, of course, to talk just in millions and let it go at that. But as I went from company to company and interviewed industrialists, I did find that many were making plans that give reality to the story. American Telephone & Telegraph, for instance, intends to spend more than a billion dollars and to expand itself by one third so it can meet the unprecedented demand for "the things of peace." General Motors Corporation says that when it gets back to peacetime production, it'll employ 400,000 against a 1939 peak of 201,000. Toledo Scale reveals it will enter five new fields and expects to boost its sales 250 per cent. United Air Lines, which now employs twice as many people as in 1941, reports it's ready to keep all these and absorb many more. White Motor Company places its postwar job goal at 7,000, compared with 4,500 before. Pullman's invention of a new railroad dining car that looks like a glorified night club is going to keep a lot of workers busy. American Can's ideas for improving its postwar product spell pay checks for thousands.

Will we have jobs? After making this survey, I feel better about the prospects than I did a month ago, but I recognize even more deeply how great a tussle we have ahead. And, fundamentally, whether we win the struggle against peacetime depression at all will depend on the degree of co-operation between business and government, the willingness of you and me to work, to spend, to take the knocks along with the boosts. Industry must contribute ingenuity, courage, resourcefulness. Government must answer with a favorable tax and political climate.

It'll be tough at times, sure. But the prize is America—the America in which you and I were born, the nation dedicated to freedom. It may seem a futile fight at times, too. But this will be the test of the system upon which our greatness rests. And a "job," when interpreted in that way, is so precious, so terribly important, that no amount of trying is too much!

THE END

* * *

One of the strangest wills of all time was left by Andrew Freedman, New York financier, when he died, two decades ago. He left a huge trust fund for the erection and maintenance of a magnificent home to be reserved exclusively for former millionaires of good breeding who had come a cropper. The splendid Georgian edifice stands today on the Grand Concourse in New York City, and houses about 150 people in princely splendor.

* * *

Advertisement

"Will you kindly keep your P-51's out of my Wheaties?"

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GLAMA TURNER

Continued from Page 27

ages trying to look like a high-school girl! Lana began a dizzy climb—with assists. First LeRoy signed her to a contract at $200 a week and changed her name. It was Lana herself who thought up Lana. It just came to her, she doesn't know how or when, and it's pronounced Lah-nah, not Lanner, Laynah, or Carrots.

After bit parts in a couple of smash floperoos, LeRoy took her over to M-G-M. (She's still there; will leave only when they throw her out.) She sweatered around in Love Finds Andy Hardy, among other minor items, gathering incandescence and fan mail. In the Hardy film, Mickey Rooney nicknamed her Baby Glamor, and teased to Director Seitz: "How can I play a love scene with Baby Glamor? Her mind is always on her algebra." Before the camera Rooney would whisper, "Turn your full profile into the camera. Nobody wants to look at my ugly mug with you around."

It should be explained that now Lana was going to school on the set, and that she hated algebra more than she hated school. "Two and two will always make three to me," she still says. She picked up other things, however. Gary Cooper taught her modesty in demeanor; Lewis Stone, posture. A cameraman taught her that crossed legs before a camera exaggerated their size. An older actress taught her that heavy make-up was an accent of ugliness. Ambitious and a willing listener, she took tips even from lowly grips, and to this day she describes herself as "not brilliant, but willing."

After school, she was running around with Gregson Bautzer, young Hollywood attorney, and he spoke of marrying her right out of pictures. One evening she had a date with Artie Shaw, with whom she was appearing in Dancing Co-ed. Barely acquainted they wound up next morning at 3 A. M. in Las Vegas, Nevada, married by Justice of the Peace George Marshall, who had been routed out of bed.

This No. 1 Marriage of the Year took place on February 13, 1940, and the whole world was jealous. A few months later it was over. Life with Shaw had been one long jam session. She'd had to mix drinks and make sandwiches all night for Shaw's musical pals, read thick books at his request to become as high-brow as he was, and do his laundry. Not that there was a shortage of help at this time, or of money. She was earning $1,000 a week; Shaw $3,000. He just liked a domestic wife. Lana herself refers to the Shavian interlude as "my college education."

After Shaw, the bobby-socks period persisted, and the melody lingered on. Lana was seen and linked with Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey, Buddy Rich, Roger Pryor, and others. "If Lana Turner's seen with any more musicians, she ought to join Local 802," someone cracked.

On July 17, 1942, she emerged from the night spots to marry Stephen Crane, twenty-seven-year-old garment executive and broker from Crawfordsville, Indiana, who has now become an actor himself. Roused out of bed again was George Marshall at Las Vegas. Lana's sentimental.

It turned out that Crane wasn't fully unhooked from a first wife. Then Lana announced a baby. A lot of ruckus resulted, and the marriage was annulled after a few months. Later Lana and Crane remarried and in time a chubby glamor baby arrived —Cheryl Christine Crane. Crane served a hitch in the Army and was honorably discharged. But the marriage didn't prosper. Lana, now divorced, is seen around with Peter Lawford, son of a British general, and a junior Gable at M-G-M.

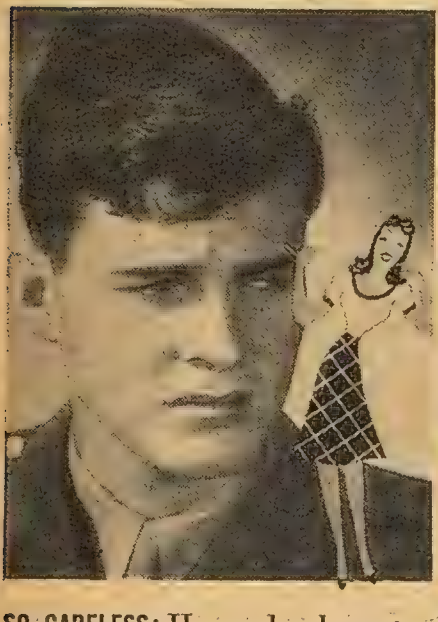
The baby brought her out of the hep-cat stage, and she's spending more time home than at the Mocambo. She even tries to talk to the baby on the phone between shots at the studio. When she's working, Mrs. Turner guards the baby. They live in a fairly gorgeous establishment in Brentwood. The house is distinguished for two things. Because Lana likes dizzy heights and distant vistas, it's perched recklessly on the very edge of a canyon cliff. And because she likes to floosh around in billowing negligees, the furniture's especially "low and squashy." There's not a spot of red in the joint.

On working days Lana's up at five; has had her one hundred toe bends, fifty rolls across the floor, cold shower, orange juice, and black coffee before the bugle has sounded in your camp. She's saying hello to the studio gateman at six sharp, is on the set at nine sharp, coached letter-perfect in her lines, ready to work. Make-up looks lousy on her, so she uses a minimum. Except for lunch at the studio commissary with the boys (salad and a hamburger), she works like a show dog till six. Then home, and, after a drama and voice-placing lesson with her coach Burnsie, a romp with the baby, the six dogs, and the lovebirds, there's more exercise, a tub, and a big dinner at which she wolfs the works. A confirmed meat eater, she hates vegetables. No, she can't cook.

After dinner she helps ma with the fan mail, and then maybe she'll run over I've Got the Lana Turner Blues on the piano. It's a corny number someone sent her, but she likes it. Then into a swooshing gown and bed she climbs with a big bag

(*Continued on page 72*)

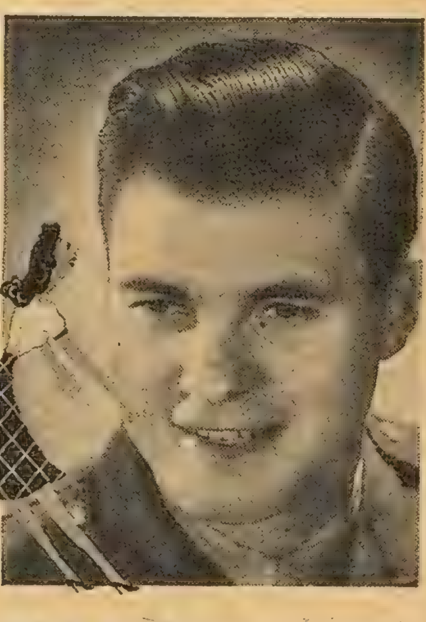
Girls gave him the "*brush-off*" until...



SO CARELESS: He used only water to comb his hair. After water dried—his hair got out of place —so unruly and rowdy looking. Kreml keeps hair *neatly* in place all day long.

THEN A LAUGHING STOCK: He plastered his hair down with grease! Girls recoiled at even touching it. Kreml used daily keeps hair looking *naturally lustrous*—yet never "greasy."

GIRLS THOUGHT HIM SLOVENLY: No girl likes to put her head on a fellow's shoulder covered with dandruff flakes. Kreml removes unsightly dandruff flakes. Also relieves itching of dry scalp.



THEN HE GOT WISE: And won the girl of his dreams after he started using Kreml. It keeps hair looking neatly groomed all day —so handsome yet so *masculine looking*—the kind girls go for!

KREML HAIR TONIC

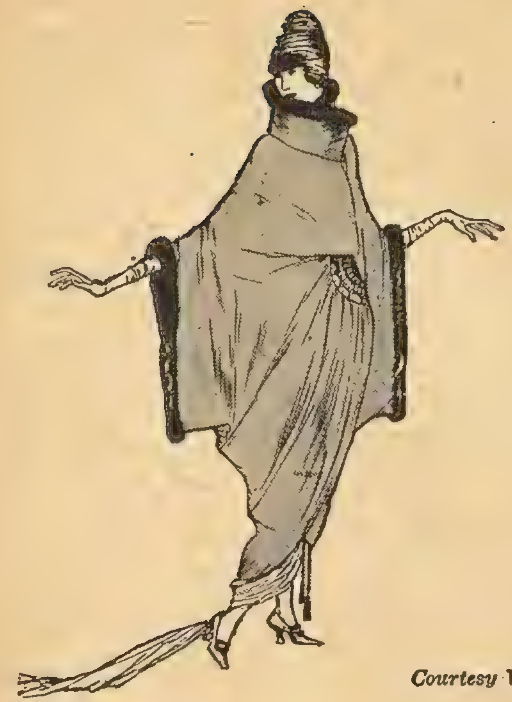
Thousands upon thousands of America's best dressed men use Kreml Hair Tonic. This famous *modern* hair dressing makes hair so much easier to comb. It keeps stubborn hair *neatly* in place all day long. Yet Kreml never gives hair that greasy or ridiculous slicked down, "patent leather" look. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy it at your drug counter. Use Kreml Hair Tonic daily—for a *cleaner scalp*—for *better-groomed hair*.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

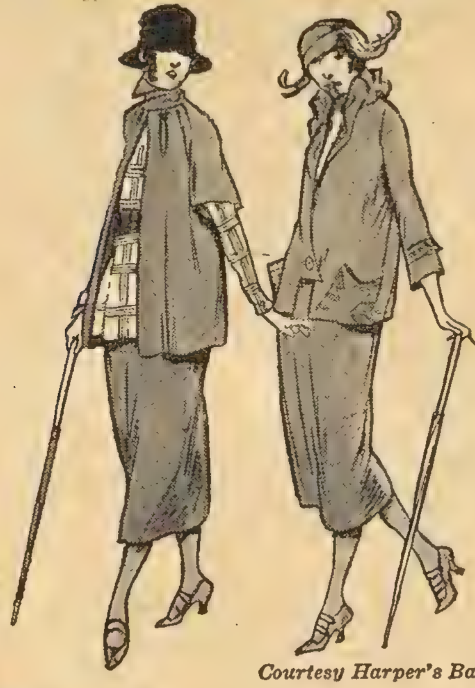
Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.


Courtesy Vogue

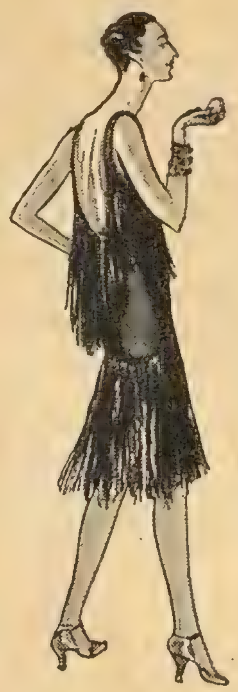
19___

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.


Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

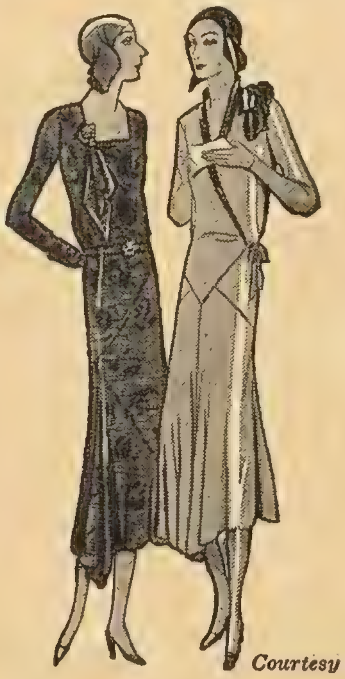
19___

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios . . . crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene —disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.


Courtesy Vogue

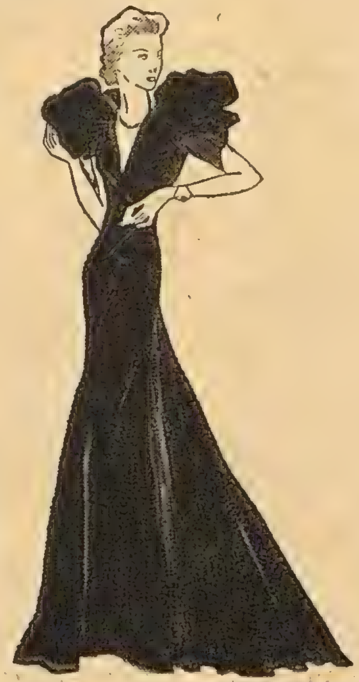
19___

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.


Courtesy McCall's

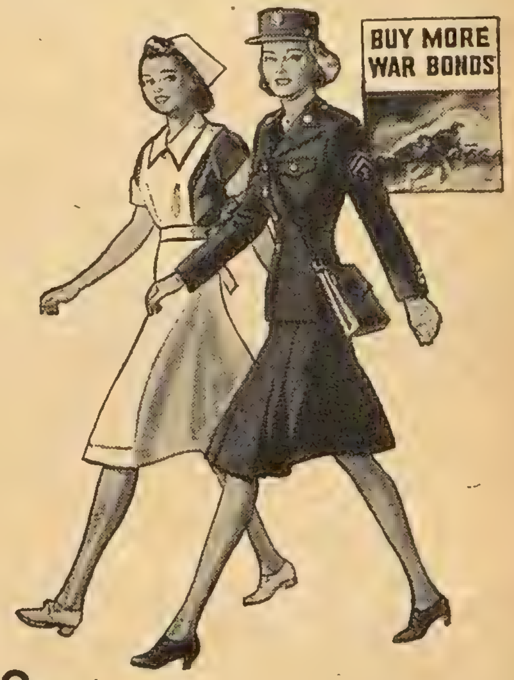
19___

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered . . . perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.


Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19___

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting . . . increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



19___

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together!

*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Flowers to SHIRLEY TEMPLE—by wire

Shirley Temple in New York, gets flowers by telegraph from her father in Los Angeles. (A grand idea for Thanksgiving).

I'll be seeing you
Love, Daddy
In any event—
wire Flowers

It's easy as 1-2-3 and not at all expensive

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers — state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere—but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

Look For This F.T.D. Seal On Florist Window

FLOWERS - BY - WIRE
AUTHORIZED FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOP

PLACE HOLIDAY ORDERS EARLY

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

SHIRLEY TEMPLE star of I'LL BE SEEING YOU A Vanguard Prod'n. United Artists' release

(Continued from page 70)

of popcorn and candy and the script. As the radio or the phonograph blares Brahms or Beethoven ("I squeal for Stokowski!"), she soaks up dialogue. An easy sleeper, she drifts off reading, but wakes up with it all there as clear as a bell. "My subconscious does the trick. I sleep on it!" she explains.

The matronly Turner is mixing in a few Book Club selections with her beloved comic magazines and whodunits these days, and is laying off the formal violences of sports. She used to surfboard, after picking up the knack in Honolulu. She also tramped around golf courses with Tony Martin, and recently her hairdresser talked her into a spot of deep-sea fishing. She hauled in a barracuda, and it bit her. "What's the use of fishing," she wailed, "if the darned things bite you?" "Darned," incidentally, is the limit of her profanity, and she doesn't smoke or drink.

Old habits persist with her, however. She still likes to sit and gaze at the names —Shocking, Vent, Safari, Coquette, Tiger Tease—on the queer-shaped collection of perfumes she keeps in a glass case in her bedroom. She buys perfume by the name, not smell. Although her closets already are as jammed with clothes as a woman's department, whenever she gets depressed she dashes out and buys herself a little number to feel better. The ceiling price for this extravagance is seventy-five dollars. (Ma Turner takes care of the money, else Lana would spend it all.) She likes to buy heavy clanking gold jewelry, but looks as well in a hunk of dime-store brass. She can't sew, but likes to design clothes and likes to turn up at a party in an old rag to which she's added a flounce and a scallop and which causes the gals to cry enviously, "My dear, how lovely! Is it an Adrian?" She's been known to add a slip, a taffeta sash, and a fancy clip to a nightgown, then wow the clotheshorses at the local Hollywood saloons.

She still cuts a pretty fancy rug, too, and makes very fair small talk. Recently she danced with Mr. Leon Henderson. Leon's a bit potty in the tummy, and forced Lana to dance at an oblique angle. "Mr. Henderson," she commented later, "dances side saddle!"

GOOD-NATURED, charming, and quiet, her sentimentality remains sugar-coated. She and her current crush always wear twin rings. I'm told you daren't say "I want a Packard!" or "I want a country estate!" in Lana's presence, or she'll send it to you. Alice May, her stand-in and secretary, gets exact duplicates of Lana's doodads, right down to mink—at Lana's expense. Lana corresponds faithfully with a nun who taught her in sixth grade, and she recently was best woman at Hazel Meadows' wedding. She lived with Hazel in San Francisco. Last Christmas Lana almost went nuts because tree ornaments were a war casualty. "She decorated her trees with big red bows," someone confided to me, "and bright-covered doorknobs and things. Promise you won't tell about the doorknobs." Why am I such a big mouth?

On her first bond-selling tour, Lana dropped in on Wallace, Idaho, for a first visit since when. In honor of their distinguished alumna, the Wallace school kids paraded up to the platform, and one chubby girl recited while the kids bought a bond with $1,000 they'd saved in pennies. Lana went back to the hotel later and had a good cry.

Meanwhile, Justice of the Peace George Marshall keeps a light burning in the hallway nights, back in Las Vegas. There can be visitors from Hollywood at almost any time.

THE END

THE ICE STORM

Continued from Page 35

hesitated fractionally. "Nobody could get there in a car on a night like this anyhow."

"Oh, that's all right," Mary Pye said. "I'll be fine. I'll just wait here till Stub has a chance to go to sleep, then I'll sneak back home."

"Pete's due home any minute. He'll take Mary home," Sadie said.

Now Mary crossed the room, put a hand on Ira's arm. His back was to her.

"Don't be mad at me, sheriff," she begged in a clear young voice. "I love Hugh, and if I'd been a year older and able to vote I'd have voted for him. But I love you, too. You'll be glad he's in when you settle down and think about it."

"Is that so?" Ira asked, moving toward the door. "Well, I ain't mad at nobody and I don't need nobody's advice. I've just wasted a lot of time in my life that could've been devoted to my dogs."

HE went out, shutting the door angrily. It was sleeting hard now, pelting like bird shot and bouncing off the fenders of the Ford. They went into second and followed the ruts of the lane. The Chinese elms lining the road, ragged at best, were now humped and sagging crazily.

But Ira felt a surge of relief. Emancipation. Riverton had pitched him out as a reward for forty-three years of faithful service. Well, he pitched Riverton out of his heart beginning now. His term ended in May, but to all intents and purposes he would quit tonight.

They drew up around the circular drive and stopped. The cottage was dark, the lawn gray white. The oak tree in the center of the drive was crushed and sagging with its weight of ice. The shrubs, the arborvitae hedges, the laurels Jenny had planted the last year of her life, seemed to have been run over by a tank.

Ira shrugged off a twinge of loneliness—an extraordinary desire to engage Buster in conversation—and clambered out into the pelting night.

His two dogs were instantly squirming and leaning against his legs. The young bull, Chief, was more sedate, but old Sniff, the bloodhound he had retired for age three years back, moaned unrestrainedly to protest his long absence.

Now at this point Ira would usually say, "I'm driving in around ten tomorrow. You better come along." And Buster would reply, "Yassuh. I'll go wid you." And then Buster would park the Ford in the lean-to by the tool shed and streak across the field to his cabin on the hill.

Ira said, "Won't need you tomorrow. Maybe not the day after either." Then he did an unprecedented thing. He fished out a dollar bill and handed it to Buster. "Go buy yourself some Sweet Lucy," he said and walked toward the house.

Buster rolled the whites of his eyes at the sheriff's back. "Yassuh," he said.

Ira unlocked the front door and flicked the light switch. Nothing happened. He swore softly. Of course the wires would be down under this blasted ice. He felt his way into the living room and rummaged for candles in the old oak secretary. The dogs had shouldered in with him and were rampaging in a broadly hinting circle through kitchen, hall, and living room.

He got two candles lighted and stuck in the ancient silver candelabra from the mantel. He carried this to the kitchen table and began to mix the dog meal with water. As he stirred he felt the familiar dull pain between his shoulder blades. He began to breathe hard. He thought he'd better rest a minute, and groped his way

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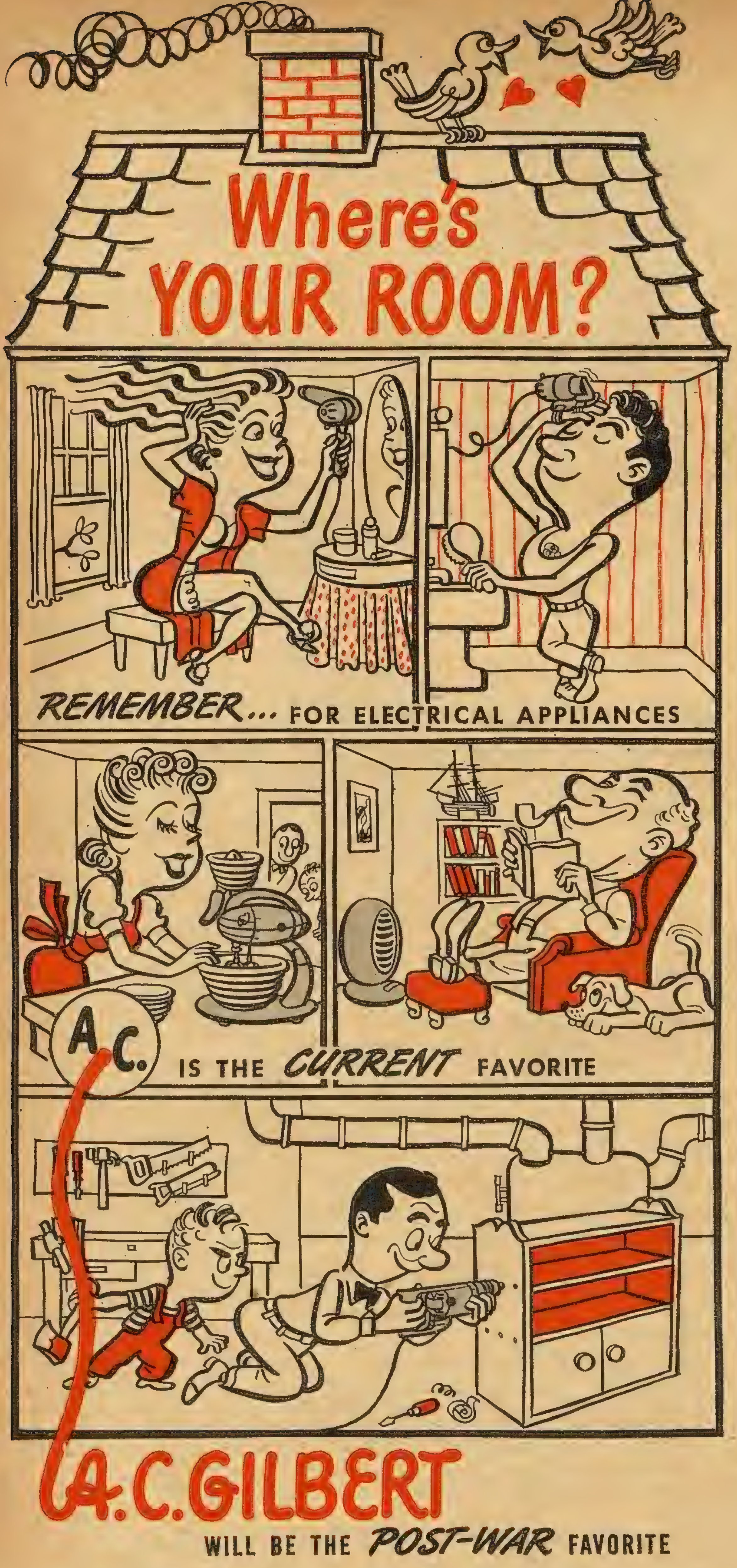
THE DEPENDABLE PEN

NEVER BEFORE SO FINE A PEN AT SO LOW A PRICE


Where's YOUR ROOM?
REMEMBER... FOR ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
A.C. IS THE CURRENT FAVORITE
A.C. GILBERT
WILL BE THE POST-WAR FAVORITE

The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn., is also famous for "Erector," American Flyer trains and other Gilbert educational toys.

to the nearest chair in the living room. After a while he felt better, but cold; so he lighted one of the little gas heaters by the fireplace. Both dogs, impatient about the food, had come in and watched him in the dark. Now he rose again.

The anger of earlier in the evening had gone away. He felt peaceful but empty, He missed Jenny. The shadows made by the candlelight took him back to the days when there was no electric light in Riverton County. He and Jenny had been married when he was a deputy sheriff and his salary was sixty-five dollars a month. Those were the good, the warmhearted years—when people appreciated what you did for them. Now people had frozen up like the night that had enveloped the countryside.

He placed the bowls of dog food at opposite ends of the kitchen. Chief bolted his in nothing flat. Sniff, grown old and finicky, took a couple of exploratory bites and raised his great, doleful, fantastically wrinkled face, questioning Ira. How about the bit of hamburger he usually got?

"Nothing doing, Sniff," Ira said. "You'll have to make out without the trimmin's."

Sniff seemed to sigh and lowered his great brown head into the bowl again. But he had procrastinated too long. Chief made a running charge from his own empty bowl and knocked Sniff backward. The big dog, outraged, fought back, screaming. But it was no good. Bloodhounds are poor fighters. This one was, to boot, fourteen years old and deficient in teeth.

Ira grabbed the bull by the scruff of the neck and pulled him off. Sniff continued to complain vocally and limped toward the door, to be let out. He'd be too nervous to eat now. Ira would let him in later alone and give him a snack before bedtime. The old fool! But Sniff was *his* dog. The bull was all right, but Sniff had mellowness if not much gumption. He still thought he was cock of the walk around here and had actually, last summer, tried to discipline Chief in a disputation over Pete Gamble's setter bitch. The old fool never learned.

HE let Sniff out the kitchen door and put Chief out the front. Then he took the candles back into the living room and set them on the center table. He turned up the gas fire. He got a bottle from the bottom drawer of the bookcase and returned to the kitchen where, even in the dark, he knew the lay of things well enough to fix himself a tall one. Then, the glass in his hand, he went back and stretched out on the leather couch.

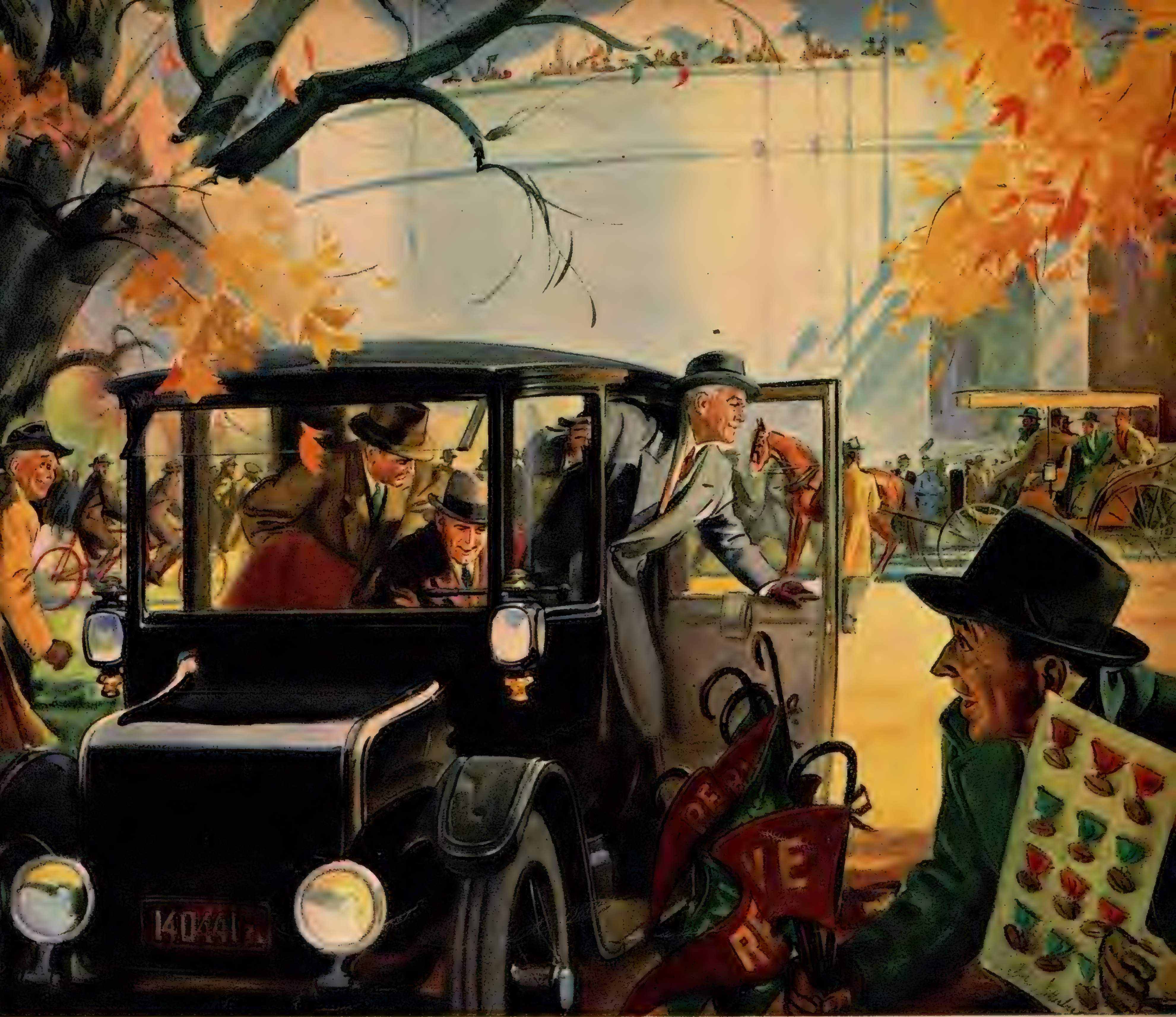
He drank slowly. Far off on the highway, through the drum of the storm, he thought he heard a motor racing. That would be Pete Gamble maybe, taking Mary home. Sensible thing would be for the kid to stay all night with the Gambles. But no. She'd want to go back to see how her pop was. Well, he was shut of other people's problems. Let Mary stew in her own juice now and Bill Pye and Hugh, too.

But it was pleasant to think that Hugh would be unhappy in winning. He'd come sashaying and sweet-talking around, trying to make it up. But he'd get the cold shoulder. So would the rest of Riverton. Well, Ira reflected, he wasn't penniless. He had the oil royalties on the place behind Camp Landing and he could live. To hell with them all!

The constriction in his chest lessened. He dozed and was having some kind of aimless conversation with Jenny when he came wholly awake. He got to his feet with a desire to have old Sniff with him. He'd let the dog sleep in tonight.

At the front door he called:

(*Continued on page 76*)



How to get to next Saturday's game (and in case you don't)

If you're fortunate enough to possess something like an oldtime electromobile, your problem is solved. But—even the big game won't tempt many a rooter's car from the garage. For most of us realize that car-miles must be conserved, that every mile used takes a mile off a car's life—and sooner or later this means an added task for already heavily burdened trains, trolleys and bus lines.

If you don't go—you can find something to cheer for right at home—in the "velveted" goodness of an IMPERIAL highball or Manhattan. For this grand blend is velvet-smooth—it has a mellowness, a genial flavor that you will really enjoy. Ask for IMPERIAL—and taste why it is one of America's most-wanted whiskies.

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Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

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..."velveted" for extra smoothness

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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Free
COCKTAIL RECIPE BOOK
in beautiful full color. Write today for your copy.

Produced in U. S. A. by
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 74*)

"Hee-yah, boy! Come here, Sniff. *Sniff!*"

Chief came, wriggling and joyous, but the old dog did not respond.

Ira frowned. It was snowing thinly now and the lawn was a dim whiteness. Then he heard it. Faint and far away, a *pop*—followed by a high-pitched startled scream. A dog's scream. Sniff's. And the jigsaw logic of what he had heard fell in place.

Sniff often slipped away through the woods to the Pyes' back yard, where Mary spoiled him with morsels at hog-killing time and all the milk he could drink any time. That's where he had gone tonight, and Stub Pye, who hated all dogs, had potted him with a .22.

No doubt about it. That was a .22—and that was Sniff yelling. But other explosions were going on all through the woods. Soft explosions, followed by branches falling. He could hear them going on in the scrub-pine grove at the end of the lawn and could see branches dropping, trailing plumes of snowlike scarves in the darkness.

IRA hurried into the bedroom and changed his clothes. He put on the whipcord breeches and the boots he used in winter on jobs. He strapped on his .45 and donned his leather jacket lined with wool. From a bureau drawer he got his old-fashioned handcuffs. Anger at Stub Pye pumped adrenalin into his blood. He felt good now. It was exhilarating, dressing, hurrying, fumbling for what he wanted, to feel that he was going out on a job because of a dog when he wouldn't have gone for any human being alive.

Why, Sniff was all he had now! Two old fellows together. He'd deal with Stub. If the dog was dead, God pity Stub Pye.

"You stay here!" he commanded Chief, and walked briskly toward the path into the woods. He couldn't remember feeling fitter.

There was sleet underfoot, thin, crackling, and dusted with snow. He unhitched the pasture gate and entered the big pine forest. The path was blotted out, but he knew every stump and rise of ground. Now those strange soft explosions were coming faster, some near, some far, and branches were falling down under their load of ice.

What a crazy sort of storm, he thought. And what a crazy way it would be for Ira Hackett to die—to be hit over the head by a falling limb in an ice storm. In Riverton County, too, in the Deep South. He laughed aloud. He was descending now into the swag land where the big cypresses grew. It was snowing and sleeting a little at the same time.

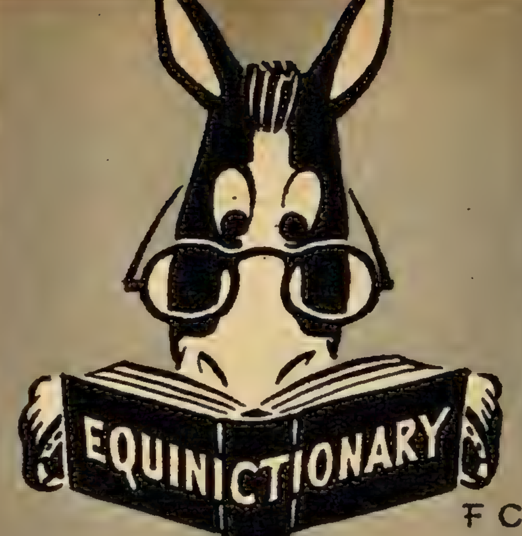
Ira left the woods and crossed an old cotton cut to come up at the Pyes' back gate. There was lamplight in the kitchen and he heard a sound like human moaning. Then he was aware of a nearer plaintiveness, a low whine. From the shadow of the well house Sniff limped toward him on three legs to squeeze under the fence.

Beneath Ira's comforting hand, Sniff let out a sort of sigh of relief and pain together. The back door opened then. Before the man with the rifle could get his eyes accustomed to the night, Ira pulled Sniff down with him behind the gate. But Stub Pye had seen something move.

He came down the steps, rifle ready. He had long, prehensile arms, bulging shoulders, and a flat face. Ten feet from the gate he stopped. Ira could watch him and it seemed remarkable that Stub had not seen the two forms behind the gate. His eyes would adjust presently and, although he was looking for a dog, he'd shoot even quicker at a human form. Ira slipped the safety on his .45.

Now he heard, from the house, the same

(*Continued on page 78*)



IT'S PLAIN
horse sense

Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely . . . relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with

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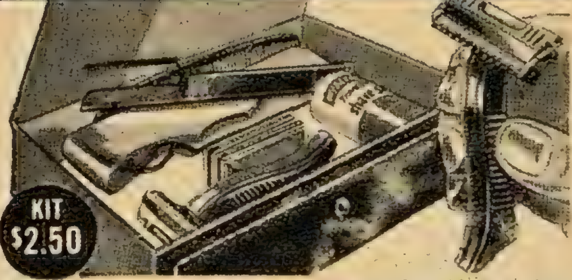
for Loose Dandruff

at all drug stores and barber shops

Join the War...
Against Waste

GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND
GET EASIER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving . . . smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

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A young matron is perplexed

A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (usually from 38 to 52 years old).

What is she to do? This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case *you* are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try *famous* Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

For almost a century—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of grateful women — rich and poor alike — to go smiling thru such middle age distress.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. *It helps nature!* Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit! Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

(Continued from page 76)

low moan again. Stub looked back over his shoulder. That was Ira's chance.

"Drop that gun or I'll shoot!"

Stub froze. His fingers relaxed and the rifle fell to the white-carpeted earth.

"Well, sheriff."

"It's me, all right."

Ira opened the gate with his left hand, not taking his eyes off Stub.

"Go home, Sniff. Beat it!" The dog whined and hobbled off toward the woods.

Ira got his cuffs from his left hip pocket and warily manipulated one bracelet onto his own wrist. He approached Stub, his gun hand back by his belly.

"Hold your hand out."

He snapped the bracelet, feeling the thrill of the peace officer nailing his quarry. Too old to work! Too sick to do a job!

"Now we'll go see what you've done to your old man," Ira said, "before I put you back in jail."

He frisked Stub expertly and nudged him toward the lighted door.

Stub made a deep sound in his throat, almost a whinny, and began to move slowly as ordered. Just before he reached the back-porch steps he bobbed his head once in a peculiar way. Ira was watching for funny business, but that was a gesture without menace—only meaningless. Yet almost immediately something happened.

Stub had ducked under a clothesline—which Ira did not see and which caught him full in the eyes, flipping his glasses off neatly. They fell silently in the snow. A tingle ran along Ira's spine to realize that he was almost totally blind. He wouldn't know when the steps came. They didn't come. The hard edge of a flattened four-fingered palm struck his wrist and his gun flew out of his grasp.

Almost simultaneously he flinched to a sharp painful prickle in his ribs.

"That's a knife, old man," Stub said. "I'll cut your guts out if you try anything. Now gimme the key to these things."

Ira snorted. "Don't you think I've been in this business long enough to leave the key at the jail? Why don't you come there with me and pick it up?"

"Don't get smart, you! Don't you get smart." The knife point was drawing blood now. "Come on, we're going back to your house. I can use your car. I'll get loose from you with this knife when I get ready. Get movin', old man!"

THEY trudged back, walking obliquely in a sort of semi-single file, across the cotton cut, into the fantastically popping woods. Stub kept a fast pace and the pain began to stab at Ira's shoulder blades. He panted like a furnace. On his last job—to be taken like this!

Ira hustled and stumbled. Now the night was a refrigerated murk. He could see nothing. He hurt all over; he doubted that he could make it to the house. Every time he stumbled, Stub paused and gave him a jab with the knife, just enough to break the skin. And all around was the incessant popping and breaking.

Midway in the pine forest on the hill there was the biggest noise of all. Stub jumped sidewise to dodge, pulling Ira off balance. A mass, smothery and cold, crashed around him. But the limb itself, six inches through and lead-heavy with ice, smashed Stub's head like an egg.

Ira regained dim consciousness once. He felt strangely contented. With an effort, he remembered why. When they found them together in the morning, no one would ever know but what the sheriff was taking his prisoner in. Then he dozed again.

He wasn't aware of the converging lights and voices. He wasn't aware that every deputy from the office was there. And Hugh Welty, lifting him tenderly after somebody had cut the cuff chain with a hack saw. Or of the Boy Scouts. Or of Mary Pye. Or of the nine air-raid wardens, or of the fire department, or of the police force.

"Why, that was the biggest posse I ever heard of in this county—except maybe when they got the last of the Cockleham gang," Ira remarked lazily, sitting up in bed for the first time.

The room was bright with sun. Hugh Welty and Mary Pye both sat on the foot of Ira's bed, holding hands. Sniff lay in a corner, industriously chewing off the eighth paw bandage of the day.

"Tell me, sheriff," Hugh was saying, "how did you bring Stub almost in with nothing but a Boy Scout knife?"

Ira cleared his throat.

"Well, I met him in the yard. Had a scuffle and dropped my gun. So I used the knife and brought him in with that."

"He was a dangerous man. Broke out of jail and killed a guard. He twisted his old pop's arm until it broke, trying to make him tell where his money was hidden; had about two hundred bucks and Stub knew about it. Gee, it's lucky Mary phoned me that he'd come home—and that you'd surely be after him alone."

"Oh, he wasn't so tough," Ira said. "Any good peace officer could have brought him in."

Hugh Welty shook his curly head, grinning.

"Listen, sheriff. I want to ask you a favor. I want you to stay on with the office and break me in. Riverton expects it. And you promised—a long time ago."

"By George," Ira snorted, "a man has to be careful with you birds. You remember every danged little remark a man ever made, and hold him to it."

THE END

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HATS OFF TO O'HARA

Continued from Page 31

"All right. But when can she start?"

Teresa caught her breath. Things didn't happen this way. You didn't simply step into Paradise, even if it was a noisy, confused, cluttered Paradise.

Mr. O'Hara's cigar moved slightly. "She'll have to ask her papa about it, and papa will raise particular hell."

The city editor smiled and didn't look ferocious at all. "O. K. When papa calms down, come in and go to work."

Teresa still couldn't believe it and Mr. O'Hara had the phone at his ear again. "Get me Senator Smith, at his home."

Papa wasn't impressed that night by Teresa's account of Mr. O'Hara's activities. Papa was held fast in the bitter skepticism of the old and hopeless. But then papa had not been in the Courier's city room where the winds of the world blew.

"I do not believe," papa was saying, "that Mr. O'Hara calls the city of Washington on the telephone. I think, Teresa, that Mr. O'Hara is one big bum."

TERESA sighed and thought of Mr. O'Hara's good-natured rotundity. It was true he lived across the street at Mrs. Skouras' lodginghouse. It was true he seldom paid his rent. But he pacified Mrs. Skouras with movie passes, inside information on murders, and an occasional ticket to a wrestling match.

"But, papa, he telephoned to the Army, to the Red Cross, and even to a United States senator. He is a reporter, papa, and reporters do astonishing things."

Papa was looking all around the apartment with its dull red walls, its sagging green sofa, its tables strewn with shells and little china ornaments that had all come from Italy. He stared at the family portraits: high-colored chromos of grandpapa with a grisly handle-bar mustache; of grandmama, dour and disapproving; of Uncle Salvatore, fat and sullen. They were, Teresa had often thought, the most poisonous portraits ever created.

Nobody had minded the pictures much when mama was alive, for mama had been so jolly. Mama had been dead a long time now.

"Well, maybe," papa said. "America is a crazy country and anything can happen. In Palermo, people are not crazy at all and the houses are nice colors and the little carts come through the streets—"

In all his life papa had never stopped being homesick for the bright sea and the bright sun, and Teresa cupped her chin in her hand. "I don't suppose it would be the same now," she said.

She had the dim sense that papa was one of a lost generation, a generation that didn't like the world as it was, that couldn't find its world that was gone, and so, really, had no world at all.

Papa shook his head. "Everything gets different. Everything goes mad. In the last war I fight with the artillery at the Piave and what do I get?" His hands shot out in indignation. "Mussolini!"

Papa would start shaking in a minute, for papa had been an ardent Socialist. Papa's opinion of the Fascist Party was so startling it couldn't easily be delivered in English.

"Mr. O'Hara works on a very nice newspaper," Teresa said. "They will give me a job as a copy boy and pay me eighteen dollars a week."

Papa's mind bounced off the Fascists. Papa's arms shot into air. Papa made several positively unprintable remarks in Italian. "So the newspaper is as crazy as Mr. O'Hara. No one who is not mad would pay eighteen dollars a week to a

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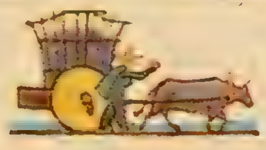

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small silly girl. And for what would they pay you all this?"

"For being a copy boy, papa."

Papa's face turned purple. "I have always said America was an impossible country. For eighteen dollars they try to turn you into a boy. For eighty dollars—for eight hundred even—I wouldn't have my daughter work on a crazy newspaper with a crazy man like Mr. O'Hara, who is always asleep and never pays for nothing. American girls they go out to work, which is why the country is what it is. Nice girls like you, they stay home with their papas and—"

It was what Teresa had expected and papa would probably burst in a minute.

"All right, papa." She lifted her eyes. "Tell me, papa, what the girls were like in Sicily when you were young. Tell me about the little goats and the olive trees—"

IT was a week later when the tremendous knocks sounded on the door. There stood Mr. O'Hara with his eyes closed and probably sound asleep.

"Tell the no-good bum to get himself out of here," said papa pleasantly.

Mr. O'Hara's eyes slowly opened. "Hi, papa. We've found Uncle Cosimo."

Mr. O'Hara moved into the apartment like an elephant. "Uncle C.," said he, "is a prisoner of war."

Teresa clasped her hands. For she had been right: Mr. O'Hara could work miracles. She looked at papa, and papa sat down very suddenly and put both hands over his face.

Tears slipped down papa's thin cheeks. "Terrible! Poor, poor Cosimo!"

Teresa patted his shoulder, but Mr. O'Hara remained unperturbed. "Uncle C. is in the clink right over in South Bay. Uncle C. is in good health and O. K."

Papa began to shake.

"And," said Mr. O'Hara, "I've got a pass for you to see Uncle C. next Sunday."

Papa came out of his chair with a jump. Papa began pumping Mr. O'Hara's hand up and down. "Mr. O'Hara, how can I thank you? Mr. O'Hara, you don't have to pay for your shoes or nothing ever for your shoes and I will fix them for you even if there is not much left to fix."

"Think nothing of it," said Mr. O'Hara, gazing upon Teresa. "Take darling daughter with you," he remarked, and revolving with immense majesty, squeezed himself out the door.

That Sunday, papa had on his best blue suit with the white stripe; papa had on a red-and-black tie and a brand-new straw hat. Papa, quivering with excitement, was inspecting two paper bags on the parlor table. They contained two dozen bananas, a dozen oranges, six bottles of ginger ale, and an enormous chocolate cake.

Papa was taking Teresa with him for two reasons: he could not possibly carry the paper bags alone, and he did not have the slightest idea what he was doing.

"It is no place for a young tender girl," he said as Mr. Levy's taxi stopped at the door. "I have seen prison camps in Italy. There will be barbed wire and high walls and tall towers where soldiers sit with machine guns. They will take all the food and things away from us and eat them themselves. They will let us talk to Cosimo through a wire screen for maybe five minutes. Also, everything will stink bad."

Thirty minutes later Mr. Levy's taxi deposited them on a sandy road in South Bay. Before them stretched the ordinary brown barracks of an Army cantonment. There was a low fence with an open gate in it. Seven giggling girls were going through the gate. A tall lean soldier was attempting to gaze on them with severity.

"That Mr. Levy," said papa, "that Levy-the-bum, he brings us to the wrong place."

Teresa considered. Papa was so often wrong that he probably was now. She shepherded him up to the gate and papa's best blue suit was trembling visibly.

"Come on, pop," the soldier said. "Show your pass."

TERESA took it out of papa's pocket, and the soldier surveyed her as if she were a pleasant sight.

"O. K., sister. Into the building and let 'em look at your bundles."

They passed into a very small sort of bungalow and Teresa sniffed. Papa was wrong again. It didn't stink.

There were a great number of people in the building. They were exhibiting their bundles at a table.

"See!" papa hissed in dismal desperation. "Now they take everything away from us."

The crowd around the table drifted away, disclosing a gray-headed Italian sergeant with a most magnificent mustache. Teresa pushed papa up to the table.

"No *vino*," said the sergeant. "Ginger ale and soda pop is all right, but no *vino!*"

He looked into the paper bags and sighed.

Teresa was sorry for the sergeant. He looked as if he were having a hard day. She took out two bananas and an orange and laid them on his desk.

The sergeant's face lit up. "My thanks to the young lady. It is all right, all these things, including the magnificent cake. Now you will please go out that door and the policeman, he will take you along."

Papa seized his paper bag as if he had never expected to see it again. "Policemen!" he hissed. "Policemen as well as soldiers they got to punish poor Cosimo."

Outside, the hot sun shone down and

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it was very peaceful. In the middle of the road the policeman had hooked his thumbs into his wide white belt. A long stick swung at his belt and he stood very straight in his khaki uniform with a bright green shoulder patch that said "ITALY" in white letters.

"If you please," the policeman said, "I do not speak the English very well—"

Papa gasped. Then he began talking away in Italian at a great rate, while the policeman made sympathetic gestures.

They went together up the sandy road between the low brown buildings. Ahead of them a woman was carrying a baby, and a white sign said, "HEADQUARTERS," and another, "RECREATION HALL."

An American officer came out of the headquarters hut and the policeman saluted. "The *teniente*," he said. "A good man." He saluted again. "*Teniente*, it is a brother of Cosimo Soracco, who has not seen Cosimo since he was nearly a *bambino*."

The lieutenant snapped up his hand. "Fine. Cosimo's a good boy. Go get him."

The policeman advanced on the double. "Cosimo! *Cosimo Soracco!*"

Far away a long line of soldiers was squatting on their heels in the sun. The sand was almost the color of their smart clean uniforms, but the word "ITALY" was a bright blaze on their shoulders.

One of them got up and began to run.

Teresa shut her eyes. For in a second it was unbelievably going to happen. Papa and Uncle Cosimo would be together again. And Uncle Cosimo might be old and gray and infinitely tired; he might limp a little from an old wound.

She let her eyes open again. The lieutenant had tactfully vanished, and there stood a soldier, a very smart soldier with his shoes shined and his slacks creased. A plump soldier, a jolly soldier with a merry brown mustache, cheeks with deep dimples, and black eyes that had the light of laughter in them.

The military policeman hooked both thumbs in his belt and waited.

Papa just stood there, holding his paper bag, so Teresa had to say in a very small thin voice, "Uncle Cosimo!"

Uncle Cosimo was not a man to be much taken aback by anything. He flung his arms around papa's thin shoulders, he began hugging papa like a great brown bear.

"Ah!" said the policeman appreciatively.

PAPA dropped the paper bag. Papa lost his straw hat. Papa pushed the soldier away. "Cosimo! Let me look at you!"

But Uncle Cosimo was looking at papa. Uncle Cosimo was seeing how old and worn papa was. And in a second he'd say so.

Uncle Cosimo's eyes twinkled. "But, Pasquale, you are an American gentleman, no? A rich American. I can see that by your clothes."

Papa seemed to grow bigger immediately. Papa tried hard to live up to Uncle Cosimo's idea of him. "Oh, no. A little here, a little there. Enough to live on." He waved his hands as if indicating millions. "Oh! Cosimo, my small silly daughter, Teresa."

Teresa blushed, for she was being kissed swiftly on both cheeks and Uncle Cosimo was a very gallant man and undoubtedly a great one with the ladies. It was queer that Uncle Cosimo, a prisoner of war, should seem so strong and big and healthy when papa didn't.

"American girls are good to look at," said Uncle Cosimo and picked up the paper bags. "Shall we go into the recreation hut and sit down, no?"

The recreation hut was long and low and full of people, all eating, all drinking, all talking at the top of their lungs. It was like a picnic, and everywhere there

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were men in khaki with "ITALY" on their shoulders.

Cosimo waved his hands. "Their American relatives, they come to see the boys."

Papa sat down as if he simply couldn't believe it, and Teresa began spreading out bananas and cake and bottles and paper cups on a wooden bench.

Papa said, "Cosimo, tell me, do they treat you well?"

Uncle Cosimo seemed to twinkle all over. "Oh, good. Very good. I learn English. I learn what the Mister Major calls spit-and-polish. I learn American march step. So—" He threw back his head and began to sing, " 'I had a good home, but I LEFT—LEFT—LEFT—' "

At the next bench a man with a red beard took it up, " 'LEFT—LEFT—LEFT—' " Other men threw back their heads and sang so the whole room roared.

" 'I had a good home, but I LEFT—LEFT—LEFT—' "

Uncle Cosimo took an orange. "Oh, yes. We were a most sad lot when we get taken prisoner in Africa. We are ragged and hungry and stink something dreadful, so the *teniente* has to hold his nose. 'Give these boys a good wash,' says he."

PAPA was watching Uncle Cosimo eat the orange. "I suppose," he said anxiously, "you do not get a great deal to eat."

Uncle Cosimo's smile was dazzling. "Today we had chicken *cacciatore* for dinner. We eat everything Italian style. In return for all this, we perform great public works for the American government, which pays us eighty cents a day."

Papa shook his head.

"You are fortunate," Uncle Cosimo said. "You are an American, and America is the most marvelous country in the world."

Papa seemed to become six sizes bigger. "Certainly, Cosimo. I have always said so. It is a great, large, wonderful land and not at all like Italy, which is quite crazy. In America we are calm, sensible people."

There was a slight commotion and Mr. O'Hara rolled into sight with a Signal Corps photographer behind him.

"Hi, papa," said Mr. O'Hara blandly. "We're going to take your picture." He turned to the photographer. "These two guys are brothers and they haven't seen each other since they tipped their cradle over. How do you want 'em?"

The photographer wanted Uncle Cosimo with one arm around papa and the other encircling Teresa. His flash bulb exploded with an astounding blaze.

Uncle Cosimo sucked in his breath. "Pasquale, you must be a most important person. Behold, a newspaper sends to have your picture taken."

Papa was swelling by the minute. Just then a tall officer stopped beside them.

"Find your brother all right, Cosimo?"

Uncle Cosimo leaped to his feet. "Yes, Mister Major. Thank you, Mister Major." He made a small bow. "Mister Major, may I present my niece, Miss Teresa Soracco?"

The major made an even better bow. He was a good smart major who looked as if he'd be proud of his boys, whether they were prisoners or not.

"I am sure," he said, "that the young lady is as clever as she is beautiful."

Teresa gasped and papa's eyes gleamed with pleasure. "Yes, Mister Major. Assuredly, Mister Major." He flung out his chest. "Only next week she occupies an important position on the Daily Courier newspaper!"

Behind them there was a small creaking sound. There sat Mr. O'Hara, his hat upon his head, a banana in one hand, a segment of chocolate cake in the other.

Having performed many miracles, Mr. O'Hara slept.

THE END

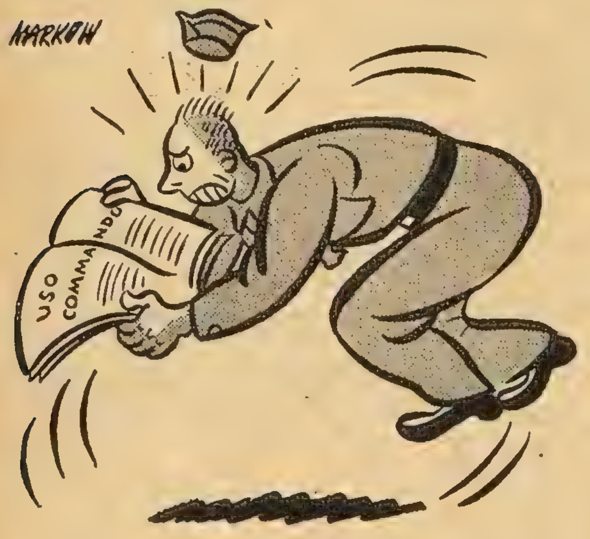
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WITH events shaping up as they are in the Philippines, I think this poem submitted by Norman Whittaker of Bradley, Illinois, is timely. It's called Back to Bataan:

Tojo, do you remember our boys who were
so brave,
The lads who fought so hard for ground
they couldn't save—
Their equipment exhausted, their cheeks
hollow and wan?
Yes, they're the men who fought on the
shores of Bataan.

Do you remember when you laughed in
their face,
And to those who were wounded you
showed no grace?
Do you remember, Tojo, the March of
Death—
When you tore from their bodies the
last living breath?



Take it easy!

Have you forgot our nurses, who stayed
with the men,
Who fought for the wounded, and their
lives tried to win?
Remember it all, Tojo, for it's close at
hand—
We're now coming back to the shores of
Bataan.

Some are dead, but their souls are still
here;
We haven't forgot them, and their torch
we'll bear.
We can't forget their hopeless stand,
So we're coming back, Tojo, to the shores
of Bataan.

We want to remind you, ere you forget,
Though you've slain them, they're fight-
ing yet.
The living, as were the dead, are under
MacArthur's command,
And they're all coming back to the shores
of Bataan.

We'll see you starving and dying in the
dust,
Then you'll remember ours to whom you
were unjust.
We're coming back to where they made
their stand
God help you then—when we get to
Bataan!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I've been reading letters in magazines and columns, written by soldiers overseas who have given those of us still on this side the nickname of "U. S. O. Commandos." Maybe these G. I.s think we are having a nice time here in the States. Well, it's correct. We are having it easy compared to those risking their lives in battle, but plenty of us are anxious to go over. I've been in eighteen months, Sarge, and I feel badly enough about being still on this side, without anybody making cracks.

Pvt. J. A. L., Camp Van Dorn, Miss.

Take it easy, soldier. Today's "U. S. O. Commando" is tomorrow's mud-caked front-line veteran.

* * *

Recently a friend of mine in the Air Force was forced down and captured by the Germans. Since I do not know his parents, it has been impossible for me to get news of him. It would help me a lot if you could answer these questions: (1) Where in his home town could I seek information? (2) Are prisoners of war allowed to write home? (3) If so, do they have an address to which their folks can send a reply? (4) When the Germans list the names of prisoners, do they also say whether or not the captured men have been wounded?

Miss H. T., Millburn, N. J.

I'd suggest writing the boy's local draft board or Red Cross chapter for the name and address of his parents; then ask them for his prisoner-of-war address. P. W.s may write to the United States, but the number of letters they can send is limited, and also the length of such communications. The International Red Cross transmits the addresses of prisoners, through channels, to their nearest of kin. Condition of the prisoners usually is reported.

* * *

My brother in Alaska applied for transfer from the infantry to the paratroops and was rejected, though physically fit. I read recently that the way was open for such transfers. Why was he turned down?

I. C., Scranton, Pa.

There's a restriction that transfers can be granted only in theaters which have their own facilities for training parachutists. Alaska and the China-Burma-India theaters at this writing lack such facilities. In the continental United States, transfers may be granted up to two per cent of any unit within one month. The latter limitation was imposed to prevent disruption of units hit by "transfer fever."

* * *

Two questions, Sarge. What is the duration of an enlistment in the regular Navy —four years or six? And how much gasoline will be allotted a serviceman for use while on a thirty-day furlough?

R. R., Hawthorne, Calif.

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year term or a six-year one. Furloughed servicemen are entitled, upon application, to a ration equal to one gallon of gas per day for a period not to exceed thirty days.

* * *

I was called to active duty as a Naval Reservist in November, 1939, and served in Cuba until April, 1940, when I was sent back to Norfolk for a medical discharge. Am I eligible for mustering-out pay? And am I allowed to wear some kind of service button?

R. M., Pekin, Ill.

Not eligible for mustering-out pay. Only service after December 7, 1941, counts toward that. You are entitled to wear the honorable discharge button awarded to servicemen returned to civilian life under honorable conditions since September 8, 1939, when our first emergency proclamation was issued.

* * *

Sarge, you have to hand it to the English. They wise up, in time. Thousands of visiting Joes have squandered good coins in the London subway scales for two years and over, only to learn they weighed a certain number of "stone." But now the Londoners have made a concession to our ignorance by posting signs on each machine stating: "One stone equals fourteen pounds."

Pvt. J. B., Somewhere in England.

I'll bet it's a relief. I was pretty mystified over there once myself to discover that I had dropped to eleven and one-half stone, when I had left the United States weighing 161 pounds.

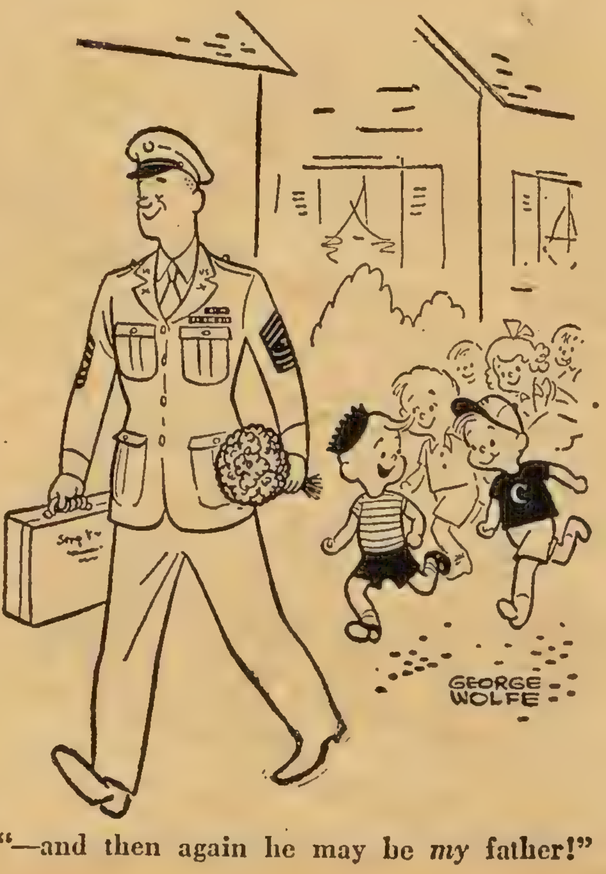
* * *

I served eight months at our base on Ascension Island. What ribbon am I entitled to wear?

Pvt. H. K., New York.

European-African-Middle Eastern Theater ribbon.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



"—and then again he may be *my* father!"

KINGSTON
BATHES

To be "IN RHYME WITH TIME"

ASK YOUR FAVORITE SHOP TO SHOW YOU

Kingston Watches

Beautiful examples of perfect time-keeping, Kingston Watches for men and women, $19.50 to $1000.

Always "In Rhyme with Time."

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205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me Liberty for		Check which
1 year	$3.50	☐
2 years	6.00	☐

I enclose ....$———— ☐

Send me a Bill..............................☐

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.........................ZONE............STATE............

HIGH SCHOOL WILL BE DIFFERENT

Continued from Page 32

quent and regular checks are to be made in skills—tests for things like reading speed, understanding the meaning of the written page, retention of what is read, mathematical accuracy, etc. No student will graduate until he has mastered these skills. Those who haven't will be given extra tutoring until they have.

In this same Common Learnings course the students will study their city's government, its health, economics, and social life. They will take part, with adults, in planning civic recreational projects. They will study national and world problems, and ways of settling public questions; will consider the influence of radio, politics, advertising. They will learn tolerance by studying the races of mankind, religious groups, foreign nationalities.

In all of these studies, as well as in straight vocational studies, wide use must be made of up-to-date audio-visual aids. Some schools before the war were using these instructional devices, such as radio, phonograph records, motion pictures, slide films, models, and charts, but this proposed "new" school will use them on a far greater scale. The armed forces' tests have proved that such aids increase learning speed by 30 to 35 per cent and retention of what is learned by approximately 40 per cent.

HEALTH will receive a great deal more attention under this plan. The program offers a balanced course of physical education and health training throughout junior and senior high school. It provides for individual development of skill in some physical activity such as swimming, fishing, golf, in group sports and competitive team sports; and special activities for physically handicapped students.

More than this, it insists upon regular medical and dental examinations *at school*, and follow-up checks on recommended treatment. It provides for vaccinations and inoculations within the school, and for school clinics for the medical care of indigents. It stresses instruction in the relation between good health and personality development. It specifies that every child must know all about the state and federal health agencies for medical protection, and how he and his family can get medical advice in his community.

Further, the "new" school will allow for development of lifetime leisure interests. It plans that each student spend one hour a day during his junior and senior high-school years in acquiring individual interests such as collectors' hobbies, playing musical instruments, group singing, dramatics, dancing, handicrafts, painting, sculpturing, or extended reading. These subjects are to be chosen by the student according to his interests or talents.

Because this "ideal" school also considers the home basic to democracy, it will offer courses in home designing, budgeting, food planning, home decoration, child care, and a study of the problems of personality development, choosing a mate, and marriage and family adjustments.

How are these boys and girls to know what programs of training they should follow? Some of the more up-to-date schools before the war were already making use of psychological tests for intelligence, personality, and special aptitudes. The Army and Navy put them to use on a far greater scale, and found them invaluable in helping to put the right man in the right job. Such tests can help greatly in forecasting success or failure in a given

(*Continued on page 88*)

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ORLOFF
BERGAMOT
Men's Bath Talc

BERGAMOT . . . for generations the choice of gentlemen . . . for its exhilarating herby tang . . . for its superb masculinity . . . for its supreme good taste. Now in the finest of toiletries for the discriminating man of today.

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IN *Apothecary* JARS:
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Brushless Shaving Cream 2.50

IN *Mortar & Pestle* JARS:
Shaving Soap 1.25
Men's Deodorant . . . 1.25
Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment 1.75

IN *Apothecary* BOTTLES:
Men's Cologne $1.25
After Shave Cream Lotion 1.25
Men's Hair Dressing . 1.25
Men's Liquid Deodorant 1.25

IN *Apothecary* BOTTLE *with Shaker Cap:*
Men's Face Talc . . . 1.00

At Leading Stores Everywhere

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gentlemen's toiletries
BY ORLOFF

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Inspired by priceless antiques in the historic Mercer Apothecary Shop—now a national shrine at Fredericksburg, Va.

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HIGH SPEED
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EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
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Acid Indigestion* CAN CAUSE Bad Breath!

Sweeten your Mouth and sweeten your Stomach—with quick-acting DOUBLE-PURPOSE

FOR EXCESS STOMACH ACID
JESTS

For Sour Stomach*
10c A HANDY ROLL
*Due to excess stomach acid.
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Fun and Romance in the Very Best of Roy's hits!

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys
and TRIGGER
The Smartest Horse in the Movies

San Fernando Valley

featuring DALE EVANS with
JEAN PORTER · ANDREW TOMBES
and BOB NOLAN and THE
SONS OF THE PIONEERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

SONGS
"San Fernando Valley,"
"I Drottled a Drit-Drit,"
"Sweeter Than You,"
"My Hobby Is Love,"
"They Went That-A-Way,"
"Days of '49"

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Steve and Anna look down over the steel mills and plan great things for the future.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

(M-G-M)
Brian Donlevy, Ann Richards, Walter Abel

THE romance of industrial America is the theme of this splendid Technicolor incarnation of a nineteen-year dream of Director King Vidor (see Liberty, November 11). The picture's vast scope, covering more than forty years and including a wonderfully detailed exposition of key points in the national industrial scene, is kept in control and measured in warm human terms through the life story of immigrant Steve Dangos (Brian Donlevy).

When Steve arrives, penniless, at Ellis Island, the sea and sky are a dull gray; but off in the distance shimmers a delicate rainbow—a hopeful symbol which also foreshadows a whole color symphony of varying shades and intensities, marking the various epochs of Steve's life. There's the smothering white of the snowstorms encountered on his thousand-mile trek to Minnesota; the raw red and burnt umber of the iron mines where his cousin gets him a job; the fierce contrasts of black and blazing hell-fire in the Midwest steel mills; the metallic, mechanized patterns of the automobile assembly line, as he makes his way up the industrial ladder to final success; and the stirring epilogue, when he comes back after retirement to take his place in wartime aircraft manufacture—a modernistic, eerie realm lit by rows of green lights strangely reflected in the bubble-like convolutions of plexiglass.

Amid all this runs the simple, satisfying story of Steve's loyal wife (Ann Richards) and their five children, with heart-warming side lights on the human side of American life from the '90s to the present day. Carrying this mood further, the human side of industry is approached in a finely-handled liberal commentary on the labor problem. The result is not only one of the finest documentations of American industry ever made, but a top-notch movie as well.

In the iron pits, Steve's gumption leads him to master the steam shovel by himself.

In Lisbon, love comes spiced with danger.

THE CONSPIRATORS

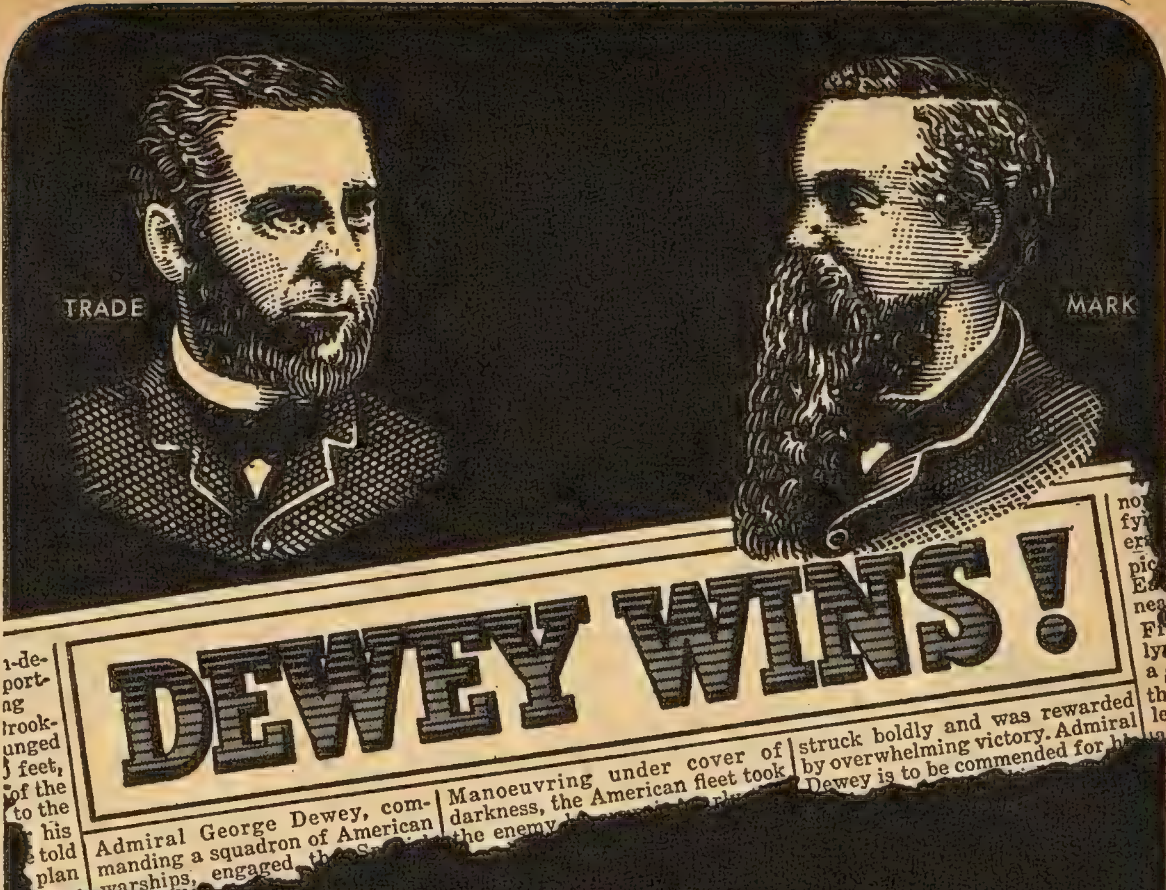
(Warner Bros.)
Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet

ONCE the Clipper lands at Lisbon, you know you're in for romance, fog, and espionage. With superbly-dressed Hedy Lamarr and hand-kissing Paul Henreid for the first part, and a whole crew of mysterious colorful characters like Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre appearing and disappearing like magic—not to mention the glittering international crowd at the Casino just bursting with hidden information and treason—you can forget your troubles for awhile.

Nobody knows for sure who anybody is, but Paul Henreid, as a Dutch underground agent, is doing his best for Our Side. When he runs into the puzzling Hedy, who seems to be connected with murder, the German Embassy and a Nazi husband, things begin to snarl up. The "Flying Dutchman" lands in prison, makes an exciting escape, and finds himself suspected of treachery by his own comrades. There's a breathless showdown at the Casino, where the real villain betrays himself by playing Those Certain Numbers, a grim chase through the night, and still more violence before Hedy and the Dutchman get a chance to catch their breath and promise to wait for each other.

All this, if not outstanding, is pictorially satisfying, cinematically elegant, and entertaining, if you want light conspiracy.

The stakes on this play are life and death.


TRADE
MARK
DEWEY WINS!
Admiral George Dewey, commanding a squadron of American warships, engaged
Manoeuvring under cover of darkness, the American fleet took the enemy
struck boldly and was rewarded by overwhelming victory. Admiral Dewey is to be commended for

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It's the patented filter with its 66 mesh-screen baffles, that whirlcools the smoke—retains flakes and slugs—absorbs moisture—minimizes raw mouth and tongue bite. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

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ABSORBENT FILTERS
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PAT'D BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR WITH "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR
10 for 10¢

GENUINE FILTERS
FOR MEDICO
PACKED ONLY IN THIS
RED & BLACK BOX

(*Continued from page 85*)

field of training. The boy whose parents want him to become a scientist can be tested to determine whether he has the makings of a scientist—or an artist. The girl who thinks it would be glamorous and exciting to have a musical career can be tested for aptitude in that field.

In addition, the Association's proposed program calls for a counselor or counselors in every school to help youth make decisions from the findings of these tests. These counselors, specially trained for the job, will teach only one class a day and spend the rest of their time assisting pupils to plan for the present and future. Each counselor will average no more than 200 students under his guidance, and he will take time and trouble to know each of these well. He will study the student's scholastic record, mental capacity, personality traits, social and family background. He will get acquainted with the parents, if possible. With this knowledge, he can help each student to decide important problems like: "Should I go to college?" "What occupation should I enter?" "When should I quit school to go to work?"

Even intimate but vital personal questions will be brought to the counselor—questions like: "How can I make friends?" "How can I get over a feeling of inferiority?" "How can I reduce my weight?" The counselor will also find part-time employment in the community's stores and industries for boys and girls needing financial aid.

IDEALLY, free education should go beyond the high school. In larger cities the junior college, which provides training for an additional two years, is not uncommon. But in smaller cities and rural communities it is rare. The Planning for American Youth program calls for a Community Institute, the equivalent of the junior college. Its purpose is to provide specialized two-year training for those students who want more education for a trade or semiprofessional career, but don't want to go to college for four years. It is also designed for adults who need more business training and for returned veterans who want to prepare for better jobs. Its buildings and equipment, including recreational facilities for adults, would be financed half by the state, half by the local community.

Planning for American Youth differentiates in its proposed vocational training for rural and urban high schools. The plan describes two imaginary communities which are called Farmville and American City. Because many of Farmville's boys and girls will remain there after graduation, the vocational education planned is of four types: agricultural, homemaking, small-business training, and mechanics. In these four fields, major projects are outlined, such as Managing a Farm; Repairing Farm Machinery; Planning a Home; Keeping Business Accounts; Securing Farm Loans and Insurance.

Farmville would also teach its youth something about city opportunities, qualifications needed for city jobs, and would give them the basic skills needed in any business, such as bookkeeping, accounting, business correspondence.

Farmville would include a school farm for town boys and girls who want to go into agriculture as a lifework. The students will rent plots of land, borrow money to raise poultry and cattle, take risks, operate insurance plans, and keep farm accounts. The school will also have an agricultural laboratory in which students and adults can study together how to increase crop yields in the community, control plant and animal diseases, improve cultivating processes and animal breeding and feeding.

American City's school, on the other

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS
UPSET

When youngsters abuse their stomachs, don't make matters worse by giving overdoses of antacids, or harsh physics!

Try giving gentle, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, hasty eating, or bad combinations of food. It's pleasant to the taste! *At all drug stores.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol*

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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If choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma rob you of sleep and energy, accept this liberal trial offer. Get **Mendaco**, a doctor's prescription, from your druggist; take exactly as directed and see for yourself how quickly it usually helps loosen and remove thick strangling mucus, thus promoting freer breathing and refreshing sleep. You be the judge. Unless delighted and entirely satisfied with results, simply return the empty package and your money back is guaranteed. Don't suffer another night without trying guaranteed **Mendaco**—only 60c.

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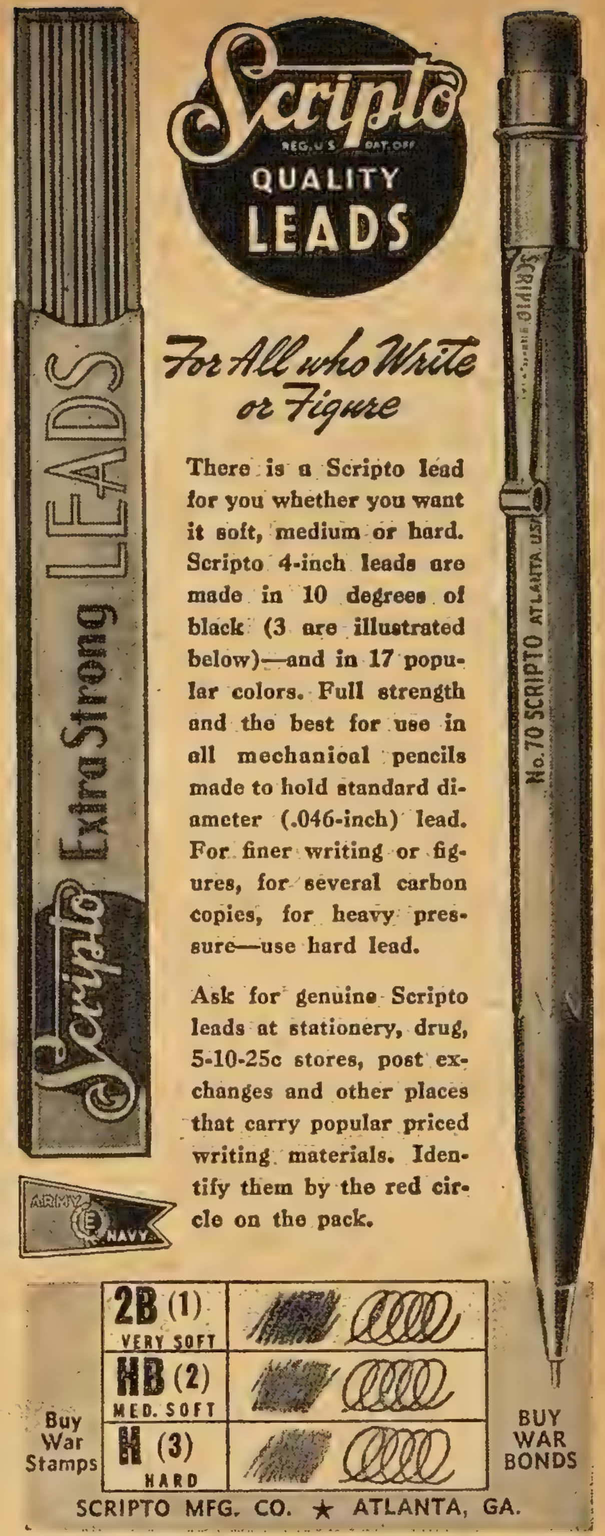
Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. Get Cystex from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee unless completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. Three guaranteed sizes: **Only 35c, 75c, $1.50 at druggists.**



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Ask for genuine Scripto leads at stationery, drug, 5-10-25c stores, post exchanges and other places that carry popular priced writing materials. Identify them by the red circle on the pack.

2B (1) VERY SOFT
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BUY WAR BONDS

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ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **487-M Frontier Bldg.**
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★ As modern as tomorrow . . . as streamlined as a B-29! ★ The Kirsten is advanced in design . . . advanced in principle. Its lightweight radiator cools each puff, traps irritating tars, oils and moisture, leaving only the full flavor of tobacco, free from bitterness.

An Ideal Gift . . . at leading dealers everywhere.

War Bonds are a good investment. *Keep on buying.*

KIRSTEN PIPE CO.
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THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. & PATS. PEND.

Our Postwar Plans Are in the Bag!

Our major efforts are devoted to war work. At the same time, we have been looking ahead to the future. When Victory is won, we shall be ready for America's post-war travel. Our plans call for new processed designs in streamlined aeroplane-type luggage.

BUY WAR BONDS!

The Traveler's Mark of Distinction

CROWN LUGGAGE COMPANY

409-421 W. Redwood St., Baltimore 1, Md.
230 Fifth Avenue, New York City

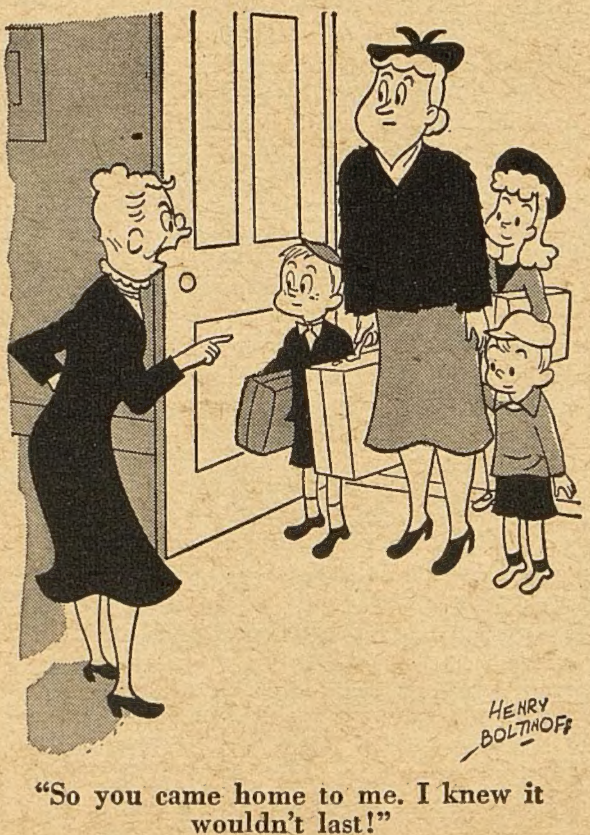
hand, would offer different vocational courses. The courses will recognize postwar trends and students will be encouraged to follow vocations in which they will be most likely to find jobs. All high schools in American City will offer courses in business education, retail and wholesale selling, general shop, and homemaking. Several high schools will divide up courses in the more specialized fields, such as airplane and auto mechanics, and a pupil could attend any one of the schools which offers training in the field of his special interest. Each such occupational course would be continuous for three years.

American City's high-school student who plans to go to a four-year college or university will have his adviser to plan his courses with him, and will be given the chance to observe for himself the profession or occupation he wants to enter. Further, the Community Institute serving American City high school will offer actual work experience as a part of the vocational curriculum, on the basis of four hours in school, four hours at work. Business and industries will be asked to use the youth during the peak business or production load, or the Institute will arrange for jobs for public service.

SUCH is the dream for postwar education in rural and urban America. How far it can be carried out will depend upon a lot of factors—better training and better pay for teachers, the willingness of educators and parents to see the need, the willingness of teachers and students to work harder. Biggest question probably is, "Where will all the money come from?" Obviously, much depends upon the individual states. Many states will have to provide extra funds to those areas unable to supply their share of support through their own local taxation. Some of the poorer states, which up to now haven't attained even the minimum standards of American education as a whole, obviously will need federal aid. That will require an act of Congress, and is bound to meet with objections from some quarters.

But, as one prominent educator has put it, "America will find the way, count on that, once we understand the need. That's the history of America's progress. We found the means of financing and producing for a 250-billion-dollar war; surely we can find a way to finance and back up with hard work the far less expensive program of better education for tomorrow's citizens."

THE END



"So you came home to me. I knew it wouldn't last!"

If Your Nose Fills Up

—spoils sleep tonight

Surprisingly fast, Vicks Va-tro-nol—a few drops up each nostril—works right where trouble is to open up your nose—relieve stuffy transient congestion that makes it hard to get to sleep. You'll like the way it brings relief. (NOTE: Va-tro-nol is also grand for relieving sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds.) Try it! Follow directions in folder.

A Few Drops Make Breathing Easier... Invites Restful Sleep

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, helps loosen phlegm. VICKS VAPORUB

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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2724, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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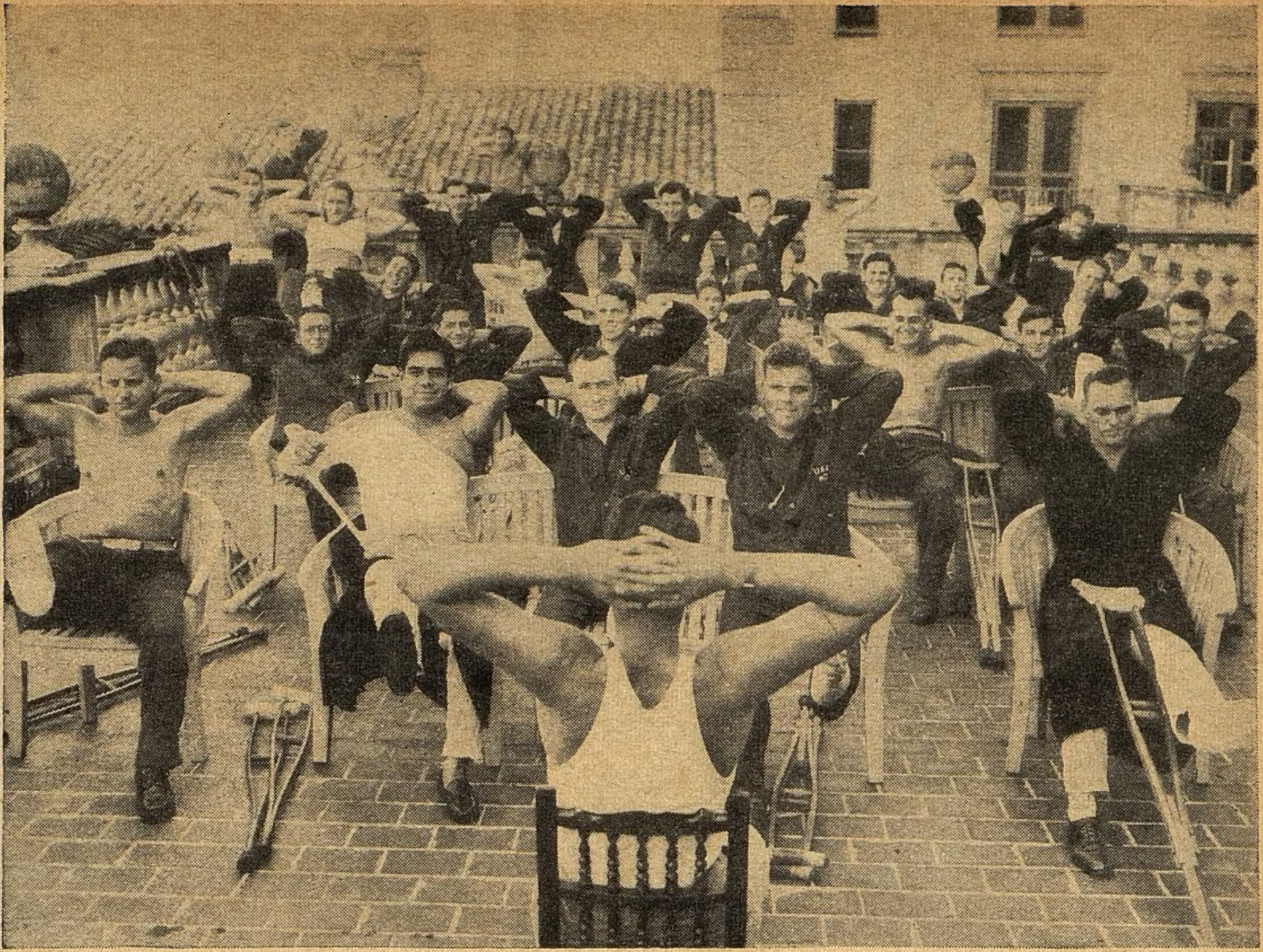
NOV. 18, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



After injured muscles have been made fit again, new skills can be taught.

SELF-RELIANCE FOR THE DISABLED

THE word "rehabilitation" is one which will be found recurring with increasing frequency in the public prints and in private conversation as we buckle to the task of cleaning up the damage done by war to our material and human resources.

The science of rehabilitation, as its name implies, concerns itself with restoring injured bodies to a state of normal functioning, or, failing that, adapting damaged limbs and muscles to a gainful occupation which is within their capacity. There is much to be done along these lines. Many have been injured on the battle fronts, but even more have been injured on the industrial front. The goal of rehabilitation is to restore every possible casualty to a life of self-reliant usefulness.

Naturally the return of injured men from battle has stimulated interest in this new science. It was, however, growing rapidly even before the war started. Medical practitioners, social organizations, and insurance companies were all doing great work in developing rehabilitation techniques. But the war has brought rehabilitation into full public consciousness. Military authorities are determined that no injured veteran will be condemned to a life of idleness if it is possible to train his damaged limbs to perform useful work.

This same determination extends to the victims of industrial mishaps, which have been on the increase despite the vigilance of safety engineers and the efforts of safety committees.

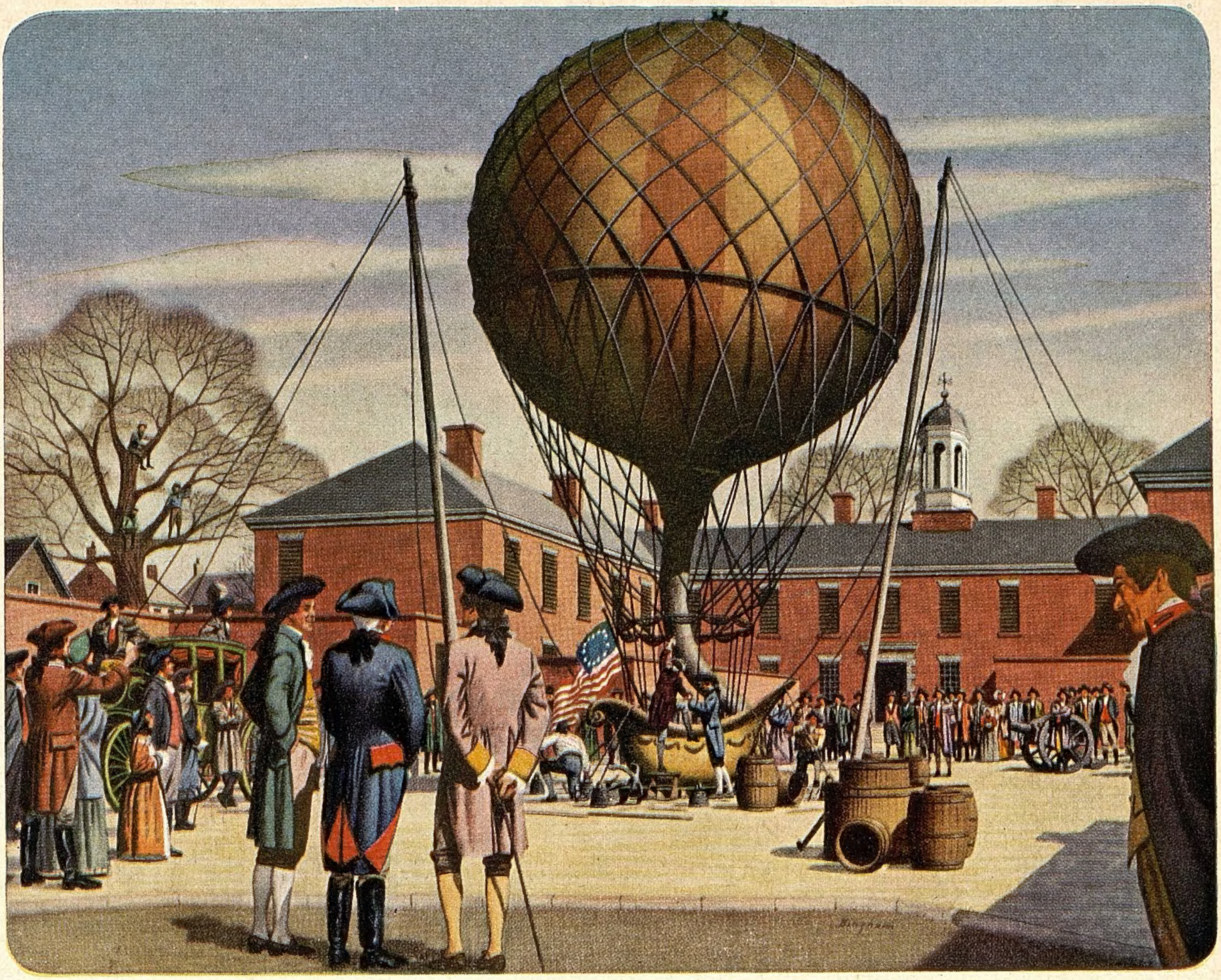
It has been demonstrated beyond argument that the injured can be restored to usefulness. Damaged muscles can be taught to resume former tasks or to learn new ones. In almost all cases there is some job an injured person can be taught to perform and to perform well enough to earn him a living and thus save him from becoming an economic burden.

Of even more importance than the economic desirability of rehabilitation is the psychological boon it brings to the injured. It is impossible to overstate the surge of new hope which comes to a man when he realizes that despite his injuries he is still able to hold down a steady job and earn his own living. Instead of being condemned to morbid frustration and unhappiness for the rest of his life, he can live as other men. This is progress, even more from the humane standpoint than from the economic.

America needs all her human resources, and every American, crippled or not, is entitled to a chance to participate in the country's future.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



America's first successful air flight, Philadelphia, January 7, 1793 . . . based on old prints.*

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FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

> *"By science taught, on silken wings, Beyond our groveling race you rise,*
> *And, soaring from terrestrial things,*
> *Explore a passage to the skies" . . .*
> *. . . from one of many letters occasioned by the flight.*

Little did our founding fathers suspect that such events as this first balloon ascension staged in post-Revolutionary Philadelphia should be prophetic of our future in the skies. Here, again, we see the birth of great traditions for which Philadelphia has been proclaimed since the dawn of American history. As for instance that gracious "heritage of hospitality", today proudly upheld by Philadelphia Blend. A whisky of such excellence you might fairly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND...FAMOUS SINCE 1894

WESTERN UNION

JUST LANDED
BE HOME TODAY LOVE=
DICK.

HE'S COMING HOME!

Please don't wake me anybody! Everything's going to be just the way he'll want it. His easy chair... his slippers... and his Chesterfields.

IT'S Chesterfield

RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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